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*To Mr Charles Fairchild
with best wishes from the
author August 1888*

SIXTEEN MONTHS' TRAVEL

1886-87

BY

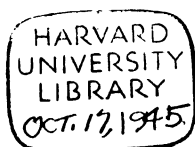
T. ALLENUTT BRASSEY

Printed by

SPOTTISWOODE & CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON

1888

KF 5205



Miss Sally Fairchild

PREFACE.

THE following rough diary has been printed, partly because friends might be interested to read the impressions of a young traveller put down while they were still fresh, partly because it supplements the account of the voyage which it was my dear Mother's last wish to have published.

T. A. B.

SIXTEEN MONTHS' TRAVEL.

1886-87.

PART I.

AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

A MONTH IN THE ROCKIES.

I LEFT England on August 12th, 1886, in the 'Umbria.' She is a splendid vessel, and one feels a real sense of power in her when she is steaming against a breeze of wind. Our best runs were 462 and 458 knots on two consecutive days. After ten days at Newport I came back to New York and met father and McLean. We went together to Chicago, and up to Marquette, on Lake Superior. After three days spent looking round the splendid forest on the Michigan Land and Iron Company's property we returned to Chicago. There we separated. Father went back to New York *en route* for England; McLean and I took the train for the Far West. We arrived in Laramie on the evening of Thursday, September 16th. The next day we were in despair, as we found that neither Barclay nor Sartoris was in town or at the Willans's ranch, some twenty miles out, and there was no letter from them. We were determined to try and get some sport, so

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we engaged a man, who was to provide a cook, a wagon, and six horses, to take us into the mountains. We did not expect to see much game, and were talking over our prospects very despondingly at dinner that evening, when who should walk into the hotel but Barclay himself. He had driven in ninety miles, as soon as he got our letters, to look after us. Saturday we spent in buying stores and horses, and in the evening drove out to the ranch, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Fred Willan. It was a comfortable English country house, though of course all built of wood. On Sunday we came back into town, ready for our start the next day, to which McLean and I were both looking forward most eagerly.

Monday, September 20th.—Up at 6. Bought another pony for McLean—a sorrel, price forty-five dollars, and well worth the money. By 10 o'clock we had got all the stores together, and started Sam Fuller and the wagon with his team of four horses. Harbord started about the same time, driving our three pack-animals. We started ourselves an hour later; Barclay on his own horse, McLean on the sorrel, and I on an ancient brown pony, subsequently dubbed 'Old Tom,' who took a good deal of kicking along. For twenty miles the road lay over the open prairie, and we pushed along at a good pace, loping (*Anglicè*, cantering) most of the way. We then came to a stream fringed with bushes, where we watered the horses and were glad to get a drink ourselves. Our broad felt hats we found were the proper drinking cups. We thoroughly inspected Balsh and Bacon's ranch, which lay just across the stream, and very comfortable and neat it all looked. After this we began ascending into the mountains. We pursued a hare for some time, hoping to get a close shot with a revolver, and soon after saw a cayote. About ten miles from Bacon's we pulled up for the night at a small road ranch, where we were fairly well fed, barring the absence of

fresh meat. My feet had got so sore with my new field boots that I had taken them off and had slung them over the saddle in front of me. A small boy asked Harbord who McLean and I were. Harbord replied, 'Tender feet,' the American expression for new chum. The small boy: 'Guess his feet are tender; he can't even wear his boots.' We turned the horses into the corral; Barclay, McLean, and I turned in on the hay outside, McLean and I together, with four blankets over us, a quilt underneath, and a canvas wagon-sheet under and over all. It froze during the night, but I was too warm, and the experience was so novel that I could not sleep.

Tuesday, September 21st.—Under weigh at 7.30. McLean and I on top of the wagon this time. Barclay and Harbord drove the horses. We went uphill for a bit; from the top had a fine view to some snowy mountains on our left; then down into a valley. Going up the steep bank the other side we passed an 'outfit' on the move—men, women, and children. An 'outfit' out west means anything, from a man's rifle or horse to his wife and children; during the time we were out camping we were known as 'Barclay's outfit.' The road then ran through a dense pine forest; it was pretty good, and Sam Fuller took us along at a smart trot on the level. At 12 pulled up for lunch and to rest the horses. An excellent feed, with rolls, bacon, cream and milk, maple syrup, and preserved vegetables. Off again at 2, and after three miles came down into what is called the neck of the North Park. The tints of the aspen were lovely light yellow to a rich old gold. At 3.30 we pulled up for the day at a road ranch, having done twenty-eight miles. After some rifle and pistol practice Barclay and I walked to the top of a hill close by (McLean was too lazy), and had a fine view over the North Park. This is an undulating plain eighty miles long by forty broad, 9,000 feet above the sea level, surrounded by mountains 12,000 to 13,000 feet high, many of them snow-covered, which of course looked no higher than Scotch hills, so high

is the general level of the country. There are now some 1,200 ranches in the North Park, as there is excellent food for cattle. A park out west is not at all what is understood by a park in England; it means an opening in the trees, and may be a hundred yards across, or as big as the North Park. The North Middle and South Parks are all in Colorado. Coming down the hill we struck a covey of six mountain grouse, who sat and looked at us. Barclay at last killed one with a stone; if we had shot better we should have killed the whole covey. Feeding fair, and beds comfortable. One won't sleep in a bed again for some time.

Wednesday, September 22nd.—Under weigh at 7. Barclay took my place in the wagon, Harbord and I drove the horses. At 10 we crossed the North Platte River, which circles round through Wyoming and flows into the Missouri near Omaha. As I was feeling seedy Barclay and I changed places. For the next ten miles we travelled over dry hills covered with sage bush. The sun was very hot. We saw six antelope, and McLean had a long shot. At 12 halted at Lawrence's ranch. Excellent food, including fresh meat (antelope). Both Lawrences were most hospitable. 'Come right in and sit right down,' is the almost invariable form of invitation out west. There was a New York doctor staying at the ranch, expecting some sport later on. He had just bought a splendid bear's hide from an old hunter on his way down from the mountains—beautiful long fur with silver tips, and measuring eight feet by eight; he had only given fifteen dollars for it. Started again at 2. Four miles farther on passed Scrivener's ranch. He seemed to be a big man, as he was at work on a dam to flood the valley up which we drove, and turn it into a hay meadow. Hay will only grow out here on flooded land. After passing Scrivener's we began to ascend into the mountains out of the Park, and at 5 pulled up at Wheeler's. This ranch is in a secluded valley with a splendid natural hay meadow. Wheeler has about two hundred

head of cattle, and makes a considerable quantity of butter for the Collins and Laramie markets. We had jugs of milk and cream for breakfast and supper. The cook a German. It was curious to see some impromptu croquet hoops set up in front of the ranch. I remarked to the cow-boy that the game had rather gone out with us, to which he replied that he did not know but that it had a bit gone out with them too. Wheeler himself a nice fellow. Barclay and he had a yarn over sport after supper, and traded some beaver and martin traps. Slept most comfortably on some hay in one of the cattle sheds.

Thursday, September 23rd. — Barclay, McLean, and I started off at 8 on horseback for a rocky peak about four miles into the forest, which Wheeler said was a likely place for elk, with a chance of sheep. Fuller and Harbord with the spare horses went up the Hans Peak wagon road to Lone Pine camp, where we expected to reach Sartoris and the rest of the outfit. We saw some antelope in the valley, but could not get a shot. Soon after we struck into the woods we got into a dense mass of fallen timber which took us more than an hour to get clear of, though it was only a few hundred yards across. 'Old Tom' proved an adept at hoisting his legs over the logs, which were piled one on another, sometimes two or three feet high. Once clear of this we got on quickly to the end of the rocky peak; but no elk or sheep to be seen, and very little sign. Then came the question how to get to camp: cut straight through the forest or go back the way we had come and then up the road? We determined to try the first. Almost at once we had to lead down a very steep slope into a cañon with a stream at the bottom. Not knowing how many more of these there might be to cross before we reached the Hans Peak road, we thought it best to get back to the valley. We made good way at first along an old elk trail, but presently got into a mass of fallen timber. McLean was bogged and had to get off; the cañon did not run straight; we were afraid to leave it for fear of losing

our bearings, and we began to despair of reaching camp that night. At last, when it seemed almost hopeless, we got clear of the fallen timber, and soon reached the valley and the road. Our horses were dead beat, and for two miles I had to run behind and flog 'Old Tom' along. Glad we were to reach camp, which was in a little park with a nice stream. Harbord had become rather anxious. We put up the tent, in which we three slept, and supped off sow-belly (bacon), crackers, coffee, and milk.

Friday, September 24th.—Sharp frost. Breakfast, same fare as supper. I did the washing up. McLean and I afterwards had a good wash in the stream. After lunch Barclay and I started down the road to find the others. About one and a half miles from camp met Sartoris, who had grown a beard and looked a regular 'tough.' We went on to their camp, where we found Child, our guide, and Minghy, the cook, both Englishmen. Got some fresh deer's-meat, and then came back through the forest trying for elk, but saw nothing. Supped off soup composed of a grouse Barclay had shot yesterday, tomatoes, and crackers. To bed about 9.

Saturday, September 25th.—Sharp frost again. At 9 Child turned up, and in an hour and a half we had packed up everything to go to the other camp. Barclay and I tried for elk, but no use. Lunched at new camp. Off alone afterwards about a mile from camp. Very strange at first going through forest. Afraid of losing one's way every moment or seeing a bear in every hollow. In these dense timber forests the only way to steer is by watching the lie of the ground most closely. Suddenly saw three cows and a calf elk trotting through the trees about eighty yards off. Fired both barrels at the calf, for we wanted meat; then a bull appeared, but my rifle was empty. Back to camp, very glad to have seen my first elk. McLean had also been out, but had seen nothing. A long yarn over old Eton days round a blazing camp fire. To bed at 9.

Sunday, September 26th.—By no means a day of rest.

It took us two hours and a half to saddle and pack all the horses—seven saddle-horses and eight pack-horses. Barclay's second sorrel had nothing to carry, as he had a big knee. Packing is certainly hard work for men and horses. Our seven beds were in five bundles. 'Buck' carried two beds and the ammunition box; 'Tommy,' Barclay's horse, carried the two overalls, containing our united wardrobes, and a bed; 'Traps,' as his name implies, carried two bear-traps weighing some 40 lbs. apiece, as well as all the cooking pots; 'Bull,' our best pack-horse, carried 230 lbs. of flour; another horse carried the stores, tinned fruit, coffee, &c. We got off at 10.30 at last; for some of the animals had rolled with the packs and had to be repacked. A fairly imposing cavalcade we must have looked with our sixteen horses: Child leading, and the rest of us behind or on the sides, driving on the pack-horses, every one with a rifle in front of his saddle. It was bad going at first, through fallen timber and boggy ground. Then half a mile through dead timber—i.e. trees which had been killed by a forest fire and were still standing. There was a high wind; trees kept crashing down all round us, and made this part of the journey pretty dangerous work. After this we had a two miles steep pull into the snow-capped range, which bounds the edge of North Park. A descent of a mile off the top of the ridge brought us to a well-sheltered park. Though it was only 1.30 we determined to camp, thinking the horses had had enough. This camp was well over 11,000 feet; we were not far from the timber line, and the highest peaks of the range were but little above us. We pitched the tent, in which Barclay, McLean, and I slept. There was only room for three beds; Sartoris made himself a shelter by a log. We went out in the afternoon to try and get meat, of which we were running very short, but did not succeed.

Monday, September 27th.—Was awake by hearing Child and Sartoris talking about elk, which Child had just seen on the hills we came over yesterday. Barclay, Sartoris, and I

at once started after them; McLean was too lazy to get up. It was so cold that one could hardly feel one's rifle. Sartoris kept to the right, Barclay and I to the left. We soon caught sight of them moving along the side of a hill about half a mile off. Then we lost sight of them for a bit, and were going along expecting to see them to the right, when Barclay suddenly caught sight of two bulls fighting in a wooded hollow to our left. We stalked towards them, but they saw us, and ran up on to a hill-side, where they stopped to have a look at us. We opened fire at two hundred yards, but it was not till the fifth shot that the beast I was firing at dropped. At the same moment Barclay's beast fell too. I was delighted, and we both rushed up the hill, to repent it afterwards, for the rarity of the atmosphere completely took one's breath away. My bull was stumbling along, and required another shot from Barclay to finish him. Barclay's bull had been lying apparently dead, but got up meantime and walked away, and in spite of a long chase we could not get him. Child and Sartoris soon arrived on the scene. The head of my bull was too small to take, so I contented myself with a foot and two teeth. The tender-loin and hind-quarters fed us for a week. After breakfast, at which there was lots of chaff about the number of shots that had been heard in camp, we four, with Child, started off on horseback to look for sheep amongst the highest peaks of the chain. After riding for about two hours in a southerly direction, we got clear of the timber and up on to a flat-topped hill, from which we had a fine view all round. There were some fine pointed crags to the south of us, which looked likely places for sheep. All the hollows in these were filled with snow, and the place where we stopped to spy was on the top of a big snowdrift. Far away to the north was the snowy range which can be seen from Laramie; to the north-west the main chain of the Sierra Madre, and to the south-west the mountains round Hans Peak. It was a splendid view, but there were no signs of game. All the sign we saw that day

was a decayed skull of a mountain bison, and a track about four months old. It was so bitterly cold that we were glad to turn our faces for camp. On the way back Barclay slew four ptarmigan, by shooting off their heads with rifle. On a rocky ridge we had to cross we saw three big coveys.

Tuesday, September 28th.—A very hard frost. We had to break thick ice to get our water, and even while we were at breakfast a substantial coating of ice formed over the water we had just washed in. About eight or nine o'clock it gets warm, but in this camp we were so high that it froze in the shade all day. Child, Barclay, and Sartoris went to prospect a trail for to-morrow to the Sierra Madre range. After yesterday we had given up hopes of sheep or bison, and determined to try and reach the Savory, right at the other end of the Sierra Madre range, where Barclay killed so many elk last year. I went over much the same ground as yesterday, spying carefully every half-mile or so, but no sign of anything did I see. It was tiring work walking; the air up here is very different to that in the Scotch hills.

Wednesday, September 29th.—To-day packing was got through much quicker, and we were off by 9.30. We crossed the divide at the same place as on Sunday, then swung to the left towards Grand Encampment Creek, leaving our old camp to the right. We followed the creek till we struck the Hans Peak road, and four miles farther brought us to the north end of Hog Park at 3 o'clock. We had made sixteen miles—a long tiring march for men and horses, though the trail was good. We camped on a little knoll close to an excellent stream. We did not put up our tents, as we had come down some 1,500 feet.

Thursday, September 30th.—A sharp frost. We were off about 10, after some delay catching the horses. For the first four miles we were ascending to the top of the main divide between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. Just before the top we passed the remains of a bear which Russell had shot some three weeks before, and also of an elk, with a fine

head, which Child had not thought worth taking. Three miles farther along a broad elk trail brought us to our present camp, a little nook in the spur between the forks of Snake River facing south. Being now on the Pacific slope, climate is warmer; there are far more cotton woods with their yellow leaves in the landscape. The view across the valley is lovely. The mountains of Colorado from Volcanic Crater to Hans Peak lay in a confused mass across the river, tinged with a purple shade like the Scotch hills. Here and there were dark masses of fir-trees, but there was no great extent of forest. After the animals were unloaded and we had had a bit of 'chuck' (*Anglicè*, 'grub'), I went out along the trail we had come by this morning. Saw a few doe deer; one passed me about seventy yards off, and I had hard work to prevent myself shooting. On my way back I heard an elk squeal for the first time; it was just like four clear notes on a fife, the last long drawn out. The noise had been described to me, but it was almost impossible to believe that an animal could have made such clear notes. Barclay and Sartoris had heard lots of elk squealing too, so the prospects of sport were good.

Friday, October 1st.—Up at 6.30. Only a slight frost. I went out at 8, and found the slope below camp was all tracked up with broad elk trails. Soon came on some doe deer in low brushwood. I was not fifty yards off, and they looked hard at me, but were not disturbed. Just at that moment I heard some elk squealing below. I found them feeding at the end of a ridge, the cows on one side and the bull on the other. I got within eighty yards of the cows, then waited behind a fallen log for the bull to appear. In a few minutes he walked slowly over the ridge—a fine fellow, with black shaggy neck. I got a chance through the trees, and bowled him over dead. Managed after several attempts to stick him and remove part of the tender-loin. Back to camp at 11, had some lunch, and then went back with Harbord and with a pack-saddle on 'Old Tom' to bring up

the head, some more meat, and the marrow-bones, which gave us a good hour's work. I parted from Harbord about four hundred yards from camp, but he managed to miss his way, and did not get in for an hour and a half. Barclay and Child had gone out to prospect a trail towards Savory, and found the country too rough to cut straight across. Barclay had shot an elk and a black-tail deer. Sartoris and McLean had slain a bear. Sartoris shot him as he was crossing a stream about twenty yards off. McLean, who was standing behind a rock when Sartoris fired, rushed forward, saw the bear struggling on the ground, and (as he said) not knowing which end was which fired at the middle, with the result that the bear moved no more. One threw stones at him, while the other covered him with his rifle. When they were sure he was dead they went up and stuck him. Thus ended a very successful day for all the members of our outfit.

Saturday, October 2nd.—Child went off round the trail we had come along on Thursday, to find a road along the top of the divide. Sartoris went off with Harbord to bring in the skin of the bear. Barclay took McLean out and gave him a chance at a fine bull: he missed, as his glasses were clouded. I went over the same ground as yesterday, and in the same spot found a band of thirteen or fourteen elk with four bulls in it, two of them pretty fair ones. I stalked them twice before I could make up my mind whether they were worth shooting or not. The third stalk I got right above them; some cows seventy yards off, but only one bull in sight. I watched them for twenty minutes or more—a real pleasure, and as the head of the bull looked better than that of the one I shot yesterday (which turned out only a poor one), I fired at him through the trees. The whole band bolted off, but at the bottom of the hill my bull stopped, evidently hard hit, and then walked slowly on. I followed on the other side of the ravine, hoping he would lie down. At last he crossed to my side, about one hundred and fifty yards off. I tried to get closer to make certain of him, but

just as I was going to fire he gave a squeal and trotted round a rock. I saw him again across a ravine, and had a long shot with no effect. Though I looked for him for two hours or more I had to give it up at last.

Sunday, October 3rd.—We determined to make this a day of rest, and so it has been. We did not breakfast till after 8—porridge as usual, tender-loin, and slap-jacks. Writing the diary, reading the *Nineteenth Century*, and washing one's clothes filled up the day.

Monday, October 4th.—Two of the pack-horses had strayed, so we did not get off till after 10. For three miles we went back along the old elk trail, then turned north along the main divide, Snake Creek on our left and Hog Park on our right. The divide was very narrow—not more than fifty yards broad in parts. The going was good till we came to a very steep descent on to the north branch of Snake Creek, on which we camped. The divide we had come along joins the Colorado mountains to the Sierra Madre. Our camp was completely shut in by rugged granite rocks, with timber on the top of the divide. After lunch Child and I went up on to the top of the Sierra to prospect a trail for next day. He lost his belt and turned back to look for it. I kept on a bit farther, and on turning back towards camp had to climb down several cairns of huge rocks. I had besides to scramble over lots of fallen timber, and thought I should not reach camp before dark. Saw several doe deer, and a small bull elk not worth shooting at. To camp about dark. They had begun to think I was lost, and fired two or three shots to guide me in.

Tuesday, October 5th.—We all of us started off about 9 on horseback. Child, Barclay, and Sartoris went up on the chain and found Cooper's camp deserted, and also a good trail for to-morrow. McLean and I tried for black-tail. I saw a great number of does, and had two wild shots at bucks bolting off without result. On my way home I looked into the gulch down which I came yesterday. I tied up 'Old

Tom,' and had just got to the top of a bank, when I caught sight of the horns of an elk over some young fir-trees. He bolted off, and I only had a bad chance.

Wednesday, October 6th.—Hail on our tarpaulins woke us during the night, and as it was still raining at 6, we decided that beds and blankets were too wet for us to move. It was a nuisance, as we were all anxious to get on. It cleared up after breakfast, so I started off on 'Old Buck' down the creek. I rode about four miles, and then tied the mare up in some good grass. I took a long turn round on foot, but only saw some doe deer. Going home along the creek 'Buck' suddenly pricked up her ears, and I saw a band of elk, four or five cows and a bull, crossing in front of me at full tilt. Jumped off and had a shot, which brought them to a stand-still at once. Then got a steady shot at the bull about two hundred yards off, which seemed to take effect, for the cows went off up the hill on the other side of the creek, while the bull could only walk along after them. Seeing 'Buck' was standing all right, I scrambled across the fallen timber and had three more shots as he went up the hill. When I reached the top of the bank, very much out of breath, he jumped up and gave me a very good chance at about seventy yards, but, alas! there was only an empty cartridge in the barrel when I pulled the trigger. I never saw him again. When I got back to where I had left 'Buck' could see her nowhere, nor track her. I searched up and down for an hour or more, and then trudged back to camp, very savage at having lost my elk and my horse. I told the others my story, and after I had been at supper for some time one of them said, 'Well, don't fret yourself any more; she has been in camp this last hour.' The others had stayed in camp all day.

Thursday, October 7th.—Hard frost, but finer. Packing took a long time, as things were wet. Followed the creek for a mile, and then struck up through the timber to the top of the range. Cooper's camp was on the edge of a beautiful park. We turned his log hut inside out, and took a tin of

'drips' (maple syrup), in spite of a strongly worded notice warning all casual travellers that everything was poisoned with strychnine. We camped about four miles farther on. We had seen a band of cows coming along, and after lunch Barclay and McLean got into a hole where there were lots of elk squealing. McLean at last got his first elk. I went down a very steep bank, rocky and frozen, on to one of the branches of Battle Creek, but only saw a doe deer. It was dark before I reached camp, and I should not have found it but for the bell we always had on 'Old Buck,' who was the best of our horses to stay by camp.

Friday, October 8th.—Hard frost again. Under weigh at 10. A very steep descent at first, then through fallen timber, and along a bad sidling place, to the south fork of Battle Creek. From the ridge between the two branches we could see no place to camp. There were lots of open places, but there was no grass, nothing but sage-brush. About 3 we had to camp in a wooded hollow, where there was but little feed for the horses, but it could not be helped. This was the worst day's packing we have had. It was over very rough ground; horses were terribly mean to drive, and we all lost our tempers. Barclay shot an elk in the afternoon, but it fell into the creek, and they could not get it. I heard one squeal too late to go after it.

Saturday, October 9th.—Up at 5.30. Took an early stroll but saw nothing. Working in three gangs we got through packing by 8.30, the best on record. We crossed the other fork of Battle Creek, and almost at once came on a nice little park—oh that we had found it last night! We determined to camp, as there seemed plenty of game about. While we were unpacking we heard an elk squeal, and were just going to start after them when we heard two shots fired, much to our disgust. Soon two men rode into camp; one a hunter, the other an infernal-looking Easterner, who *said* they had killed seven elk the day before for their heads. Thinking they were probably detectives after game-slaughterers, we

crammed them with all kinds of yarns, and they rode off. McLean and Sartoris went out on foot round camp. Barclay, Child, and I went on horseback to try and find his old camp of last year. Crossing the white rocky ridge which divides Battle Creek from the Little Sandstone we came into more open country. As we were going along a flat park Barclay suddenly recognised the ground, and we soon came on his camp, very snugly surrounded by green trees. We left Child to catch trout, while we went up towards the divide where he had killed so many elk last year. Travelled through thick green timber for two miles; saw a buck deer and a band of elk, with a fine bull, as we went along, but they were out of sight before we could get a shot. A little farther on we heard some elk squeal. Tied up our horses on the edge of the live timber, and had not gone far when we caught sight of five fair bulls about three hundred yards off. They kept walking on. As an elk can walk five miles an hour, though he does not appear to, a stern chase over fallen timber soon left us in the rear, and we had to give them up, though they had not seen us. On the way down the valley we saw three small bulls. Child had caught a nice lot of fish, most of them small, but one about a quarter of a pound. He had seen another outfit camped farther down the creek—one of them a fat man who had been introduced to me at the Chicago Club.

Sunday, October 10th.—Up an hour later than usual. Barclay and Sartoris took a turn round after breakfast, and saw a band of three hundred elk. McLean and I remained in camp, had a good bath in the stream, and washed and mended our clothes—rather a long operation. In the afternoon we all went fishing in the stream, our implements a willow bough, a piece of string, and a hook, and our bait raw meat. The water is very clear, and one watches the fish take the bait in his mouth. We caught thirty or forty between us, and very good they were. It is a curious thing that trout are not found in the streams on the Atlantic slope, but only

in those on the Pacific slope. Perhaps the greater mildness of climate on the latter may account for it.

Monday, October 11th.—When we woke up we found an inch of snow over our beds; but it came out fair, and we determined to start. Packing was a tough job. ‘Coomanche,’ our Indian pony, would not let himself be caught. Harbord tried after him for an hour and a half, but we had at last to let him run loose. He followed quietly with the pack train. I took a turn round by myself on the way, but saw nothing but a doe deer. It came on to snow slightly, so I went into camp for some ‘chuck,’ after which off again on ‘Old Tom’ up the gulch, where Barclay and I had been on Saturday. Just as I reached the edge of the live timber heard an elk squeal, and a little farther on tied up ‘Old Tom.’ I had not walked far when up jumped a fair bull right in front of me. I did not shoot, because I could hear some more squealing farther up the gulch, as well as on my right. As I got on I began to realise that the top of the gulch was full of an enormous band of elk. Such a chorus I had never heard before, and don’t suppose I ever shall again. Some deep-toned, some shrill like three or four notes on a fife; most of them give three or four grunts after whistling; one was so hoarse that he barked exactly like a dog. Several cows I could see, but no big bulls. I kept on the right and down wind of the main body, hoping to get round on top of the big bulls. Close to the head of the gulch a band of cows and small bulls got right in my way. I got within seventy yards of the nearest cow, when off they went, taking all those round with them, about half the whole lot. I went on, hoping to have a shot at them as they crossed the divide, but when I reached the top they were already two or three hundred yards down the other side. Hearing the big bulls still in the same place I turned back towards them, along the top of the divide. Of course again some smallish bulls got in my way. It was just 4 o’clock. A heavy storm was coming on; I had left my coat with ‘Old Tom’; and after all Child, Barclay, and

Sartoris, the 'Old Timers,' had said to me about the danger of these storms I dared not wait any longer. I went straight to the place where I heard the big bulls, though I did not see them, hoping to get a shot at them as they came over the divide. The small bulls soon began to take the whole band off with them. About two hundred must have passed in front of me some two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards off; last of all, about a hundred yards behind the rest, came three splendid bulls, moving slowly. I had four or five shots at them, but it was no use. I did not expect to hit them, bad shot as I am and in the fading light, but it was a great disappointment not getting one. Just as I was firing the storm came on; the hail drove perfectly straight across the divide, and I rushed for the shelter of the live timber. I found 'Old Tom' all right, after a little hesitation, and was very glad to get back to camp. The hail soon turned to light snow, so I had not such a bad time as I feared at first. Anyhow, the others thought there had been considerable risk; they had stayed in camp all day, McLean with rheumatism caught bathing yesterday. (Mem.: Never bathe when you are in camp.) To-night we had both tents up for the first time for a fortnight.

Tuesday, October 12th.—Snowing at breakfast, but stopped afterwards. Meat was a necessity, so Barclay and I started up the gulch while Child and Sartoris went out towards our last camp. McLean had to stay in bed with his knee. We heard elk squeal in the gulch, and were trying to get round them when a storm came on. We were only three hundred yards from them, but it hailed so hard we bolted for the live timber. Hard hail soon turned to light snow, and just then we caught sight of the bull, about two hundred yards off. I missed, but Barclay bowled him over. We cut off one tenderloin and part of the haunch, put them in Barclay's handkerchief, and started for camp. The snow was eight or ten inches deep, and we had a good many falls over the logs with our load. As it was only snowing slightly we deliberated

whether we should turn back after the big band, but thought it safer to get back to camp. After lunch I took a stroll round near camp, and coming over a ridge saw a nice black-tail buck in the timber. I sat down to take a steady shot when he was completely hidden by some trunks, but somehow he caught my movement and bounded off as hard as he could go. I went back to camp very much down on my luck; Barclay and Child had shot two elk. It came on to snow while we were at supper, so we all turned in by 7. By fixing up a candle in the end of a stake Barclay, McLean, and I managed to read till about 9.

Wednesday, October 13th.—The worst day of all. It snowed all day, and no one but self stirred out of camp. Fortunately we had plenty of meat, but it was dreadfully tough. I took a walk for about three hours over the ground to the south-east of camp, but saw nothing but a few doe deer, not even an elk track. In the afternoon Child saw a band of elk about one and a half miles from camp. I went out in that direction, but could not strike them. The snow was over a foot deep and walking very heavy. In the evening, after it was dusk, we saw a light in the sky to the west, which we at first took for a timber fire, but made out afterwards to be the light from the setting sun on a bit of clear sky. All delighted at the prospect of a change in the weather. To bed about 7.

Thursday, October 14th.—Fine again at last, and warm too. Nearly everything was wet, and had to be dried. We stretched ropes from tree to tree, and hung blankets &c. on them. McLean, after two days in bed with mustard plasters on his knee, began to feel better, and he, Barclay, and I started for the top of the divide on horseback. Sartoris stayed in camp to superintend the drying operations, while Child went off to the west to prospect a trail to the main Savory for the morrow. In the green timber we found the snow bad enough, with a great mass coming down every now and then from the boughs above, but as we got higher up the

divide it became terribly hard on the horses. At last I got off to break a trail, leading 'Old Tom,' the others following in my footsteps. A few hundred yards farther we tied up our horses in some green trees. The snow was too deep for them to get any food, but it could not be helped. We heard no elk squealing in the gulch or on the divide, but several fresh tracks led down into the hole the other side. McLean followed some of them, and soon heard elk squealing. Unfortunately they were on the move, and we had to walk a mile or more through snow more than a foot deep, slipping down constantly. We got within two hundred yards of a good bull. McLean was to have first shot, and as he was trying to make out the bull off they went. We had two or three shots, but it was no use. So ended our last stalk after elk. It was a hard tramp back to the horses. On the way we saw a big bear's track, quite fresh; I wish we could have followed him. McLean went straight back to camp. Barclay and I went down to the gulch to try and get the head of the elk he had killed Tuesday. We had a very bad time going down into the gulch over cairns of stones, and terrible work climbing over the fallen timber up to where the elk was killed. We searched for half an hour without success. Back to camp weary and somewhat disappointed. This was by far the hardest day's work we had done.

Friday, October 15th.—Packing took a long time. Things were not quite dry, and we had to catch 'Coomanche.' This was accomplished by making a corral of ropes, tying two or three horses up inside, and driving the rest in. They went in quietly enough, but when 'Coomanche' found himself bottled he was perfectly mad. At last we got a stout fifty-foot rope on to him, lashed him to a tree, and Barclay and Harbord spent a quarter of an hour 'hazing' him. As soon as they went near him he galloped off as hard as he could go, and was brought up short by the rope. He soon got cunning, and would not run it out to the full length, but the hazing had the desired effect, and for the next two days

he was more subdued. We were off at 10.30. Our way lay through cotton-wood groves, the snow becoming less deep as we got on. We crossed the two forks of the Big Sandstone, both of which form deep cañons. The first had very steep sides, and had the snow not thawed a bit we could not have crossed. As it was, the pack-train nearly came to grief. An axe slipped and cut 'Tony,' which caused a delay. The other horses, instead of following in single file, got pressed all over the hill, and came down a terribly steep place at the bottom. There was no accident, and the next cañon was easy. At the top we met Young, of Laramie, who was camped at the head of a creek running into the Savory. We camped close to him, and then went to look at his heads, which were pretty good ones, and made me feel very envious. In the afternoon I went out with Child in the cotton-wood groves between the two forks of the Sandstone. We saw several black-tail. I made some egregious misses, but he got a fawn coming home. We packed half of it in for meat, as the elk-meat we had been living on for the last two days was as tough as leather. After supper Barclay and Sartoris went to Young's camp and hired their wagon to take us and our traps into Rawlins, which, they said, was only forty-two miles off.

Saturday, October 15th.—Sartoris, Child, and Minghy we left in camp. They were to hunt another two days, and then take the pack-train *via* Elk Mountain to Cooper Lake or the Home Ranch. Harbord drove the wagon, with McLean on the box beside him; Barclay rode his sorrel, and I 'Coomanchee.' We at once left the timber behind us and drove across the open plain to Dexterville, a mining settlement, which we made about 10 o'clock. For three or four miles from this we were going in the right direction; but the trail we were following then turned away to the Platte, and we began to think we were wrong. Fortunately we saw a ranch to our left, the owner of which told us that he was thirty-five miles from Rawlins, and that the road was easy to

find. Nowhere was it more than a few wagon trails across the plain, and at last we came to another ranch. Our last adviser had put us wrong—on purpose, we thought. This one, an old Missouri man, who had only just arrived on the spot and was building his log cabin, told us he was thirty-eight miles from Rawlins—rather disheartening. We halted an hour to rest and feed the horses, and then *en route* again. At first we followed a faint wagon trail, then a better defined one, till at last we lost it altogether. The next hour was a bad one. Barclay and I rode in front looking for the track; we were in a hilly country, the wagon-team was nearly beat, and we began to think we should have to spend the night in the open without food, for the little we had brought with us had been devoured at lunch. Suddenly from the top of a hill Barclay recognised the Sage Creek basin, through which we knew the main road from Hans Peak to Rawlins ran. Four miles farther on we struck the road, and it was very nearly dark when we came down the long steep hill on to Pine Grove meadows. We were all very beat, but we hoped to get a fresh team and push on to Rawlins that night. The owner, unfortunately, was away with his only team, and did not turn up till later. His wife, who recognised Barclay, received us most heartily. Both she and her husband were very nice people. McLean and I turned in in an outhouse amongst the garden tools; Barclay and Harbord, amongst the potatoes and hay. Our host does very well with the former.

Sunday, October 16th.—We did the twenty miles into Rawlins in three hours and a half, passing through a very barren country. We just caught a baggage train going east, which was very lucky, but had to leave our horns and bear's hide on the platform, and our horses tied up outside the station. We arrived at Laramie at 9 o'clock. A friend who saw us come into the hotel said he had never seen three such awful-looking blackguards; we were all more or less bearded, and begrimed with a month's dirt.

On Monday, October 17th, we said goodbye to Barclay and Russell. Arrived Chicago Wednesday. I left McLean at Niagara on Thursday and went on to Boston, where I spent half the day at Harvard University, and met a very nice lot of fellows. McLean and I met again in New York on Saturday, and left for England in the 'Umbria.'

PART II.

INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

CEYLON.

MCLEAN and I left England on November 12th. We found Pemberton on board the 'Assam.' At Suez we transhipped to the 'Mirzapore,' if possible a slower old tub than the 'Assam.' She did not average much over eleven knots. The new governor of Madras, Lady Susan Bourke and the staff, four of Lord Dufferin's children, and a number of nice people were on board, so the time passed pleasantly. We reached Colombo December 2nd. From Aden we had telegraphed challenging the Colombo Cricket Club to play a match with the passengers of the 'Mirzapore,' but they could not get a team together. At Colombo we met three old Eton friends, Loder and Baring, who had come from Australia, and Barton, who had come from China, so we challenged Colombo to row us a scratch race. The race came off on the evening of December 4th, on the Colombo lake, which is several miles round, and gave room for one and a quarter mile straight course. We had a very good boat by Salter of Oxford. The following account of the race appeared in the leading Ceylon paper:—

'No finer crew than the four passengers of the "Mirzapore" put on to the lake on Saturday was ever seen in Ceylon, or indeed in the East, and of that there can be no question. It was indeed a treat to see them out for practice on Saturday morning, a treat one seldom sees in Colombo. As soon

as the identity of the four gentlemen who had challenged the Colombo men became known their victory was a matter of no doubt. All had obtained considerable distinction as rowing men at Oxford, and McLean was probably the best man of his year, twice obtaining a seat in the 'Varsity eight. However, the Colombo men, although stiff and much out of practice, as well as rather past the age for the most effective exhibition of their powers as rowing men, essayed to give them a trial.

'Mr. Cull kindly started the crews from a boat moored near the Fort station, and the following was how the crews were constituted:—

COLOMBO R.C.			'MIRZAPORE.'	
T. Twynam	}	vs.	J. S. Pemberton	}
W. R. Charsley			T. A. Brassey	
V. A. Julius			D. H. McLean	
E. Booth (str.)			H. S. Barton	
L. O. Liesching (cox.)			G. Loder (cox.)	

Colombo had the outside station, and when the word "Go" was given both crews struck the water as nearly simultaneously as possible. From that stroke to the conclusion of the race the 'Varsity men had it all their own way: they took hold of the boat, and sent it along in a manner quite hopeless for their opponents to imitate. At the second or third stroke they were moving rapidly off, and before long had shaken themselves clear. At Kew Point they led by about a couple of lengths clear, but rowing quite easily. Colombo stuck to their hopeless task most pluckily. After Kew Point had been passed the 'Varsity men eased down a little, and the Colombo men, trying a spurt at the end, reduced the amount by which they were beaten to about a couple of lengths. We believe the Colombo boat went as well and as fast as any boat rowed over the course by a local team. The time and swing of the crew were capital, and the boat travelled well. All availed them nothing, for the

Colombo men were completely outclassed and outmatched, and the 'Varsity men might, if they had chosen, have beaten them by a dozen lengths. Still Colombo did their best on a short notice to stretch their redoubtable visitors. Mr. Ewart, the Secretary of the C. R. C., was judge, and a large number of the "Mirzapore" passengers and others interested in rowing witnessed the race. The crews dined together at the Club afterwards. Our visitors are on a pleasure trip to India, not as rowing men at all, but about to join Lord Brassey's yacht, the "Sunbeam," now on the Indian coast, Mr. T. A. Brassey, who rowed No. 2 in the boat, being a son of the well-known owner of the yacht in question.'

December 5th.—Barton, McLean, Pemberton, and I went by the early train up to Kandy. The scenery between Kandy and Colombo is perhaps the most beautiful in the world. It has been described in the 'Voyage of the Sunbeam,' so it is useless for me to try to describe it here. At Peridenya a letter from Mr. Laurie met me, asking us all to dine with him. All the 'Sunbeam' party stayed with him in '77, so that he seemed quite like an old friend. At the Kandy Club, where we stayed the night, we found a Mr. Waller, brother of the Mr. Waller who lives near Charlbury. The more one travels, the smaller the world seems. One cannot go anywhere without meeting people with whom one has friends in common.

December 6th.—We left Kandy early and travelled sixteen miles by train to Matale. Thence we drove in a pair-horse wagonette to Dambool. We gradually descended from the mountainous country in the centre of Ceylon to the flat plain which occupies the whole north of the island. The scenery was lovely. The flowers in the jungle which fringed either side of the road, the birds and the butterflies, were of the gayest colours. We spent the evening at Dambool in visiting some wonderful rock temples.

December 7th.—To-day we accomplished the remaining

forty miles of the journey to Anuradhapura in two stages. The road was very bad, and we had to walk ten miles or more of the way. Fortunately it was fairly cool. The country was far flatter than that which we had passed through yesterday, and was less thickly inhabited. We often walked through the fields which fringed the road, and managed to pick up a snipe or two.

December 8th and 9th we devoted to exploring Anuradhapura. Almost as soon as we landed in Ceylon we were told that it was the place of all others to see. I shall never regret the trouble we took to get there, as it is quite one of the most interesting places I visited in my travels.

Anuradhapura was founded about 250 B.C. by one of the great Cingalese kings, who for a long time maintained the struggle with the Tamils, or invaders who came from the mainland of India. The Tamils now occupy the whole of the north of Ceylon. These old kings, both in Ceylon and in India, must have been wonderful builders, and must have had command of an unlimited supply of labour, to judge by the works they have left. There is a tank in Ceylon, about fifty miles from Anuradhapura, which is fifty miles in circumference; and as the bunds or banks of these tanks are fifty or sixty feet high and broad in proportion, the amount of labour expended on them must have been enormous. To return to Anuradhapura. It must have been a city of considerable size, for a circular road runs round it eight miles long. Within the limits of this circular road all the jungle has been cleared away by convict labour; the big trees are left standing out on a green sward, which made one almost imagine oneself in an English park. Most of the ruins are within the circular road, though there are many ruins in the jungle outside it. These are ruins of dagobas, palaces, temples, elephant stables, all of the same kind of stone, which in many places is most beautifully carved. The dagobas are the most interesting of all, and are almost as wonderful structures as the pyramids in Egypt. They are circular solid masses of brick. The largest, the Ruanweli, was originally over 400 feet

high, and is said to have taken twenty years in building. They stand in the middle of stone-paved courtyards, which are almost exactly a square mile in area. On each side of the dagobas are small temples, and running round their bases are platforms on which the priests walked in procession. The bricks from the tops of the dagobas have fallen down, and the sides are now sloping and covered with a dense mass of trees, which are the home of troops of monkeys. At the Ruanweli dagoba considerable sums have been spent in excavations and restoration, and one can form some idea of what these wonderful relics of a bygone age were originally like. The remains of the palaces consist chiefly in graceful pillars with beautifully carved capitals, and in flights of steps with a broad carved slab at the bottom, called a moonstone. There is supposed to be a chamber in the centre of the Ruanweli dagoba, where jewels or treasure are concealed, but the knowledge of the passage leading to it is gone. The Government wish to open a passage to find it; but most of the priests, whose influence depends on the superstition and ignorance of the people, oppose any attempt at its discovery.

On the evening of December 9th, McLean and I left Anuradhapura and journeyed back to Colombo by the way we had come. I was sorry we had not more time to spare, for the country round Anuradhapura abounds in game—elephants, bears, deer of several kinds, and buffalo, besides duck, teal, and snipe. In fact, we saw some deer on the road a few miles from the city. Our other two friends were more venturesome. They went by bullock-cart to Jaffa, a place in the extreme north of Ceylon. The distance is 130 miles, and as a bullock-cart, even with frequent changes, only travels at the rate of three miles an hour, it took them a day and a half. Bullock-carts are two-wheeled conveyances without springs. The road was so bad that they had little rest. From Jaffa they went by native boat to Ramiseram, situated on one of the islands in Adam's Bridge, where there is a wonderful temple. The native boats are only about two feet wide and very long. They are prevented from capsizing

by a large outrigger. On the outrigger a platform about six feet square was fixed, on which Pemberton and Barton spent the twenty hours which they took to do the sixty miles. Apart from the discomfort, it was an adventurous expedition, for if a storm had come on they would probably not have been heard of again. From Ramiseram they got on by a rather larger boat to Tuticorin, and we met them again in Southern India.

McLean and I meanwhile returned to Colombo, where we were kept waiting six days for a British-India boat to take us to Tuticorin. If we had known we should have to wait so long we might have seen something of the rest of the island. We could have gone up to Newera-Elya—the hill station, about 6,000 feet above sea-level—where sheep thrive, where potatoes and other English vegetables grow, and where a fire is by no means to be despised at night. We might have seen something of the plantations. Mr. Lane, son of Colonel Lane of Bexhill, is a planter in Ceylon, and as he was in England himself last year, he gave me an introduction to his manager, which I was sorry not to be able to avail myself of. The coffee-planters were ruined by a disease which appeared in the coffee plant about ten years ago. Cocoa and cinchona are now grown to a great extent; tea has largely taken the place of coffee. Ceylon tea bids fair to surpass Indian and other teas in the London market.

People were very kind to us during the days we had to wait in Colombo. Mr. Julius took us for a day's snipe-shooting to Kalutara, about thirty miles south of Colombo. It was a matter of some difficulty to preserve one's footing on the narrow banks between the paddy fields, and occasionally one got up to the waist in black mud. During the day we shot eleven and a half couple of snipe, of which two or three were painted snipe. We had several games at lawn-tennis, and one night we dined with the Governor and Lady Hamilton Gordon. But in spite of the kindness of our friends we were glad to get on.

CHAPTER II.

SOUTHERN INDIA.

December 18th.—We left Colombo by the British India steamship 'Khandalla' at 3 P.M., and at 10.30 the next morning arrived off Tuticorin. We had tumbled about a good deal in the swell, and the crossing was not altogether comfortable for the cabin passengers; but the unfortunate natives, six hundred or seven hundred of whom were huddled together on deck in the wind and rain, were infinitely worse off. The water is very shoal off Tuticorin, and we had to anchor four miles from the shore. All the cargo is taken ashore in large open sailing boats manned by natives. As soon as the anchor dropped about forty of these boats raced to get their painters made fast on board. They rushed stem on against the ship's side, they banged against one another, and if they could not get near enough to enable the occupants to climb on board, a man jumped into the water with the painter in his teeth. It was a wonderful scene; the natives were all in a great state of excitement, and it was not till the chief officer had cut away the painters of several boats and allowed them to drift hopelessly down to leeward, that the launch which was to take us ashore could get alongside.

We were ashore in half an hour, and, in spite of a delay at the Custom House, just managed to catch the one o'clock train for Tinnivelly. We passed through a desolate-looking country, the soil very dry and bare, a few palmyra palms here and there being almost the only vegetation. We saw some flocks of goats and sheep, scraggy-looking animals, very long in the leg; some of the goats stand as high as a

donkey. It is rather difficult to distinguish between the two, as the coats of both are hairy. I am told that the chief difference between the goat and sheep of Southern India is that the tail of the one sticks up and the tail of the other sticks down. Which does which I fear I have forgotten.

We arrived at Tinnivelly at three o'clock, and a bullock-coach took us the few hundred yards to Mr. Lee-Warner's bungalow, a fine specimen of an Indian house, broad verandahs and the rooms lofty and cool. Mr. Lee-Warner is the collector of the Tinnivelly district. A collector is the most important official in the administration of the country in India. His district is as large as a good-sized English county. He not only collects the revenue, but he is the chief magistrate, he decides all disputes concerning land, he looks after the police, he directs public works, such as the making of roads and irrigation canals; in fact, his functions are too numerous to mention. The people look upon him, as the old Saxons did on their king, as 'father and lord.' As Mrs. and Miss Lee-Warner were taking a siesta—most ladies in India rest during the heat of the day—we went in a bullock-bandy, or hired carriage drawn by bullocks, to see the great Tinnivelly temple. The pagoda over the gateway was fine, but inside we were led through colonnade after colonnade of pillars, which were so dark that we could not see whether the carving was good or not. We came back to the bungalow, and went on to church in Palamcotta, which is on the other side of the river. The view from the bridge was fine, and would have been far finer if we could have seen the Travancore mountains more clearly. Their outline is grand, as they rise straight from the plain to the height of 6,000 or 7,000 feet. The service was nicely conducted, and the singing fair. The congregation consisted chiefly of missionaries. The Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel do a great deal of work, and there are many thousand native Christians in the south of India.

Monday, December 20th.—We were up at 5.30, and left Tinnivelly at 6.10. The country was much the same as that we passed through yesterday—flat, sandy, and uninteresting. We passed an occasional tank surrounded by bright green paddy fields. We arrived at Madura at 2 o'clock. It is a pretty place, the roads are broad and shaded by gigantic banyans. Most of the main roads in Southern India are shaded by trees, which make them pleasant in spite of the dust. To-day the heat was not oppressive; in the train it was almost cold, and it was not till we began to walk about in Madura that we found it at all warm. The Hindu temple at Madura, with the exception of that at Ramiseram, which was visited by Pemberton and Barton, is the finest in Southern India. It covers nearly a square mile of ground, I should think, at a rough guess. Some of the colonnades were very fine, and the carvings of the Hindu gods and goddesses on the pillars were most grotesque. We were lucky enough to see the temple jewels, which had been unlocked for the Prince of Travancore, who was making a tour through the south of India. The stones, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds were very large, bigger round than pennies, but so badly set as to look like bits of coloured glass. After a visit to the court of justice and a tank about two miles out of town, we had some dinner at the station, and left by the 7 P.M. train.

Tuesday, December 21st.—We managed to sleep fairly till we arrived at Trichinopoly at 1 A.M. There was no room in the station hotel, so we drove off to the travellers' bungalow, which our driver found after some difficulty. It is extraordinary that these native drivers never seem to know their way about their own town. We had about four hours' sleep, and at 7 started, with an intelligent English-speaking guide, for the famous rock of Trichinopoly. It is like two or three enormous boulders rising from the plain to 200 or 300 feet. In the days of Clive and in our early struggles with the French in India it was a great fortress. From the top we had a splendid view. About half a mile to the north

flowed the broad Cauvery River; beyond which lay the green island of Sirungam, with the reddish pagodas of the temple towering above the trees, and then far away in the distance rose the mountains, with the light of the rising sun just breaking on them through the clouds. We went on to the temple. It consists of court within court. The inner courts we were not allowed to enter, being unbelievers. The pagodas we thought finer than those at Madura, but the colonnades were not so grand, nor was there such good carving inside. We were frightfully pestered by guides and beggars as we looked round, and as we left the temple we were pursued not only by a crowd of these but even by the sacred elephants whom we had disdained to notice. On the way back to the bungalow we purchased some silver and copper work, for which Trichinopoly is famous, and 2,400 cheroots for twenty rupees, about 30s. (*i.e.* eighty for a shilling), the cheapest if not the best smokes I've ever had. A large quantity of tobacco is grown in the delta of the Cauvery near Trichinopoly. We left Trichy—as it is usually called—at 12.30, and during the afternoon were passing along the valley of the Cauvery, which is one of the most fertile districts in India. Sugar-cane, castor oil, and various kinds of Indian grain, besides tobacco, are grown.

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Wednesday, December 22nd.—At 5 A.M. we arrived at Metapoliam, at the foot of the mountains which surround Mysore. We hired a special tonga, as we found otherwise our luggage could not reach Ootacamund till the next day. A tonga is a two-wheeled conveyance, much lower than a dogcart, drawn by two horses. In this we did the most wonderful bit of travelling I've ever done in my life. From Metapoliam to Coonoor is twenty-two miles and a rise of 5,000 feet. We changed horses ten times, *i.e.* every two or three miles, and did the distance in two hours and a half. From Coonoor to Ootacamund is twelve miles and a rise of 1,500 to 2,000 feet; this we did with two pair of horses in one and a half hours. That is to say, we came thirty-seven miles, and mounted nearly

7,000 feet, or about eight times as high as the South Downs, in four hours. This was indeed a red-letter day as regards scenery. The sunrise at Metapoliam was lovely. The eastern sky was a rich rose tint, and the mountains, rising straight out of the plain, were tinged with the reflection. The scenery on the drive up the gorge to Coonoor is some of the most beautiful in India. The sides of the mountains are very steep, and clothed with the most luxuriant tropical vegetation—palms, bamboos, &c. Near the top there were coffee-plantations on both slopes of the gorge. At one time one got a peep through the jungle at the torrent foaming 1,000 or more feet below, and then one would have a lovely view down the gorge over the plain beyond Metapoliam. From Coonoor on to Ooty the road is nothing like so pretty. We had good views of the mountains away to the west, but the grass is scanty and burnt up, and there are no trees. Ooty itself is situated in a hollow filled with trees, mostly blue gums, imported from Australia. It is a straggling place, every bungalow in its own garden, and there are many nice bungalows, as Ooty is the hill station for the Madras presidency. The Governor and every one who can get away comes up here in the hot weather. We were rather struck by the hedgerows being mostly of geraniums, sweet-scented and common, or wild-roses, while arum lilies grew in profusion wherever there was water. At Sylk's hotel we found Loder, Barton, and Pemberton, and very glad we were to meet again after our annoying delay. We all chaffed Pemberton very much for driving about with a revolver, in a large leather case strapped round his waist, in a place where one was as safe as in Hyde Park. Pemberton and Barton had arranged to ride down the ghaut to Mysore, some seventy miles, and had sent on coolies and spare horses. After some hesitation I decided to join them, though of course I could take no luggage, as it was too late to send on coolies. After tiffin, McLean and I walked up to the top of Doddapet hill, 8,600 feet, which overlooks

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the town of Ooty. At first we walked through cinchona and blue gum plantations, higher up the path crossed bits of open down or ran through pretty woods of rhododendrons. They were not out, but here and there we saw a bit of crimson blossom, and all along the path there were bushes covered with a yellow flower which smelt exactly like a primrose. It took us rather over an hour of easy walking to reach the top, and then we were indeed repaid for our trouble. The view was magnificent all round, but the mountains were finest to the S.W., where we could see the Coimbatore hill, and far beyond it, with their tops just showing above the clouds—the spur of the mountains in Travancore. Due south we could see over the plain for a hundred miles or more. To the north we could see all the southern part of Mysore—a flat table-land enclosed by hills on the E., S., and West. To N.W. we could see the mountains in the gold-bearing district of the Wynad, while due west range rose beyond range, all tinged with a beautiful light in the lowering sun. It is a grand view, and gives one an almost complete idea of the physical configuration of the southern part of the Indian peninsula. We got back to the hotel in time to go and see a Toda settlement before dinner. The Todas are one of the four original hill tribes of the Neilgherries, and are therefore among the oldest inhabitants of Southern India. There were not more than thirty in this settlement. They are splendid-looking people, with long black hair and dark eyes. They live in very rough huts, which have to be entered by a hole about two feet square close to the ground. The huts are surrounded by a mud wall. At dinner we met a man who had been at Oxford with us—the only other occupant of the hotel—and afterwards we amused ourselves by reading in the guide-book the account of the road we were to take tomorrow. The book said it was a road not usually taken by travellers, as the jungle through which it ran was infested by elephants, tigers, panthers, and other wild beasts. As we only had one revolver between us—I had left my rifle at

Metapoliam—the prospect was not encouraging if we did meet anything.

Thursday, December 23rd.—Up at 5.30. Breakfast at 6. We started a little before 7; McLean and Loder, who were going round to Bangalore *via* Metapoliam and Jalarpet, turning out to see us off. The ground was covered with white frost, and there was ice on all the pools, so that for the first hour it was pretty cold. It was about five miles along a good road to the top of the ghaut, and then a steep descent for seven or eight miles, which took us a long time, as the road was bad, and our ponies anything but sure-footed. Mine came down once, shot me over its head, while my sun-umbrella went in one direction, and the bundle containing my little all in another. Fortunately there was no damage done. The road zigzagged down a gorge with coffee estates on either side, but though some of the rocks were grand, the mountains on the whole were rather like ordinary Welsh hills, and not nearly so fine as those overlooking the gorge between Coonoor and Metapoliam. From the bottom of the ghaut the road ran through rather open jungle; a few trees, the grass dry and burnt up. We met an old soldier, a sub-inspector of roads, who had been in the native pioneers in Afghanistan. At Masnagoody, where we changed ponies, he made himself very useful in getting us some curry and rice for breakfast. The only furniture in the travellers' bungalow were two bedsteads, a table, and a few chairs; cups, knives and forks, &c., were wanting, and but for our friend we should have fared very badly. We arrived at Masnagoody at 10.30, having come eighteen miles, and left at 12.45. The road ran through undulating jungle, much thicker than that we had come through in the morning, till we reached the Mysore frontier, eight miles from Masnagoody. We then commenced ascending to get over the Sigiri ghaut, a low range of hills lying about ten miles north of the Neilgherries. All this country has the reputation of being very feverish; it was on this road that Lord Dalhousie caught the fever of

which he died; and the air felt to me very heavy and pestilential, perhaps because I was seedy. We met three elephants, one quite a baby, who were taken into the jungle to allow us to pass. Many horses will not go near an elephant. A little later we were rather startled by coming suddenly on a troop of large wanderoo monkeys close to the road, who were not in the least alarmed at our approach. We tried several short cuts through the jungle, following the telegraph-posts, but we did not see any of the tigers or panthers of which we had read. The Mysore road was better than that in British territory, and getting along at a good canter we reached Gundalpet at 4.45—twenty-five miles from Masnagoody and forty-three from Ooty. We found that the amildar, or head of the village, had provided one good bullock-cart for Pemberton and Barton, and there was a smaller one which he said I could have. The carts were long and narrow, and it would have been impossible for more than two to be comfortable in one cart. The amildar was very civil, and we paid him all the compliments we could through an interpreter. After a good dinner in the travellers' bungalow, which is large and comfortable, we made ready to start. We were rather surprised when we were told that one pair of bullocks were to take us right through to Mysore, thirty-six miles. My bullocks did not look up to it, so I induced the kotwal—the second boss in the village—by the present of a rupee to get a better pair. He brought not only a better pair of bullocks, but a larger cart, with plenty of straw in the bottom and a mat over it. Barton lent me a pillow, and if only it had been softer, one would not have had such a bad night. Though there were no springs to the cart the road was very good. It was a lovely starlight night, fortunately. If it had rained, I expect the palm-leaf roofs would not have kept us very dry. For the best part of the night I was awake, and had constantly to stop my driver, for our bullocks were faster than the others, and trotted along at a good pace now and then. In spite of this we were all

much surprised to find ourselves close under the Mysore hill the next morning at 6 A.M.

Friday, December 24th.—We were just going along the edge of the tank as the sun rose over the shoulder of the hill on the other side, and very lovely it was. The tank forms a kind of elbow, and is, I suppose, about a mile long. Round the banks is a fringe of enormous bo-trees—the sacred tree of India—with little temples beneath. We had some difficulty in finding the hotel, but at last we hit on a man who could speak English. The bullocks did not seem much done up by their long journey, in fact they would have trotted in the last mile, if we had not got out and walked. After a wash and breakfast we drove off to catch the train for Seringapatam. As there is a difference of ten minutes between post-office and railway time, we just missed it, and very lucky it was, as we found out afterwards it would have been impossible to get a trap at Seringapatam. The drive from Mysore to Seringapatam is only eight miles. The country is uninteresting, except for the wonderful dykes which carry the water for miles to irrigate the land near the river. Close to the Cauvery is a fringe of cocoanut and other trees, and there were some pretty peeps as we crossed into Seringapatam. On one of the branches is a broad flight of steps, on which a number of natives in their gay-coloured dresses were washing, making a very picturesque effect. The road enters the island just outside the fortress. We turned to the right and drove first to the gardens of Lal Bagh, where Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan—the implacable foes of the English in India at the end of the last century—are buried. The pillars and the open work of the windows of the mausoleum are of black hornblende, and the doors are of ebony inlaid with ivory. These are very beautiful, but otherwise there is not much to see. We then drove back past Ganjam village to Tippoo's summer palace, the Dowlat Deria Bagh, which is on the other side of the island. Here are the well-known pictures of various engagements between the English and the Sultan's

forces, in which you may be sure the English soldiers are not represented to advantage. The picture of the destruction of Baillie's detachment, the greatest disaster British arms ever sustained in Southern India, is most amusing. The Mahommedan part of the decoration is tawdry, and has too many colours in it. It is in somewhat the same style as that of the Alcazar at Seville, but is not so good. I was very much interested at recognising many of the places mentioned in the first siege of Seringapatam in 1792. Cornwallis attacked the island from the north, Wellesley in 1799 attacked it from the south-west. In front of the Dowlat Deria Bagh were the remains of a rampart between which and the river one of the detachments of Cornwallis's army took shelter on the night of the attack. On the opposite side of the river was a rocky mound, which must have been the Mosque redoubt, and to the north-east of this stretched the range of hills over which the left division of Cornwallis's army advanced. Williamson and I spent a whole morning—when we were working at Indian history for the schools—on the plan of Cornwallis's attack. Though I thought then it was a morning wasted, I was amply repaid now. We had neither guide nor guide-book, and I was able to point out to the others any place of interest. From the Deria Bagh we drove to a mosque within the ramparts, from which we had a good view over the whole fortress. Seringapatam is only a small village now; the old palaces have all been pulled down. British troops were quartered here for some time after its final capture in 1799, but they were removed on account of the unhealthiness of the place. The whole island bears the marks of departed greatness in the numerous Mahommedan graveyards with which it is covered—now it is a scene of desolation; only ninety years ago it was the scene of Tippoo's pomp, if not of his greatness. From the mosque we went to a wonderful low-spanned brick arch, which springs when jumped on: its history we could not discover. We had intended to walk

round the ramparts, which are in triple lines, one within the other, but it was past noon and the sun had got too hot for us, tired as we were with our long ride and our night in a bullock-cart. I was very sorry, as I should have liked much to have seen the breach by which the army entered Seringapatam in '99, and on which Lord Lawrence's father fell severely wounded. We drove back to Mysore and rested at the hotel till 5 o'clock, when Major Martin, a very nice old gentleman, came and took us to the Maharajah's palace. Major Martin was the Maharajah's tutor, and now that he is grown up, superintends his affairs. The courtyard of the palace was curiously tawdry. The colonnades surrounding it and a kind of covered circus in the centre were of painted wood; but the wood in the verandahs was left its natural colour—a deep brown—and Major Martin was trying to induce the Maharajah to have the rest scraped. We went up the most undignified flight of stairs and through passages not fit to lead to a washhouse, to the throne-room—a low dark room adorned by the portraits of the many eminent men who have been connected with Mysore, Sir John Malcolm, the Duke of Wellington, and others. Besides these, the only remarkable things in the throne-room were two massive silver doors. In one of the passages was a splendid door inlaid with ivory, a curious contrast to its surroundings. The library was most interesting. The books are written on palm-leaves, about two inches wide and a foot long. They have wooden covers, and covers and leaves are threaded on pieces of cord, which serve as a binding. In the armoury we saw Tippoo's sword, a Mahratta sword, which would buckle round the waist, a Mahratta dagger, which by touching a spring in the handle is made to open inside a man, and the Mahratta claw, with one of which Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta empire, killed the Bijapur minister, Afzul Khan. The rise of the Mahrattas was in many aspects a revolt of the downtrodden Hindus against their Mahomedan conquerors, and what the Mahrattas could not accomplish by

fair means they had not the least hesitation in accomplishing by foul. The claw is the most horrible of their weapons. It consists of four bits of curved steel, which are fixed on rings which fit on the fingers. The claw is entirely concealed when the hand is closed, and the rings which sustain it are hidden amongst the mass of rings which Indian princes usually wear. Major Martin kindly asked us to dinner, though we had no decent clothes. His daughters were pleasant—one of them played some Hindu airs which she had managed to pick up from native women. The conversation turned principally on the Maharajah. He, like others of the leading princes in India, *e.g.* the Nizam and the Gaekwar, is quite a young man, a little over twenty. He is a very nice fellow, and is more than half an Englishman in his tastes and habits. He not only copies us, as most of the princes do, in our amusements, but he has only one wife, and, what is more important still, he takes an interest in the development and the welfare of his country. It is, perhaps, one of the most encouraging features of English rule in India at the present time, that we are training up a number of young princes in English ideas of the functions of government, *i.e.* that a country is not to be governed in the interests of the sovereign, but in the interests of the people themselves.

Saturday, Christmas Day, 1886.—We left Mysore at 8.30, and reached Bangalore about 5 o'clock, getting a good lunch at Maddur at 12. It is only eighty-five miles, and we took eight and a half hours—about the slowest bit of travelling by rail it is possible to do anywhere. The country is not pretty till about twenty miles from Bangalore, when the line runs through a mass of rocky and wooded hills, on the top of each of which in the old Mysore days was no doubt perched a strong fort or droog. There is a good deal of dry cultivation, but the soil is poor; only once did we cross a rich plain. It looked as if a good deal of land had gone out of cultivation; and this is no doubt the case, as about twenty per cent. of the population died in the terrible famine of 1876. Eastwood

and Rennie, two Eton friends in the 12th Lancers, with McLean, met us at the station with the regimental drag. We drove to the fort, the only remains of which is a massive wall. Inside this is a well laid out park, with a flower-garden and menagerie in the centre. In the latter were two tigers, a lioness, several hyænas and cheetahs. The fernery is the best thing in the park; it is quite one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Most of the officers have separate bungalows. Loder and I stayed with Colonel Stewart, McLean with Gordon, Pemberton with Churchill, who is unfortunately ill, and Barton with Rennie. Colonel Stewart has the most lovely flowers in his garden—a sky-blue convolvulus, red, yellow, and mauve creepers trailing over the house, to say nothing of roses and violets, and with all this he tells us it is a bad time of year for flowers at Bangalore. We were eighteen or twenty at dinner; nine of us had been at Eton together—a very jolly meeting. We had snap-dragon after dinner to remind us of Christmas at home. Thus ended the hardest week's travelling I've ever done, and probably ever will do again. Since landing at Tuticorin last Sunday we had been to Tinnevely, Madura, Trichinopoly, Ootacamund, Mysore, and Seringapatam, and had travelled more than one hundred and twenty miles by road. It was too great a rush to enjoy the places thoroughly, but it was worth doing to have our Christmas dinner together at Bangalore.

Sunday, December 26th.—Up at 7, and went for a ride with Barton and Eastwood on the Agram plains before breakfast. Barton and I went to church at 11—a nice service. It was rather curious to hear the regiment march into the churchyard to the strains of a very lively polka. In the afternoon Eastwood, Rennie, and we five travellers went for a row on the tank. It was very weedy, and our boat was rather a barge; but it was very enjoyable on the water in the cool of the evening.

Monday, December 27th.—Up at 7, and rode out to the Agram plains to see the regiment parade. It was cool, and not

very dusty. There were about three hundred men on parade, all that there are horses for. There were about sixty young 'uns in the ranks, and many men were in difficulties with their bucking steeds. Nearly all the European cavalry remounts and artillery horses come from Australia, and very nice animals they are too. Colonel Stewart had four or five as nice horses as one would well wish to see. After parade we went through the troop-rooms to see the Christmas decorations. Nice airy rooms they were, and very prettily decorated. Some of us lunched with the Kingscotes. He is colonel of the 52nd Regiment, the only other European regiment in Bangalore. There is a native cavalry regiment and two or three infantry regiments. The Madras regiments have not a very high reputation for efficiency, and are not of much use compared to the Sikhs. They have, however, done fairly well in Burmah. After lunch we rode down to the golf-ground and racecourse. Nearly every station in India has its racecourse, and scratch meetings are pretty frequent. We five were all convened to a Masonic dinner. Eastwood, Rennie, and Gordon had just joined the lodge. Many of the sergeant-majors of the regiment also belonged, and very nice fellows they were too. Some of them were gentlemen. It is astonishing how many gentlemen there are in the ranks in these days of competitive examinations. McLean and I were both let in for speeches, he as a Freemason, and I to respond for the Navy.

Tuesday, December 28th.—McLean and Loder went off by the early train to Mysore. Pemberton and I rode down to the golf-ground and I had my first game at golf. One had always despised it before as a slow old gentleman's game, but it was certainly rather fascinating. In the afternoon we rode out to see the Maharajah's palace, a stone castellated building in English style, but very badly proportioned. There is one fine reception-room with glass furniture. We rode back through the Cubbon gardens, an extensive and prettily laid out park. I was sorry we did not see more

of the town during our visit. It is the most important town in Mysore; though Mysore is the nominal capital. It not only has very large cantonments, but it is the seat of government and has a considerable trade. We left by the evening train, and had to say good-bye to our kind hosts. We had had three jolly days, a pleasant rest after the rush of the previous week.

Wednesday, December 29th.—Arrived at Madras at 7 o'clock. It is a straggling place—really a collection of villages extending six or seven miles along the sea shore. After breakfast we went to the post-office to get our letters, but were both disappointed. The post-office is a fine building, in the business part of the town facing the harbour, so far as it can be called a harbour. Enormous sums have been spent on two breakwaters running straight out from the shore and on a seawall partially closing the space between the two. The seawall was broken down in a gale last year, and they were attempting to repair it. We went on to Fort George, which was captured by the French in the last century. The old church in the fort has some interesting monuments to Lord Hobart, Martin Schwartz, the great missionary, Munro, and others, all distinguished by the fulsomeness of the epitaphs; which made one turn away in disgust. After lunch Pemberton and I called at Government House and were asked to come and stay. We took up our quarters in Marine Villa, a charming bungalow on the sea shore, about a quarter of a mile from Government House. The latter is a very fine building, and the park between it and Marine Villa is prettily studded with date palms and well stocked with black buck. In the evening we went for a stroll through the great fair, which takes place every year at Christmas time. It was crammed with thousands and thousands of people. Two days afterwards a terrible fire took place in the bazaar of the fair, by which two hundred or three hundred people lost their lives. The only other guest at dinner was Sir Robert Fowler. Lady Susan Bourke

and the Governor were as nice as they had been coming out on the 'Mirzapore.'

Thursday, December 30th.—The only event was a gymkhana, or scratch race meeting, at 4 o'clock. The sport was not of a very exciting nature—a hack race, a steeplechase for ponies, and a quarter-mile foot-race for men in the garrison, in which out of five competitors two stopped, one fell down twenty yards from the post, and the other two just crawled in. Some of the officers of the 'Mirzapore,' who was on her way back from Calcutta, came to dinner, and we had a pleasant chat.

Friday, December 31st.—McLean and Loder turned up from Bangalore before we were up. After some discussion we decided again to break up our party, Loder, McLean, and I going on to Bombay *via* Bijapur, as I wanted to be there in time to meet the 'Sunbeam,' while the others went to Hyderabad, and thence on to Bombay. After breakfast we went round to the Madras Club, which is reputed to be the finest club in the East. The reading-room, which was all I saw of it, is very large, very lofty, and deliciously cool. I met Butterworth, an old Balliol rowing-man, and saw Twigg, whose name I remembered as having rowed in the eight which was head of the river in '79. We had meant to leave by the mail train at 5 o'clock, but my black servant who had charge of the luggage missed it. As a servant he was always more trouble than he was worth, but he was absolutely necessary as an interpreter. Fortunately there was another part of the train leaving at 5.45, which caught the first part up at Arconum, some thirty miles from Madras. We turned in at 10 without much thought that this was the last night of the old year. One is apt to forget the times and the seasons when one is travelling.

January 1st, 1887. — We were travelling all day through dry-looking uplands; there was hardly a green thing to be seen. It is only after one has travelled in Western America and in India that one appreciates the green

of an English meadow. Most of the land near the railway was under cultivation—maize and other crops we did not know. There were very few trees except near the stations. We had a fair dinner at Hodgi, the junction for Bijapur; but were rather sold when we found it was impossible to get a bed anywhere. We lay down on the benches in the waiting-room, which were very hard. The discomfort did not end here; for mosquitos kept buzzing round all night, and there is nothing like the buzz of a mosquito for disturbing one's rest. We found in the morning that we had by no means escaped their ravages.

January 2nd.—Our train started at 5.45, and we were at Bijapur at 11. Bijapur was the capital of the greatest of the four Mahommedan kingdoms of the Deccan. Its greatness lasted only for two hundred years, from 1450 to 1650, but the monuments left by its sovereigns will make it remembered for ages to come. The city is surrounded by an enormous wall, about twenty feet thick and forty or fifty feet high, with a wide and deep moat in front. The battlements resemble an ornamental balustrade, and at intervals there are turrets. We went first to the Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque. All the mosques in India are similar in their general features. They are situated at the end of a large court; they are entirely open to the air on the side facing the court; the roof consists of numberless small concave domes supported on pillars; and there is absolutely no altar or furniture, with the exception of a small flight of stone steps which does duty as a pulpit. There was nothing very remarkable about the mosque at Bijapur, but we had a fine view from the roof over the city. We next visited the Treasury, and then drove out through the walls on the other side to the tomb of Ibrahim Roza—one of the sultans of Bijapur. The tombs of most princes in India are about as big as ordinary churches at home. On the ground floor of the building is generally a marble or stone block, in some cases richly carved, which one at first supposed was the grave; but

one learnt later that the remains are deposited in a vault underneath. From the tomb we drove back through ruined houses to the Audience Chamber, where the Sultan used to sit in state and administer justice to his subjects. The ruins consist of three splendid pointed arches some sixty feet high, which formed the front of the chamber, which was of course open to the air. Close to the Audience Chamber we had a lovely peep along the moat of the citadel. On one side the high wall and turrets, partly overgrown with creepers, rose right out of the moat, on the other large banyans stood almost on the water's edge, while in the distance the graceful tower of the seven-storeyed palace was just visible over the battlements. It was quite the prettiest peep in Bijapur, and almost reminded one of an old English castle. On the opposite side of the road was a curious ruin, not mentioned in Ferguson, which, if one had not been in Bijapur, one would have thought was an old abbey. The tomb of Adil Shah, which we visited last of all, is by far the largest and most remarkable building. The dome is as big as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. There is no detail in the interior; and it is remarkable simply for its grandeur and the manner in which it is supported. As at St. Paul's, the dome makes a wonderful whispering gallery. We stationed ourselves on three different sides, and found that when one's neighbour on the right spoke, the sound came from the left. From outside we had a wonderful view, which was rather disturbed by the multitudes of green parroquets which kept circling around. We were all immensely delighted with our visit to Bijapur; but one cannot see the ruins of its houses, its palaces, and its tombs without a feeling of sadness and regret for the greatness which has so recently passed away. We were back at Hodgi at 7, and left by the 8 o'clock train.

January 3rd.—At 4.30 we arrived at Poonah. We had a very fair breakfast at the station, and at 7 started off to see the sights. The sun was up, but there was a very cold frosty feeling about the air till after 8 o'clock. Poonah is

2,000 to 3,000 feet above the sea, and the climate is far cooler than that of Bombay or Madras. Poonah was the centre of the great Mahratta power, which did so much to break up the Moghul Empire, and to pave the way for our dominion in India. It is a quaint old town; most of the houses are built of thin bricks arranged in layers alternately horizontally and vertically. They have a wooden verandah on the upper storey and a projecting cornice, which is sometimes carved. At every corner there is a dome-shaped tomb among or behind the houses. We went first to the New Market, only a small part of which is yet occupied; it is difficult to get the natives to take up new ideas. A market which would have well suited an English provincial town looked rather out of place amongst the old Indian houses. We went on to the Parbati hill, up which we mounted by a flight of broad steps, practicable for an elephant, which apparently is the ordinary conveyance for getting there. At the top there is a Hindu temple as well as the remains of the Maharajah's palace, from the windows of which the last Peishwah, as the head of the Mahratta confederacy was called, saw the battle of Khirkee. Many thousands of the Peishwah's troops attacked the handful of British and Sepoy soldiers which the British Resident at the Peishwah's court had with him, and were completely defeated. It was partly in consequence of this battle that the Peishwah's dominions became British territory. We had a splendid view over the city and the cantonments to the hills, on the top of which stood the hill-fort where Sivaji began his career. We drove back through the cantonments to the station. The cantonments cover an immense extent of ground, as they do in all the garrison towns of India. For health's sake the barracks of the European soldiers are placed wide apart, so that one building does not block the draught of air to another. In the same way the bungalows of the officers and civilians stand in their own gardens. In no case, even in the big towns, do they live in what we understand by a street. The scattered

nature of the cantonments contributed to many of the disasters and massacres in the Mutiny. Many precautions are taken now which were not taken then, and in many stations camps of refuge have been constructed to which the Europeans may retire in case of a rising. We left Poonah at 12, and a very hot journey we had, especially after we reached the bottom of the ghaut. The ghauts rise almost straight from the sea-level to the height of 2,000 feet. The railway is a wonderful example of engineering skill. The gradient is often one in thirty-seven, and in one place the train goes on to a siding and comes out the opposite way. We had several fine views into the gorges below us, but the hills are flat-topped and sandy, the vegetation is burnt up, and after the drive from Metapoliam to Ootacamund we did not think much of the scenery. Arrived at Bombay at 6.30 and drove straight to Government House, which is charmingly situated on Malabar Point. I had been sitting in my tent for half an hour quietly reading my letters when I heard that all our party had arrived. The 'Thames' came in at 10 o'clock and the 'Sunbeam' in the course of the afternoon. It was rather curious that we should all have reached Bombay on the same day. The Aberdeens, Buckinghamshire, Ralli, and Cannon also arrived by the 'Thames.'

CHAPTER III.

SINDH AND THE PUNJAB.

Tuesday, January 4th.—All the men staying at Government House were located in tents pitched on the edge of the cliff facing the Indian Ocean. I had to stay all day in my tent, being seedy, and found it very pleasant with the cool sea breeze blowing in.

Wednesday, January 5th.—Went on board the yacht. In the afternoon a number of people came to tea, including all the Government House party and two very richly dressed grandchildren of the Shah of Persia.

Thursday, January 6th.—We left Bombay at 2 A.M., and as we met with baffling winds took four days on the passage to Kurrachee.

Monday, January 10th.—We reached Kurrachee at 7 A.M. The 'Tenasserim' with the Reays on boards had arrived on Saturday. After breakfast Mr. Dastur and Mr. Bala, two of the Parsee cricketers who played at Normanhurst last summer, came on board. They were very civil during our stay. I remained on board all day, still seedy. Most of the party left by the evening train for Skikarpur.

Tuesday, January 11th.—In the afternoon father, the children, and I drove up to the town, which is about three miles from the harbour. Everything was dry and burnt up; there were no trees, and hardly any gardens. Its great merit is its healthiness; we found it quite cold compared with Bombay. Kurrachee is a very important base for the North-West frontier. The harbour has been much improved by artificial means. Twenty years ago it could only be used

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by vessels of very light draught, but by dredging and by the scour of the tide, which has been skilfully turned to account, a considerable area has been deepened to twenty-five or thirty feet. There is a fine pier, alongside which a vessel can discharge her cargo, in the lower harbour, and some two miles nearer the town an extensive quay has been constructed for the use of native boats. This is not the grain season, but we were disappointed at the want of an appearance of commercial activity. There were only five steamers in the harbour and one sailing vessel, three of the former being B. I. boats. We came to the conclusion that the facilities for commerce had for the time outrun the commerce itself. We were told that this is in part due to the high rates on the Scinde railway, which is in Government hands. The Bombay and Baroda and the North-Western railway companies have lowered their rates so that much of the wheat from the Punjab is now shipped at Bombay. We left by the 7 o'clock train. Our carriages were comfortable, and we slept well.

Wednesday, January 12th.—This morning it was very much colder. We passed through an uninteresting country, a sandy plain, sparsely covered with bushes. Near the mud villages there was a little cultivation, irrigated from wells. We arrived at Shikarpur, the first station on the Quettah branch, at 2 o'clock, and found the rest of the party delighted with the bazaars, the fair, and all they had seen. As this fair is the great annual show of horses, camels, and donkeys for this part of India, there was a gathering from far and near, including Beloochees, Afghans, and Pathans, as well as Scindees. Splendid fellows most of them were, tall and swarthy, with black beards, which some of them unfortunately thought it ornamental to dye red. It was very cold standing about, and we were glad to get away after Lord Reay had presented a few of the prizes. Mother and father dined at the Commissioner's, where the Reays and Aberdeens were staying; the rest of us dined in our saloon. It was rather a

squash, but the native cook, superintended by Pratt, was a great success.

Thursday, January 13th. — We breakfasted early, and then went to call on the Mir of Scinde, one of the old Scindee chiefs. He sent ten camels for us, so we were all able to have our first experience of camel-riding. They walked at a great pace, five or six miles an hour; but it was an uncomfortable motion, probably because we had not learnt the way to sit them. Mounting was rather a jumpy affair at first; one felt as if one must go over either the animal's head or tail. The Mir received us in his tent. He is a fine-looking old fellow, and though over seventy years of age still has the reputation of being a good rifle shot. The conversation was carried on through two interpreters, both of whom talked to him at once. It consisted chiefly of mutual compliments. The Mir, however, complained that he had always stuck by the English, but that they had done nothing for him. He was not rewarded for his fidelity during the Mutiny, we heard, because there was a pretty strong suspicion that he had committed forgery in a land dispute with another chief. He invited us to go to shoot on his territory near Sukkur, but unfortunately we had no time to spare. He has several sons, all very fat, who are not sportsmen, and very inferior men to their father. We left Shikarpur at 12 o'clock and arrived at Sukkur at 2. An address was presented to Lord Reay by the Municipal Council, after which we went to see the works for the new bridge across the Indus. At present there is a delay of an hour and a half while the train and passengers are ferried across. The branch of the river between Sukkur and the island of Bukkur has already been bridged; across the other branch between Bukkur and Rohree, which is on the left bank, the new bridge is to be made. In most places the Indus changes its course two or three miles every year. It has always flowed between Bukkur and Rohree, which are both on high ground, but there is a native prophecy that when once this is bridged the river will flow elsewhere.

The river is 100 feet deep, and the current in the spring runs nine knots, so that no pier would stand. It is to be a cantilever bridge, and the span is 820 feet. The engineer in charge of the works, a Frenchman, was an employé of grandfather's. In the evening we saw an exhibition of the manner of fishing in the Indus. The fisherman floats down stream with his stomach over the mouth of a large earthenware jar. He drags along the bottom a landing-net at the end of a very long pole. At intervals he brings the net up, and if there are any fish in it slips them into the jar. Father and mother dined with Major Brackenbury; the rest of us dined as usual in the train, which was on a siding facing the river.

Friday, January 14th.—In the morning we drove round the town. There is not a tree to be seen; all is barren and sandy. Sukkur is a place the importance of which is only transitory. It is unhealthy for troops, and will 'go back' as soon as the bridge is completed. Major Mayhew, the Collector of the district, has his headquarters at Sukkur. He told me that his district was 12,000 square miles in extent, and that the revenue was 500,000*l.*, of which 200,000*l.* came from land-tax. The land-tax on an average is three or four rupees an acre, the maximum being seven rupees, and the minimum one rupee. We left Sukkur at half-past 3, our carriages having been ferried across to the other side of the river.

Saturday, January 15th.—Arrived at Mooltan at 7. It was very cold in the early morning; the steps of our carriage were covered with thick ice. After breakfast we went to the old fort. In one corner there was a tomb, the dome and sides of which were covered with those beautiful blue tiles which are so common in this part of India. On the opposite side of the fort is the monument to Vans Agnew and Anderson, who were murdered by Moolraj just before the outbreak of the second Sikh war, and the lines of one company of the West Yorkshire Regiment. We drove back through the city. The streets are very narrow, and the people a rough-looking

lot; Mooltan has the reputation of being one of the most criminal places in India. Mr. Bridge, a cousin of Captain Bridge, joined us at lunch. We afterwards walked out to a new fort which is in course of construction. There are no earthworks, with the exception of a low breastwork about five feet high along each side. At each corner is a low tower, on which, I suppose, light guns will be mounted. The barracks and stores are built round the square, just inside the breastwork, and are loopholed on the outside. The place, in fact, only seems to be defensible against a rush of infantry. We left in the evening, attached to a mixed train.

Sunday, January 16th.—Arrived in Lahore at 7. It was very cold work breakfasting on the platform by our carriages. To church at 11, after which we inspected the new cathedral, a fine building. In the afternoon Mr. Elsmie, who was acting for Sir Charles Aitchison, sent for us a large char-à-banc, drawn by four camels. We drove round the wall of the city to the fort. Runjeet Singh's palace is within the fort. A fine view over the city to Mean Meer, an armoury, and some lovely marble dadoes, which were, however, surmounted by painted plaster, are the chief objects of interest. Runjeet Singh's tomb and the Jumma Musjid are close to the fort. There is nothing to admire in the tomb, but the mosque is far larger and finer than any we have seen yet. The body of the mosque is of red sandstone inlaid in graceful designs with white marble, and the three large domes surmounting it are also of white marble. The prettiest thing in Lahore is a marble pavilion with beautiful lattice-work windows, in the garden between the Jumma Musjid and the tomb. Miss Lawrence, who has been getting keener as we came north, has reached the highest pitch of excitement now she is on the scene of the great work of her father's life.

Monday, January 17th.—In the morning we went to the Shalamar Gardens, which are too stiff to be beautiful, and in the afternoon rode through the bazaars on elephants. We

left at 5.30 for Peshawur, having transferred into more comfortable carriages.

Tuesday, January 18th.—We passed Attock in the morning, where every invader of India has hitherto crossed the Indus. We arrived at Peshawur at 2 P.M., and went at once to call on Colonel Waterfield, the Chief Commissioner. His son had been with me at Eton. We heard a good deal of the last Afghan war. Apparently it produced more result than is generally supposed at home. Previous to the war the Afghans despised us; they thought that if we invaded Afghanistan successfully our retreat would be as disastrous as it was in 1842. The withdrawal from Cabul in 1879 taught them otherwise. We came through the Khyber without a shot being fired and without losing a single man. The result is especially visible in the way we are now able to treat the Afridis, the people occupying the hills between our frontier and Afghanistan proper, which does not commence till the other end of the Khyber. The Afridis have been brought under our control mainly through the exertions of Major Warburton, who has been in charge of the Khyber since 1869. The pass used constantly to be closed, and caravans were often robbed. It is now always open. We collect the dues from the caravans passing through, which amount to 80,000 rupees a year. Of this sum 67,000 rupees are paid to the various Afridi tribes as a compensation for the blackmail which they used to levy. From these very tribes a force of 650 men (600 infantry and 50 cavalry) has been raised to guard the pass from casual marauders on the two days of the week when caravans pass through. An escort goes with each caravan, and all the heights are occupied by detachments. We spent the rest of the afternoon in the bazaars, which are the best we have seen yet, and they ought to be, as all goods from Central Asia come *viâ* the Khyber. The trade with Central Asia has fallen off since the advance of the Russians to the borders of Afghanistan. They have imposed heavy duties along their frontier to divert the course

of Central Asian trade along their own railways towards the Caspian.

. *Wednesday, January 19th.*—A bright cold morning. At 10 o'clock the whole party started in charge of Major Warburton for Jumrood, which is ten miles to the west of Peshawur. The plain over which we drove is stony and covered with a short brush, and the hills at the entrance to the pass are bare and rocky. The country is very much like that we saw on our ride into Rawlins (Wyoming). The hills at the entrance to the pass rise to 6,500 feet, but the hills to the north of the Peshawur valley are far higher; we could just see their snow-capped peaks. Jumrood is our farthest outpost to the north-west; it is only 300 yards from the frontier, and about three miles from the actual entrance to the Khyber. It is garrisoned by a troop of native cavalry and a company of native infantry, in charge of one European officer. After lunch a company of Afridis were drawn up for our benefit. They were a fine body of men, and presented arms very smartly. Their pay is only nine rupees a month, out of which they provide their uniforms and rifles besides feeding themselves. The rifles are often stolen from our own infantry lines at Pindi or Peshawur. Escorted by some twelve Afridi soldiers and a considerable crowd, all of whom were armed to the teeth and had their rifles loaded, we walked about half a mile across the border to some villages which had been at feud last week. One man had been killed and several wounded. We entered one village by a small door in a high mud wall. All the houses were loopholed. The houses in the village with which there had been the feud were not forty yards from those in the village we were in. The cause of feud is generally a question of inheritance between cousins.

We drove back to Peshawur to find the whole bazaar assembled on the platform. We left at 8 P.M. Major Warburton and his daughter came to see us off; we were very sorry to say good-bye to him. One cannot help admiring a man whose personal influence does so much.

Friday, January 20th.—Arrived at Rawul Pindi at 5 A.M. It is now the largest military station in India: the troops have been moved back here from Peshawur, as it is more healthy. General Dillon paraded four native regiments (the Mooltan horse, 18th Bengal Lancers, 2nd and 14th Sikhs) and a mule battery for us. It was a splendid sight. The two Sikh regiments are some of the finest in the Indian army. The men are very tall—the average is 5 ft. 10 in.—and they look lithe and active. We were presented to many of the native officers after the inspection, and the Sikhs gave us an exhibition of chukra-throwing (thence perhaps the English verb ‘to chuck’). All Sikhs wear a chukra or steel ring in their turbans; when it is sharp it is supposed to cut a man’s head off at forty yards. The Lancers then did some wonderful feats of horsemanship, better than most things one sees at a circus. We had a late lunch with General Dillon, and left in the evening.

In one of the cavalry regiments we saw to-day all the native officers were gentlemen. As a rule the native officers have risen from the ranks, and cannot attain a higher grade than that of soubahdar or major. If we wish to attract the native gentry and nobility into our service and give them an outlet to their energies, we ought to devise some means of opening to them the higher grades of the service.

Friday, January 21st.—Arrived at Lahore early. We spent the morning in a visit to Shah Jehan’s tomb. The tomb itself is of white marble, and the inlaid work on it as beautiful as any in India. In the afternoon there was a garden party at Mr. Elsmie’s, at which about one hundred native chiefs were present to meet Miss Lawrence.

Saturday, January 22nd.—Left Lahore at 5.30, arrived Amritsur at 8. The great sight of Amritsur is the Golden Temple, the ‘Holy of holies’ of the Sikhs. The temple is small, and stands in the middle of a large tank. The lower parts of the walls are of marble inlaid with other stones, while the roof is gilt. There is some fine marble work in

a court on the north side of the temple where all Sikhs are baptised, but the most curious as well as the most interesting thing at Amritsur is an inscription in English and Punjabee on each side of the gate leading to the temple. This sets forth that on a certain morning in 1876 a thunderbolt entered one door of the temple and passed out at the other without harming any one, which is a sign of the favour with which Providence regards the Sikhs and the rule of the English in India. The story of the thunderbolt may be taken for what it is worth, but the fact that the Sikhs should place such an inscription on the doors of their most holy place shows that they are attached to our rule. We left Amritsur in the evening.

Sunday, January 23rd.—Arrived at Puttiala 7 A.M. Puttiala is a Sikh state. The present Maharajah's grandfather was one of our most faithful adherents in the Mutiny. If he and his neighbours at Nabha and Jheend had not stuck by us Lord Lawrence could not have kept sending down reinforcements from the Punjab to the army that was besieging Delhi. Eighteen or twenty elephants in the most gorgeous trappings, and several carriages, were in waiting at the station, and at 11 o'clock we paid a formal call on the Maharajah. A guard of honour at the door of the palace presented arms in good style, and the band played 'God Save the Queen.' We thought this was a compliment to us, but it turned out that the Maharajah had adopted the air as his own national anthem. The hall in which the Maharajah received us was furnished in European style. We sat round in a semicircle; he and father sat in the middle and had to carry on all the conversation (at a proper *darbar* no one says anything). The visit lasted about fifteen minutes, and we were then driven round to the Moti Bagh, a collection of bungalows in a charming garden, which were placed at our disposal. The afternoon we spent in looking round the palace. Among the jewels there was a splendid necklace that had belonged to the Empress Eugénie, and some very large

emeralds and rubies. The rubies and emeralds were flat stones, and some of the latter must have been an inch and a half in diameter. In the armoury there were over two hundred guns and rifles; most of them by the best London makers. Next to it was a regular museum of musical-boxes, watches, glass ornaments, penknives, &c. The late Maharajah was fond of going into a shop at Calcutta and buying it all up. Doctor and Mrs. Bennett dined with us at the Moti Bagh. We were all glad to have fires in our rooms, and to have a comfortable bed to sleep in.

Monday, January 24.—We drove out about four miles from Puttiala to a small village, where we found nineteen elephants assembled, calmly browsing on the branches of some large banyans. Besides the Doctor, Des Graz, McLean, Pritchett, and myself, were Sirdar Pertab Sing, the master of the armoury, the commander-in-chief of the army, which consists of one regiment of cavalry and three of infantry, the master of the stables (armed with a muzzle-loader of which one barrel had burst), and a sportsman on foot, who apparently belonged to the country we were going to shoot over. On the fields outside the village we got into line, the elephants about twenty yards apart. Each of us had a separate elephant, with the spare elephants in between. Occasionally we were on cultivated ground, but generally we were going through long grass and high bushes. We saw several partridges, some like English partridges, and others a beautiful black and gold bird, rather bigger, besides quail and hares. Owing to the unaccustomed movement of the elephants none of our party could hit anything; it was all we could do to stand upright by jamming one leg against the front of the howdah and the other against the seat. The Sirdar was a very quick shot, and during the morning bagged eight partridges, two quail, and two hares. In the afternoon we saw less game, but it was always amusing to watch the manœuvres of the elephants. The more one sees of these enormous beasts the more one is impressed by their intelli-

gence. The objection to them is that they are very slow movers; they do not walk more than three miles an hour, and it is very difficult to get a jog out of them. If the driver succeeds one is nearly shaken to pieces.

We were back just in time to go to the palace to take our final leave of the Maharajah. The grand durbar-hall where the ceremony took place was a long room, with one side open to the courtyard. It was simply filled with huge glass chandeliers, hung so as almost to touch one another. On the side farthest from the entrance a long row of chairs was arranged. There were two silver chairs in the centre for the Maharajah and father; we sat on the right, the council of Regency and other members of the court on the left. After a few moments' conversation the presents were brought in. Lovely stuffs on numberless battered tin trays were spread on the ground in front of father first, and then of each of the party in turn. The idea is that you choose what you like, but in reality you just touch what the Sirdar offers you, and it is sent to you afterwards. The ladies were presented with most beautiful shawls; the gentlemen with handsome scarves for turbans. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to a balcony to see the fireworks; Indian illuminations are very good, but Indian fireworks are inferior.

Tuesday, January 25.—To-day we went out in another direction. The jungle was thicker, the grass higher, and the bushes bigger and closer together. If they were unusually thick, the elephant, at a word from the driver, would put his foot on a stem and crush it down to make a passage through. We saw much more game than yesterday. We had all got more accustomed to the swinging motion of the elephants, and shot much better in consequence. Our bag for the morning was eighteen partridges, nine hares, and one quail. I saw some deer a long way off, and in the afternoon we saw several pigs. Two pigs jumped up in the long grass between the commander-in-chief and me; we both fired our shot-guns at them at forty yards range, of course without effect,

and no better luck attended two shots with our rifles. Thus ended two of the most remarkable days' partridge-shooting I've ever had. It would rather astonish people at home to see a party out partridge-shooting on nineteen elephants.

While we were out shooting the Council of Regency, of which Sir Deva Singh, a splendid-looking old fellow, is president, called on father. Sir Deva was in favour of our advance into Afghanistan, if the Russians advance farther, solely on the ground of prestige. In reply to another question he said that the conduct of upper officials to natives was all that could be desired, but that the younger men were often overbearing. One of the other two members of the council, also a fine-looking old Sikh, has a son at Cambridge. Our train left at 5 o'clock. The Sirdar and several of the court officials came down to see us off, bringing innumerable trays of sweetmeats which it was very difficult to dispose of.

CHAPTER IV.

DELHI TO HYDERABAD.

Wednesday, January 26th.—Arrived at Delhi early. We found Buckinghamshire, Cannon, Pemberton, and Barton staying at the dāk-bungalow. Our first expedition was to Humayun's tomb, where Hodson arrested the princes after the capture of Delhi in '57. After tiffin we went to the palace or fort. The outer walls are of red sandstone and very high. In the palace proper, which only occupies a small extent of the ground within the fort, most of the work is in white marble. The audience chamber, the baths in the women's apartments, and a lattice-work window are beautiful, but everything is surpassed by the Pearl Mosque. One can quite imagine that, before it was defaced by Mahratta spoilers, when the waters of the Jumna were in flood, and flowing close beneath its windows, and when the plain beyond was green from the rains, the old abode of the Moguls well merited the praise that was bestowed on it: 'If there is an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this.'

Thursday, January 27th.—Before breakfast some of us drove out to the famous Ridge—the position occupied by the British army throughout the siege. On the way we stopped at Ludlow Castle, where Lord Lawrence had lived for some years when he was Collector of Delhi, long before the Mutiny. The Ridge cannot be more than a hundred feet higher than the ground between it and the city. It is almost bare of trees and very rocky. The strata run parallel to the direction of the Ridge, and in places have the appearance of

natural ramparts. The old mosque, the observatory, and Indoo Rao's house, all posts famous in the siege, are still there. Close to the latter is the monument to Nicholson and the men who fell during the siege. The inscription struck me very much; it is so simple compared with those on many Indian monuments. It runs: 'To the officers and soldiers, European and native, of the Delhi field force, who were killed in action or died of wounds or disease from the 20th May to the 20th December, 1857, this monument is erected by the comrades who lament their loss and the Government they served so well.'

After breakfast we drove out to the Kutub Minar—eleven miles on a good road. The Kutub itself—a pillar 240 feet high—is magnificent, and the ruins around are well worth seeing. On our way back we passed a Hindu marriage procession. The streets were thronged with people dressed in their best, and a beautiful best it was; nearly every man had a Cashmere shawl round his shoulders. There was a long string of carriages, most of them empty, and at intervals there were men beating tom-toms. We only just caught a glimpse of the bridegroom, a little boy some seven or eight years old. At 11 P.M. mother, Mabelle, Miss Lawrence, McLean, Des Graz, Pritchett, and I left by the narrow-gauge line. The others went direct to Agra.

Friday, January 28th.—Arrived at Ulwur at 7. Ulwur ranks fourth amongst the Rajpoot states. We spent the morning in the palace. There is a fine courtyard with some good marble-work in it, but the most remarkable feature is a splendid tank behind the durbar hall. The Maharajah, who, we were told, is very hardworking, was away in camp. His little boy, aged about five, came to see us; he shook hands all round, without any shyness, and understood all we said. In the bazaars we noticed a good deal of cotton, and outside the town were some fields of wheat and barley about as far advanced as they would be with us at the end of June. We left at 10.30 P.M.

Saturday, January 29th.—At 5.30 we arrived at Jeypore, the 'Paris of India,' as it is called, on account of the breadth and straightness of the streets. Jeypore was built at the beginning of last century by Man Sing, a Maharajah who had a taste for mathematics. Before breakfast we went out to Amber, the old capital. The palace was not beautiful, but there was a fine view over the old city, the lake, and the hills around, which were most of them fortified. In the afternoon we went over the palace at Jeypore, which covers almost as much ground as the city itself. There is a splendid garden, several fine courts, and extensive stables. We saw some of the horses, and the fighting animals—rams, sambhur, black buck, buffaloes, &c. Indian princes are not content with cock-fighting; in some places they even fight elephants. We paid a short call on the Maharajah. He is a biggish man, about thirty, and has a nice face. He was dressed in a beautiful pink garment, reaching rather below the knee, his feet were bare, and in his left hand he carried a sword. He could not talk English, but the conversation was carried on through the Prime Minister, a Bengali baboo, with as nice a face as his master's. We were sorry to hear afterwards that both are unpopular, the one for being a baboo, the other for appointing any one but a Rajput as his minister. We then went to the house of the ex-Prime Minister to see a procession which corresponds somewhat to our May Day. There were at least fifty elephants, numbers of camels, some old-fashioned guns curiously painted and drawn by bullocks, and a company of infantry armed and accoutred in the fashion of a hundred years ago, while several troops of cavalry brought up the rear. The Maharajah and his courtiers, who were mounted on elephants, were pelting one another with bags of purple-coloured dust, which filled the air and covered every one near. The crowd was most attractive, every head adorned with a turban of some bright colour. I drove back to the station with the Maharajah's assistant secretary, also a baboo. He told me that the natives were bitterly disap-

pointed that Lord Randolph Churchill had done nothing for India when he was in the Cabinet. He complained of the apathy shown by Parliament to Indian questions, yet wished that these could be decided at home rather than out here. In this he showed his wisdom ; a large measure of self-government is more likely to be granted by Radical politicians at home than by the Viceroy and his Council, who know the calamities it would entail. My friend objected to the income-tax, a form of taxation to which the natives of India are unaccustomed. They prefer taxes levied indirectly. He said taxation in Jeypore was very light, lighter than in British territory, for the Maharajah pays most of the expenses of government from his estates. Whether the secretary's statements were trustworthy or not I don't know, but at any rate he did not impress me favourably. He was evidently one of those baboos who think they could govern India as well as we do, and who would be the first people to go to the wall if we left.

Sunday, January 30th.—We found Father, Munie, Baby, and the Doctor on our arrival at Agra. At 11 we went to the garrison church. Every soldier had his rifle beside him, and ten rounds of ball ammunition, a precaution dating from the Mutiny, when many massacres took place on Sunday. Doctor Tyler invited us to lunch at the club—a lunch for which, by-the-bye, we had to pay. In the afternoon we went into the fort, a grand sandstone structure much like the palace at Delhi. The Pearl Mosque and the marble courts in the palace of Shah Jehan are even finer than those at Delhi, but I was most struck by the palace of Jehangir, which had a red sandstone courtyard in the style of the Hindu temples of the South—splendid brackets at the tops of the pillars, and lovely tracery work on them. We got to the Taj Mahal just at sunset. I had heard so much about it that I was prepared to be disappointed, but this was far from being the case, and, like many other beautiful things, the oftener one sees it the more impression it makes. The first view of it looking through a vista of trees from under the archway of

the entrance gate charmed me most. In the centre of the avenue is a strip of water, on either side are beautiful shrubs, poinsettia and bougainvillea here and there to give a bit of colour, behind these are rows of yews, and behind these again stand the larger trees. The four minarets, which no one can admire, are hidden, while the distance prevents one seeing the inlaid work which, on a nearer view, seems to me to detract from the beauty of the building. We sat for a long time in the rose-garden watching the light of the sunset on the dome; it was more beautiful than words can describe. One left with a feeling of thankfulness that an enlightened Government had preserved this loveliest work of the Moguls in such charming surroundings. Some of us dined with Colonel Euan-Smith. He asked me to join his party for a tiger shoot next month, which I was only too glad to do.

Monday, January 31st.—We drove to Futtipur Sikri, twenty miles from Agra, and it was well worth the trouble. Amongst many beautiful things the best were a tomb surrounded by the best marble screens we have yet seen, a fine gateway (130 feet to the point of the arch), a red sandstone building in Hindu style, now used as the travellers' bungalow, and some tracery work, also on red sandstone. We were back in Agra at 5, and just had time for a peep at the Taj by moonlight before dinner. It is not so beautiful as at sunset.

Tuesday, February 1st.—The others went off to Gwalior at 3 A.M. by special train. Father and I were glad to stay behind and have a quiet day for reading and letter-writing. In the evening had another look at the Taj, and we all left by the 6.30 train. The others had enjoyed themselves at Gwalior. We were all agreed that Agra is more worth seeing than any place in India.

Wednesday, February 2nd.—Arrived at Cawnpore 2 A.M. and left 8.10 A.M. We drove round to see the memorial over the well, the Massacre ghaut, and the memorial church, which stands just outside Wheeler's entrenchment. The barracks,

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which were only half built at the time of the siege, have since been completed ; but the line of the entrenchments is now only marked by small stones. In the church there is a list of over nine hundred people known to have been massacred ; everything one sees awakes terrible memories, and we were glad that our time at Cawnpore was so short.

We breakfasted in the train, and were at Lucknow soon after 11. Miss Lawrence's brother, of the 17th Lancers, had ridden in thirty miles to see her. Just at this time of year most regiments are doing a week's marching ; it is a new idea of Sir Frederick Roberts. General Palmer, who was in the defence of Lucknow, took us to the Residency. He is now over eighty years of age ; he had lost two daughters and two grandchildren in the siege, and it was plain that even at this distance of time he could not bear to be on the spot. He was so much moved that he could scarcely give any explanations ; nothing could have made one realise so well how terrible were the sufferings of those fifty-seven days. The outer walls of the principal buildings, such as the Residency, the hospital, and Doctor Fayre's house, are still standing. Every building bears some marks of the 'millions of musket bullets and thousands of cannon balls,' and the house defended by Atkinson close to the Bailey Gate is simply pitted with bullet holes. Some of us walked round the line of the entrenchments, which is still marked by a low mound. On most sides the ground falls away slightly outside the entrenchment, but Johannes' house, which was occupied by the rebels, and the ground on that side is on a level, if not higher than the ground on which the brigade mess stands. From Johannes' house to the mess is less than fifty yards ; and it seems incredible that every man was not shot and every building not swept away at such close quarters. In the centre of the entrenchment, on a mound the sides of which are well planted with shrubs, stands the monument to Sir Henry Lawrence. Over many of the ruins creepers are growing, the grass is green and well tended, many shady trees

have grown up in the last thirty years, and here, as at the Taj, one could not help feeling thankful that a spot with such memories attached to it is kept as it is. In one corner of the entrenchment is the cemetery, where there are monuments to the men of the different regiments who took part in the defence or relief of Lucknow; some of them lost over three hundred men. Sir Henry Lawrence and many other heroes are buried in the cemetery. The men are few who would not feel some emotion when they read the oft-quoted inscription: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on his soul.' In the afternoon most of the party drove to other sights; Baby and I came back to the Residency, and while we watched the sun set from the top of the flagstaff tower were able to reflect quietly on the stirring scenes of thirty years ago. We left Lucknow at 11 P.M.

Thursday, February 4th.—Arrived Benares 2 P.M. During the morning we passed through a rich country, most of it under grain, which was more forward than farther north and was beginning to turn. At the station we were met by the Collector of Benares and by the Rajah Siva Persad. We crossed the river by a bridge of boats, and spent the afternoon looking into some of the numerous temples. The streets are very narrow, the bazaars uninteresting, the temples very dirty, and the smells horrible. There are no sanitary arrangements, and yet, in spite of the crowds which throng there from all parts of India, Benares is a healthy place. We dined at the hotel. Turing, who had been in my house at Eton, and Messrs. Burge, Crawhall, and Dennis, who had come out with us in the 'Mirzapore,' were also there.

Friday, February 5th.—We went before breakfast to call on the Maharajah of Benares, a nice-looking old boy who could not talk English. His palace is on the opposite side of the river to Benares, and we had a fine view from the windows. We embarked from there in a small paddle-boat propelled by coolies on a treadmill. The ghauts, with the

palaces of the different Hindu princes of all parts of India, Scindia, Holkar, &c., and the crowds of people bathing, were interesting but not very beautiful. The Rajah Siva Persad, who accompanied us, was very communicative, and we had a great discussion on the land settlement question, which is one of the great problems of Indian government. Much of the land in Bengal was settled permanently by Lord Cornwallis. It is some of the richest land in India, its value has increased enormously since the end of the last century, but the taxes on it cannot be enhanced, and it therefore contributes far less than its due proportion to the general revenue. The Rajah told me that he owned two villages, one in the Benares district, which is under the Permanent Settlement Act, and the other in the Ghoruckpore district, which is settled for periods of thirty years. The latter was settled just after the Mutiny; the period is therefore just expiring, and the tax will be enhanced. He has proposed a plan to save the trouble of a fresh survey and estimate of crops at every reassessment. The landlord is to send in a return of the profits derived from his land during a term of years; the Government is to take fifty per cent. of this, the landlord forty per cent., and ten per cent. is to go towards improvements, wells, &c. If the landlord does not send in a proper return, the tenants can refuse to pay the extra rent. The difficulty would be to ascertain the profits of the smaller landholders, and especially of those who cultivate their own land. The Rajah's property is apparently a profitable one. The land in Ghoruckpore he bought in 1858 for five thousand rupees (i.e. at two and a half rupees an acre), and it is now worth two or three lakhs. He lets his land in leases of ten or twelve years; he is constantly improving it by sinking new wells, and these wells bring him in a profit of ten per cent. in increased rental. The people compete eagerly for the land, and, as in Ireland, often offer more than they can afford to pay. The Rajah took a glowing view of the happiness of the people generally.

'We have no wants,' he said, 'but peace and quiet.' He did not think much of the pushing Bengali baboo, and said he would not bring his sons up for any public profession.

After breakfast mother and I called on Mr. Walton, the engineer of the splendid bridge over the Ganges, which is to be completed this year. We left at 2 o'clock. It was much hotter in the train than we had had it for some time.

Saturday, February 5th.—Arrived Jubbulpore 6 A.M. A fine cold morning. We went before breakfast to the reformatory school, where carpets, tents, &c., are manufactured. The chief objects of interest were three of the last of the Thugs. One old man showed us on another man's arm how the strangling was done; the gleam which came into his eyes as he went through the performance was horrible. We left at 10.30 for Mirgunge, the station for the Marble Rocks. The bungalow at the rocks is beautifully situated on a cliff overhanging the Nerbudda. Bamboos grew all around, and the jungle across the river was quite green, an unusual thing in India. During the afternoon Des Graz and I tried two or three beats through this jungle. We saw a fine pig, a few cheetal (a kind of spotted deer), and some peacocks, but bagged nothing. After dinner at the bungalow some of us rowed up to the Marble Rocks. For about half a mile the river flows through a narrow gorge, twenty to fifty yards wide. The cliffs on each side are nearly a hundred feet high and of pure white marble, which looked lovely in the moonlight. The bees are supposed to be very dangerous, but we only saw some monkeys, who might have made it very unpleasant if they had pelted us as we rowed beneath them.

Sunday, February 6th.—We left Mirgunge at 6 A.M. All day we were passing through a well-watered country. A sea of wheat stretched for miles on each side of the railway, only broken by clumps of trees here and there. In the evening I left the rest of the party at Nandgaon. They were to visit the caves of Ellora.

Monday, February 7th.—Changed trains at Munmar at

2 A.M. Arrived at Ahmednuggur at 7.30. Drove to Solabut Khan's tomb after breakfast. Ahmednuggur is in a broad valley; the tomb is on one of the hills which enclose it. There is a good view over the valleys on each side and over the city. The country is well watered, but has a burnt-up look. After lunch I had a look at the fort, which was defended so heroically by the 'noble Queen' of Bijapur in the seventeenth century. It was supposed to be the strongest place in the Deccan. The walls of the fort are being armed with new breechloading guns; the forts of Sattara and other places are being armed in the same way, to form places of refuge in case of an outbreak. Left at 7 P.M. and joined the Madras mail at Dhond.

Tuesday, February 8th.—Arrived at Secunderabad at 4 o'clock. Douglas Haig, an Oxford friend, met me at the station, and we drove through the European infantry and artillery lines to the 7th Hussars' quarters at Bolarum. The cantonments of the different forces cover miles of ground, for Secunderabad has one of the largest garrisons in India. The 7th Hussars belong to the Hyderabad contingent, which is paid from the resources of Berar by a treaty extracted from the Nizam by Lord Dalhousie in 1853. The revenues of Berar, under British administration, pay for the contingent, and a surplus of fifteen or twenty lakhs is handed over to the Nizam's treasury. Sir Salar Jung tried to induce the British Government to give Berar back to the Nizam, and had he lived to supervise the administration he might have gained his point. The Hyderabad subsidiary force, which consists of native troops officered by Europeans, is paid from the revenues of the ceded districts given up by the Nizam by the subsidiary treaty of Seringapatam.

February 9 to 14 I spent at Secunderabad with the Seventh. The rest of the party stayed in Hyderabad with the Resident, Mr. Cordery. Hyderabad disappointed me. I expected to find it a purely native place, instead of which one found many of the Nawabs and chief swells in the state

living in European fashion. Haig and I breakfasted one day with Ali Beg, the commander of the Golconda brigade, and one of the Nizam's aides-de-camp. He lived in a house which, inside, at any rate, resembled an English villa. If one had dropped from the clouds into the drawing-room one would have never imagined oneself in Hyderabad, and still less in a house where no English lady's hand had been.

On February 15th I came back to Bombay. February 16th was Jubilee Day. In the evening I started for Agra, and said good-bye for a time to the rest of our party, who were to go round in the 'Sunbeam,' *via* Ceylon, to Burmah. McLean, who was very seedy, was going home to row in the 'Varsity eight. On February 18th I reached Agra and spent the next two days with Ralli, doing all the sights over again. They are well worth it.

CHAPTER V. .

A FORTNIGHT'S SPORT.

On Monday, February 21st, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lady Alice Montagu, Major Ridley, and I left Agra by the 10 o'clock train with Colonel Euan-Smith, who is the Resident at Bhurtpore, Dholpore, and Kerowlie. Kerowlie, where our tiger-shoot was to come off, is one of the smallest but one of the oldest of the states of Rajpootana. We arrived at Hindun Road at 1 o'clock, and after lunch started on our fifty-two mile drive. We reached Kerowlie at half-past seven with five changes of horses. The road was good except at the Baingunga River, where we had to be drawn one-third of a mile by camels through deep sand. The country was generally bare, with low ranges of hills at intervals. Here and there were patches of cultivation and a few good trees. The corn was a lovely green, in ear, and had more straw than in most places. It was deliciously cool in the evening. Colonel Euan's Residency at Kerowlie is a most charming bungalow standing in the middle of a lovely garden. The air was laden with the scent of roses, violets, mignonette, and orange-blossom, which we appreciated immensely after the dry, dusty air of the plains. The Maharajah paid Colonel Euan a short call before dinner. He is a nice-looking young man with a straightforward expression. He is the adopted son of the late Maharajah, who died last year, and had a great struggle for the throne. The country was in such a state of confusion that all political power was placed in the hands of the Resident; but Colonel Euan has

recommended that the Maharajah should now be allowed to have some voice in the government. To know how to deal properly with the native states is one of the most difficult problems of Indian government. If the native rulers are left to themselves the country makes no progress, no public works are undertaken, the finances get into disorder, and various kinds of oppression may be practised on the people which, though they may be sanctioned by the custom of the country, are not in accordance with British ideas of government. If, on the other hand, we interfere in the administration, we make the native ruler a mere puppet, and diminish the estimation in which he is held by his subjects. The Indian Government are therefore loth to interfere except in flagrant cases of misrule; they do not wish to extend the area under British administration; and they trust that by degrees the native princes will be educated in British ideas of government. In many states there are already signs of great progress.

Tuesday, February 22nd.—We wandered round the garden after breakfast. Mignonette, verbena, violets, roses, bougainvillea, pinks, orange-trees, pomegranates, grow in profusion; and, what is more remarkable, there is a good grass lawn-tennis court. This small garden is indeed a contrast to the sandy plains, and such a result could not be achieved without continuous irrigation; three or four bheesties, or water-carriers, are occupied in watering the plants all day long. At 11 we left Kerowlie, I on a grey pony, the others in a char-à-banc. As yesterday, there were patches of cultivation and fine banyans near the villages. The crop was generally wheat, but we saw several fields of poppies with a white flower, from which the opium is made. At 1.40 we reached Keila Dao, our first camp, fourteen miles from Kerowlie. Camp-life in India is a great contrast to camp-life in America. Here we each had a separate tent, about as big as an ordinary cottage: there was besides a large tent for a dining-room, and we had regular bedsteads, tables, and chairs. In America

we slept on the ground generally without a tent, and never had such a luxury as a chair to sit on. Here there were myriads of servants; in America we had to do everything for ourselves. But there is no doubt as to which kind of camp-life is more enjoyable—*i.e.* camp-life in America. As there was no news of the two tigers which were known to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Keila Dao, we stayed in camp till 4 o'clock, and then pottered round with our guns after quail or pigeons.

Wednesday, February 23rd.—We started from camp at 7.30. The rest drove as before. I rode with Girwar Sing, the colonel's factotum, and commander of the Kerowlie cavalry. He was a very good fellow, but as he could not talk a word of English, and I knew approximately five words of Hindustani, we could not exchange many ideas. The country was wilder than that we came through yesterday; the villages were fewer in number, and all perched on the top of a hill. The houses were sometimes built of mud, sometimes of irregular slabs of red sandstone. Sixteen miles from Keila Dao we came to the ghaut which fringes the valley of the Chumbul. We had to descend about one thousand feet by a path cut in the side of the cliff. The Duchess was carried in a 'tom-john'—a kind of open sedan-chair—by eight coolies in two relays, who on good ground made five or six miles an hour. During last century and during the first half of this century almost the only mode of travelling in India was in a palanquin. Six miles from the foot of the ghaut, through deep sandy nullahs, which were very hot, brought us into our camp, pitched on the banks of a clear stream, in which any number of natives were washing their clothes and cooking-vessels. An enormous banyan-tree shaded the tents, and during the middle of the day we always had a cool breeze. The Maharajah's tent and camp were about two hundred yards from ours. About 4 o'clock we started for a sambhur drive. The ground near the banks of the river Chumbul is broken up by nullahs from twenty to sixty feet deep. The

sides of the nullahs are covered with bushes, but there is no really thick jungle. We were posted on eminences commanding these, and then the beat began. Some four or five hundred beaters advanced in a semicircle from about a mile off, shouting, blowing, beating tom-toms, and occasionally letting off their antiquated guns. Some sambhur passed between the Maharajah and the Duke unharmed, but after the beat was over news was brought that one of these was standing on a hill just behind where the Duke had been placed. Lady Alice was taken round, and, getting a good chance at about fifty yards, bowled him over in fine style. We then adjourned to the banks of the river, which was very lovely in the evening light. There is little water in it at this time of year, but in places it widens out into broad reaches, with rapids at intervals. We fired several shots at nuggurs (crocodiles). One went down as if he were hit, but was never recovered. The body of a crocodile does not come to the surface till the day after he has been killed. I strolled along the bank with my gun and bagged a snipe, and also knocked down two partridges, which I lost. We found our way back to camp by torchlight. Just before we went to bed news was brought in by the shikarees who were out tracking that there was a tiger in the neighbourhood. These shikarees are wonderful fellows; they track a tiger for weeks, and the beat never takes place till they have tracked him right into his lair, and often not till they have actually seen him. They are only armed with swords, so they must have tremendous pluck, to say nothing of the skill.

Thursday, February 24th.—I went out between 7 and 10 over the ground we crossed yesterday after chinkarra, or ravine-deer. The chinkarra is a pretty little animal, about the size of a roebuck. I had several shots, all of which I duly missed, thus establishing my reputation here as a very bad shot. Before I got back to camp news had come in that a large tiger had killed last night about three miles off.

When it is known that a tiger is in a certain neighbourhood old cows or broken-down buffaloes are tied up at various spots in the jungle. During the two hours we had to wait after breakfast till the news came in that the tiger had been marked down we were in a violent state of excitement. At last the news came, and we started, some on elephants, some in 'tom-johns,' and some on horseback. It was about two miles to the place where the beaters were assembled. What a wonderful crowd they were! with their many-coloured turbans and thin black legs, many of them armed with guns and pistols of every conceivable pattern, some of which must have been hundreds of years old, and every one carrying a sword. We had to walk a mile farther through sandy nullahs, getting very hot and very thirsty. The Duke remarked that it was no place for ladies, and he was not far wrong. On our way we passed the kill. The face of the buffalo was disfigured—I supposed from being licked over—and part of the back had been eaten. After drinks—a very important part of the business, as the least exercise in this climate makes one terribly thirsty—we took up our posts Colonel Euan-Smith, the Duchess, and I, attended by several Rajpoots, were on a hillock, with a steep descent on our right and in front of us into a small nullah. The Duke, Lady Alice, and Ridley were posted about one hundred yards to the left of us, and the Maharajah to the left of them on a mound commanding the main nullah. There were men with guns on the hills to our left and right; so that when we had taken up our position the tiger was completely surrounded. From our post we could see a man perched in a tree immediately above the place where the tiger was asleep. A fine sambhur appeared in the main nullah soon after the beat began, and was killed by the Maharajah. Not long after this a tremendous shout was raised, guns were fired in all directions, and the beaters appeared in groups on the hills about three hundred yards in front of us. The tiger was on foot. Two terrible roars, which made my heart beat a good deal faster—

and, I dare say, a good many other people's too—and then a long suspense. At last the beat was ordered to move on. Some of the beaters came down on the lower spurs of the hills; they were plucky men who led the way, for most of their comrades clustered together on the tops or got into trees. Suddenly the tiger, a splendid tawny brute, appeared over the bank of the nullah facing us, dodging at full speed amongst the bushes. He was down the bank into the nullah like a rabbit. Colonel Euan and I had two snap shots at him, but we both missed, though he was not more than forty yards off. Then another long suspense. The beaters were advanced still farther, and at last he made up his mind it was time to go. He came up the hill about sixty yards to the left of the Duke and his party as hard as he could gallop. They all fired, and I thought he had escaped; but, seeing every one rushing to the spot, I dashed off, just too late to see the tiger alive. He had been bowled over by the shots on the hill, but got up again and scrambled down into a hollow, where he stood at bay amongst the pack, who were held in reserve behind the line of guns. When Ridley came up the tiger had his paw on one of the pack, but was too sick to strike about; the first shots had struck him behind the shoulder. Two more shots from Ridley, one in the head, polished him off. None of the dogs were injured, in spite of the plucky way in which they had gone in at him. A dog must have some pluck to face a tiger, if you consider that a blow from his paw will smash a buffalo's skull. Colonel Euan is justly proud of his mongrel pack, which is said to be the only pack in India which will face a tiger. We adjourned to the banks of the river again to refresh ourselves after our excitement, and did not get back to camp till after sunset.

Friday, February 24th.—Ridley and I went out again after chinkarra, as meat was much appreciated by the camp followers. In Kerowlie State the sheep as well as cattle are sacred, so the choice of food is somewhat limited. The deer

were wilder than yesterday. I had two or three shots, but was unsuccessful. Ridley got one small buck. After breakfast we had a quiet time as usual for an hour, and then started for a sambhur drive—this time up the river. When we met the beaters, we were told that there was a sambhur marked down close by. Lady Alice was taken to have a shot, got a good chance at him lying down, and the sambhur moved no more. He was a fine stag with a good head, far wider than the heads of the Ceylon sambhur or elk. We went about a mile farther to our posts. Colonel Euan bagged a small sambhur, the Duke had a shot at a pig, which eluded him, and three sambhur broke away towards the river. As usual, we adjourned to the river bank. The rest of the party amused themselves with fishing. I had very good fun walking some rushy ground on the water's edge. Flushed five snipe and a flock of teal, of which I bagged two snipe and two teal. In the evening news came in of another tiger at Keila Dao.

Saturday, February 25th.—Alas! we had to leave our camp at Chercherri, as fine a sporting-place as one could wish to be in. Started at 7.30, and did the twenty-two miles to Keila Dao in rather under four hours. News met us of two, and possibly three, tigers in one beat. We had breakfast, and at 12.30 started into the jungle at the back of camp. It was very hot going along, and terribly hot on the rocks when we got to our posts, for there was no shade. The country is very different to that near Chercherri. It is much more open. The ravines are wider, the hills between them higher, and often sloping gradually. We were posted along the top of a steep rocky bank commanding a wide hill-face, over which the tiger had always come when they beat this place before. To-day the fates ruled otherwise. As soon as we had taken our posts we heard a tremendous firing on our right, and it turned out that two tigers had broken away over an unoccupied hill. One was said to have been wounded by the Mahajahrah, but was never

discovered. We rode back to Keila Dao and drove into Kerowlie, which we reached about half-past seven.

Sunday, February 27th.—Colonel Euan started with the Duke, Duchess, and Lady Alice, who were homeward bound for England, soon after daybreak. Ridley and I spent most of the day in the verandah. In the evening the Maharajah turned up to play lawn-tennis, arrayed in a beautiful green silk tunic, with tight grey trousers. Girwar made the fourth. Neither he nor the Maharajah had ever played before, and Girwar's frantic attempts to hit the ball when it was miles out of court made Ridley and me roar with laughter. The Maharajah did not quite know whether to laugh or be dignified. Altogether it was about as curious a game of lawn-tennis as was ever played. Colonel Euan got back again about eight, with Ralli, who had been spending the week at Muttra and Deeg. He was rather beat, and no wonder; at home one would think twice before undertaking a drive of 104 miles between sunrise and dinner-time.

Monday, February 28th.—Ridley and I rode out before breakfast to an open jungle about three miles the other side of Kerowlie. A shikaree met us with news that he had marked down some 'neilghai'—a kind of deer, with a head rather resembling a cow's. We left our horses, and got a shot at once at a bull standing end on about one hundred and forty yards off. I missed; so did Ridley, as they bolted off. After wandering about for some time we came on some cows on the top of a hill. Ridley had a shot at them, without result. We ran as hard as we could over the hill, and were lucky enough to cut them off. This time we each wounded one, and I managed to put a bullet into each of the wounded ones as they were getting away, which rather restored my spirits. Later on I saw a fine pig, but too far off to fire at; and on the way home we got a chinkarra, thus ending a successful morning's sport. After breakfast we stayed quiet. At 4 o'clock we went to the palace to take part in a procession on the occasion of the great annual cattle-fair, which

was now being held. About thirty thousand cattle had changed hands—a very good thing for the Government, as they get three annas per head on the sales. We found the courtyard of the palace filled with the most picturesque crowd imaginable. As Kerowlie lies away from the railway, its institutions and customs are much the same as they were three hundred years ago. There were four companies of infantry, dressed in white tunics and trousers, on which the trade mark was very conspicuous, and instead of the ordinary turban they wore a kind of Scotch cap. There were some twenty sowars, or troopers—the smartest-looking men of the lot; and there were some twenty men arrayed in red, unarmed, who, I suppose, were pensioners. The latter were under the command of the most remarkable person in that very curious assemblage. He wore a blue plush tunic, a steel helmet, and steel armpieces. He had two pairs of gloves—one of white cotton, which he had put on; the other of red wool, which hung by a string from his wrists. After we had paid a short call on the Maharajah a procession was formed. The infantry moved off first by companies, each headed by its own band, of three or four men, making an awful noise on tom-toms and horns. The cavalry followed, one sowar having his child behind him; and then our friend in armour, with his red-coat following. Our turn came at last. Ridley and I, being on the smallest elephant, had to keep in the rear of the Maharajah and Colonel Euan, in spite of the frantic efforts of our mahout to keep up level, at the imminent risk of breaking our heads or legs against the balconies of the houses. The Maharajah was surrounded by some two hundred men on foot, in every variety of costume, and armed with every kind of gun; they represented, I supposed, the old feudal levies. We were landed at last on a platform in the middle of the fair. There was an enormous crowd, especially round one of the state tigers which had been brought out on a bullock-cart to grace the show. After sitting in state for a few minutes we took our leave.

Tuesday, March 1st.—Ridley and I went out early into the same jungle as yesterday. He got a chinkarra; but we only saw one neilghai, and that did not give us a fair chance. In the afternoon we all went out on the other side of Kerowlie after chinkarra. We did not get any, but we saw more peacocks than I ever saw before in my life. The peacock is the sacred bird of Rajpootana, and one sees numbers of them all through the country. This evening I watched at least forty go up to roost in one tree, and the ground was covered with others waiting their turn.

Wednesday, March 2nd.—We beat the same jungle that we beat last week, near Keila Dao, into which two tigers had been tracked. No tigers appeared; they were supposed to have got into some caves in the middle of the beat, from which it was impossible to dislodge them. Two bears broke away. At Keila Dao they had a cheetah in a trap—a wooden cage weighted by stones, with a sliding door. It was proposed to enlarge and shoot him, but when we came to consider who should 'bell the cat,' *i.e.* open the trap-door, we thought it not worth the risk. He was shot where he was.

Thursday, March 3rd.—Our last day at Kerowlie, but a very successful one. After breakfast we went round to the palace to see the pack kill two cheetahs in the courtyard. They were each secured by a long rope to a stake, so that when the traps were opened they could not amuse themselves amongst the crowd which had assembled to see the fun. Some of the dogs were very plucky and tackled the cheetahs singly; but the latter of course had no chance, and it was soon all over. We then started for the jungle, where Ridley and I had been after neilghai, and where a tiger had been marked down. We were posted along the edge of a small nullah. The beaters began to raise their hullabaloo not two hundred and fifty yards from us, and in full view; for except two or three nullahs the ground was flat. Hardly had the beat begun when there was a great roaring and firing on the left,

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and a few seconds afterwards the tiger came tearing up the nullah not fifteen yards below us. Colonel Euan and I both loosed off at him, and he rolled over. All the Rajputs who had guns rushed up and fired at him; still he struggled up again, and Colonel Euan asked me to give him another barrel. Ridley had hit him first, so the honour of the day was awarded to him. The whole beat did not occupy ten minutes. We left Kerowlie about four o'clock. The Maharajah's parting with Colonel Euan was most touching; he was almost in tears. The journey back to the station was a wonderful bit of travelling. We did the fifty-two miles in five hours five minutes; the first eighteen miles were covered in an hour and a half.

Friday, March 4th.—I stopped for the day at Bhurtpore. In the morning I went into a jungle simply swarming with pig. I bagged two; but it was poor fun. I also had an indifferent chance at some black buck, which I missed. In the afternoon I had a look at the city. The principal feature is the broad moat which surrounds it, and which proved such an obstacle to Lord Lake in 1804. The Maharajah of Bhurtpore is a Jât, and is not a fine specimen of an Indian prince. Arrived at Agra in time to go to the Taj before dinner, where I met Ralli and Colonel Euan.

Saturday, March 5th.—Ralli and I spent the morning with Girwar in the Fort. Dined with the Manchester Regiment. A great bear-fight after dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

CALCUTTA AND DARJEELING.

Sunday, March 6th.—Good-bye to Ralli and Colonel Euan, who were both homeward bound. Left by the evening mail for Calcutta.

Monday, March 7th.—My birthday, though I did not remember it till the evening. We passed through rich-looking country, especially near Mirzapore, most of which was under wheat. In the next carriage was a civilian, Brind by name, who had been at Balliol with me.

Tuesday, March 8th.—Arrived at Calcutta 6 A.M. There was a damp heat in Calcutta which reminded me of Colombo, but during my stay there was generally a cool breeze. After breakfast at the Great Eastern Hotel, which was very crowded, I called on Mrs. Cumberledge, a fellow-passenger in the 'Mirzapore.' At Government House I found Sir Donald Wallace, who is acting as private secretary to Lord Dufferin. I stayed to lunch, and was rather surprised to meet Leonard Sartoris and Arnold Butler. In the afternoon had a good game of tennis at the Cumberledges'; the grass courts in Calcutta are excellent. Dined and took up my quarters at Government House. Lord and Lady Dufferin were as charming and as kind as they could be.

Wednesday, March 9th.—G. Leveson-Gower and Shool-bridge turned up from Benares before breakfast. In the morning went to see Miss Lawrence, who was staying with her sister, Mrs. Cunningham. After lunch took a stroll down Garden Reach to see the shipping. The steamers were few and of no

great size, but there was a finer fleet of sailing-vessels than can be seen anywhere else in the world. There were about sixty full-rigged ships and ten or twelve four-masters, nearly all of them built of iron. Dined with the Cumberledges'.

Thursday, March 10th.—We drove out to see the Paper-chase Cup run before breakfast. The obstacles, as far as we could see, were hurdles and mudbanks. There was a first-class finish, Beresford winning by a short head; unfortunately he was disqualified for having gone the wrong course. At 2.30 left for Darjeeling. One of my travelling-companions was Colonel Beeching, brother of the banker in Hastings; the other a very nice fellow in the Bombay Post Office department, by name O'Shea. We crossed the Ganges in the evening by steamer.

Friday, March 11th.—Breakfasted at Siliguri, and then embarked on the curious Darjeeling-Himalayan railway. It is exactly like those toy railways one sees at fairs in France and at home, and only needs a cardboard tunnel to complete the illusion. It is a wonderful bit of engineering; in the fifty miles from Siliguri to Darjeeling it mounts over 6,000 feet. The track is laid on the old cart-road, and curves about in the most extraordinary way on the hillside, at times making a complete loop. The first few miles from Siliguri are on the flat, then for ten miles the line ascends through a thick sal forest with very fine trees and large bamboos. After that it emerges on the hillside, and for the rest of the way we had splendid views over the valleys. It became very cold after leaving Kurseon, and before we reached Ghoom, the highest point on the line (over 7,000 feet), we were in the mist. We arrived at Darjeeling at 4. Walked up to Observatory Hill with young Prestige, the son of the maker of the line. There was no view of the snows, but it was very fine looking down into the valley on either side. Darjeeling stands on a spur which must be 3,000 or 4,000 feet above the valleys. Dined with Major and Mrs. Hamilton, who were staying at the Woodlands Hotel. He was aide-de-

camp to Sir Frederick Roberts in Burmah. Both were very nice.

Saturday, March 12th.—A thick morning; no chance of seeing the snows. After breakfast rode down to Mr. Freeman's. His bungalow stands at the head of the tea-garden. We went down to the tea-house: it looked only a short way off, but it was a good two miles, along a path which zig-zagged down the steep hillside. There is very little going on now either in the houses or in the garden. The bushes are all cropped down very low—about a foot high—with flat tops. The different qualities of tea are gathered from the same bush, and the preparation of the leaves for use, the rolling, drying, &c., takes four days. In the afternoon again went up to Observatory Hill, but nothing to be seen. It was rather disgusting, as Mrs. Freeman said Kinchinjunga had been visible for more than an hour from her house in the morning. A long yarn with O'Shea after dinner—an intelligent fellow, who had seen a lot of service up the Persian Gulf, and in charge of the post-office of the Indian contingent at Suakim.

Sunday, March 13th.—I was determined not to miss the snows this morning. I woke at 3, and at 5; when I looked out at 6, I caught sight of them at last, and at once rushed up to Observatory Hill. The sun was just rising, and the rosy tint on the tops was most lovely. A huge three-peaked mass stood out clearly, which I took to be Kinchinjunga. To the left of this was a mass of clouds. The range seen from Darjeeling is concave in shape, so that though the mountains to the right were clear the side facing us was in the shade. Between these and Kinchinjunga all was cloudy. Though the snows were very lovely, the cloud-effects were lovelier still. They filled the whole valley beneath our feet; they gave one the idea of a rolling ocean, while peculiarly white masses here and there floated on the darker clouds like icebergs. I watched the varying effect on the snows—they are never the same for five minutes together—till the mists

began to roll up from the valley and all was wrapped in gloom. To church at 11. Went to the bazaar afterwards, but found nothing worth buying. The people here are most curious—so different from those of the plains. There are Ghorkas, Lepchas, Bhootas, and a few Thibetans; all, especially the latter, with a Mongolian type of face. They seem very good-humoured, and are always laughing and chatting. They earn their living principally as coolies; it is almost impossible for wheeled conveyances to get about in the hills. Men and women carry enormous loads.

Monday, March 14th.—Rode up to Sinchul, a hill behind Darjeeling, 8,000 feet high. It was clearer than yesterday morning, especially to the left, and if Everest is to be seen from Sinchul, I must have seen it; though people are rather hazy as to which Everest is. It was terribly cold, but the view well repaid me. At breakfast managed to persuade O'Shea to accompany me to Tongloo. We went by train to Ghoom, where we found our ponies, both very good ones and very fresh. The track was level for most of the way to Jorpokri, nine miles from Ghoom. We got on fresh ponies and were off again at 1.30. The track after this became very rough. It ran through forest; the trees had no tops, and, being covered with moss, did not look valuable, but I learnt afterwards that there was a good deal of chestnut and oak, the latter almost as good as English oak for many purposes. We had to descend about 1,500 feet, and then began the stiff pull up to Tongloo, which is 10,300 feet high. We passed a few white rhododendrons in blossom, but it is rather too early for them yet. As we ascended we got out of the forest, and the hillsides were covered with bamboo-grass about ten feet high. Near to Tongloo there were several banks of the pretty mauve-coloured snow primrose; at the foot of the bank beneath them there was always a mass of snow a foot or more deep. We got to Tongloo bungalow at 5 o'clock, *i.e.* in five hours and a quarter from Ghoom. We had been in thick mist the latter part of the way, and were

glad to find a roaring fire in the bungalow. The hotel-keeper of Woodlands had sent on a cook and provisions, for which he ran us in in the most disgraceful way. After a cup of tea we strolled out in the direction of Santakphu. We met a little girl carrying a huge load of wood. I went up to feel the weight of it, and then thought I would carry it a little way. All the time I carried it the girl followed behind shrieking with laughter; she was not in the least grateful; it only struck her as extremely ridiculous that one of the sahibs should exert himself on her behalf. Turned in at 10.30, but in spite of several blankets and a roaring fire I was too cold to sleep.

Tuesday, March 15th.—A hard frost. Seeing the snows were clear, we rushed out and climbed to the top of a small hill close by just as the sun was rising. Such a view as we saw that morning one will never see again till one goes back to Darjeeling. The mountains are on an enormous scale. Kinchinjunga is 28,000 feet, and though it is forty miles off it seems to tower into the sky even at that distance. It was at first clear to the top, and the snows were rosy in the rays of the rising sun. As the sun got up a lovely mist hung on the western side of the peak, and the snows became a dazzling white. It was perfectly clear on all sides; we could see the range stretching for a hundred miles to the east, and the same distance to the west of us. There were few clouds in the valley, and we could see the snows from their very foot. Santakphu and Phalut interrupted our view of the range to our left. Over the shoulder of the former a single peak stood up, which we supposed was Everest. After half an hour's gazing we had to tear ourselves away, and started on the return journey soon after 7 o'clock. At every turn of the road we had most lovely peeps of the snows, which seemed to get more dazzling as the day wore on. The sun was shining brightly, the air was crisp and fresh, and one felt a most delightful sensation of happiness. We reached Ghoom at 11.30, where I said good-bye to O'Shea, who was

going back to Darjeeling. I had a jolly ride down to Kurseon on a trolley with Prestige. Trollying is extremely pleasant; we went along much faster than the train. At one place we stopped to see a clouded-leopard's skin, which Prestige had bought from a man who had been hunting up near the snows. The clouded-leopard is most beautifully marked, and is very rare. Dined at Siliguri.

Wednesday, March 16th.—Arrived in Calcutta at noon. In the evening went to say good-bye to Mrs. Cumberledge. Had a good game of tennis, and dined at the Cunninghams'. It was rather sad saying good-bye to Miss Lawrence; she seemed like my last link with home.

Thursday, March 17th.—Embarked in the B.I. 'Rajputana' at Diamond Harbour. Shared a cabin with Captain Beville,¹ a very nice fellow, whom we had met at Shikarpur. He had been in a Beloochi regiment through the Afghan war, and then had taken civil employ. He told me that many of the men in his regiment had been in Ayoub Khan's army at Maiwand. With a little determination this terrible defeat might have been a great victory. One of these men told Beville that when they saw our force advancing they were ready to cut and run, but directly we halted they began to take courage. Maiwand only further exemplified the truth of the great maxim of Indian warfare: 'Directly you see your enemy, go for him.' Nearly all our great victories in India have been won by following these tactics.

Sunday, March 20th.—Arrived at Rangoon after a very smooth passage. I was very much put out to find the 'Sunbeam' had left for Moulmein.

Monday, March 21st.—It was terribly hot; 93° under the awning. In the evening Beville and I went for a row on the lake, a lovely piece of water seven miles round. Dined with C. G. Bayne, from whom I heard of Thomson, a Balliol friend; he had just been in his first brush with dacoits.

¹ Since our return I have heard that poor Beville was killed in a skirmish with dacoits.

It was a disappointment that I had no time to go up to Mandalay; one would have learnt something for oneself about Upper Burmah; as it is, my impressions are derived chiefly from an excellent little book by Geary, 'Burmah after the Conquest.' The Indian Government had given a kind of pledge to the Indian people that they did not intend further annexations; so the reasons must have been strong which induced them to make Upper Burmah British territory. There is little doubt that the annexation was unpopular on the whole amongst natives of India, on account of the increase to taxation necessary to settle a new country. The main reasons for annexation were, first, the murder of the royal family, which apparently was not the act of Theebaw, but of one of his Ministers; secondly, the treatment of the Bombay Burmah Trading Company by the Burmese Government; thirdly, intrigues with the French, who were to make a railway connecting Mandalay and Tonquin, and to establish a bank at Mandalay. The last was the real reason for our advance; the treaty would have given the French control over the chief sources of revenue of Upper Burmah, of the trade on the Irrawaddy, and of the only route to Western China from British ports. Upper Burmah will probably be a long time before it will pay its way. Its chief natural resources are its teak forests and the ruby mines; the soil is for the most part poor; and it imports most of its rice from Lower Burmah. Mr. Geary, it seems to me, takes a rather desponding view of the situation. Cultivation will probably extend rapidly under a strong British administration, dacoity will gradually die out, and before many years a great trade will be opened *viâ* Yunnan into Western China, and to the upper course of the Yang-tse-kiang.

Tuesday, March 22nd.—Left Rangoon at 6.30 in a fast B.I. paddle-boat. Joined the 'Sunbeam' at Amherst Point at the mouth of the Moulmein River in the evening.

CHAPTER VII.

IMPRESSIONS.

ONE of the greatest impressions left on my mind by a visit to India was the strength of our position there at the present time. The number of European troops in India is far larger now than it was at the time of the mutiny; many precautions are taken now which were not taken then; camps of refuge and military roads have been constructed. But it is not on these circumstances that the strength of our position depends. Our position is strong because it rests on the goodwill of the people, and because they have come to realise that we alone can insure peace and good government to the country. The mass of the people, i.e. the country population, are indifferent as to who their ruler is, provided that they are not too much oppressed by taxes. The people who are discontented, at any rate those who are openly discontented, belong mainly to the weakest races in India, while the strongest races are contented, or so much intermingled that one forms a check on the other.

The multitudes who inhabit the valley of the Ganges, the Bengalis, are the weakest of the races in India, and if they were discontented would be hardly a force to be reckoned with. The same may be said of most of the inhabitants of the Madras presidency. If there is disaffection anywhere among the rural population of India it is amongst the Mahratta inhabitants of the Deccan. The Mahratta confederacy was only broken up at the beginning of the century; those terrible Pindaree bands, who were formed out of its ruins, were only put down two generations ago. The

Mahratta has hardly had time yet to forget his old plundering calling and to settle down into a peaceful cultivator of the soil. A Mahratta rising in the Deccan, unaided by disturbances in the north, it would be possible to deal with.

It is in the north of India that the strongest races dwell. Rajpootana was the home of the great warriors of the India of five hundred years ago. The Great Mogul kept up a Rajpoot army as a check on his Mahomedan followers. Other nations have surpassed the Rajpoots as warriors, but they still form a considerable portion of our army. To the north-west of Rajpootana lies the Punjab—the country of the great Sikh nation. It is little more than forty years ago that the Sikhs had to lay down their arms. They accepted the verdict of two hard-fought campaigns, and have been our firm friends ever since. Under the guidance of Lord Lawrence they saved India for us during the mutiny, and there is no reason to suppose any change has taken place in their opinions. The Sikhs are a sect of Hindus; intermingled with them in the Punjab and inhabiting the country over the Indus—the Derajat—are the Punjabi Mahomedans and Pathans. Like the Sikhs, these men are some of the best soldiers in the native army—they have more dash, perhaps, than the Sikhs, but they are not so steady in case of a reverse. There is yet one other people which must certainly not be forgotten, the Nepaulese. Nepaul is a semi-independent state whose aggressions on the people of the plains have been restricted by the extension of the British raj. The warlike spirit of the inhabitants has found a new career in British employ, and the Ghoorkha regiments saved more than one battle in the mutiny and in the Afghan war. It is almost impossible that the peoples of Northern India, and they, after all, are the people whom we have seriously to consider, could combine against us. In the event of a rising we could play off one against another, and fortunately for us, the strongest nation of all, the Sikhs, are our firm friends. But at present, as far as one could judge from a hurried visit,

there are no signs of discontent amongst the northern peoples; if the Russians were to invade India, it is my belief that they would heartily support us.

Turning from the people to the native princes, the prospect is encouraging. In the Maharajah of Mysore and the Gaekwar of Baroda, two of the leading princes in India, we have young men brought up in English ideas of government, who are really trying to put into practice what they have been taught. The same may be said of the Rao of Cutch, and other princes of lesser importance. The Nizam, the ruler of the most important native state, is quite a young man, and, though not perhaps so estimable as the Gaekwar, is, to judge from his munificent offer to the Viceroy in the event of a Russian invasion, sincerely attached to us. Rajpootana is almost entirely under native rulers, and is apparently contented. The princes of Oodeypore, Jodpore, and Jeypore were only saved from destruction by the Mahrattas through our intervention, and they have every inducement to hold by us. Gwalior and Indore are important states from their position and origin. The rulers of both stuck to us in the Mutiny. The Scindia of to-day is quite a boy, and is being brought up to a great extent under English tutelage; the Maharajah Holkar, whose demeanour during the Jubilee in England excited unfavourable comment, has given proofs of his liberal spirit by subscribing to the Rukma Bai fund. In the Sikh states of Puttiala, Jheend, and Nabha we have princes sincerely attached to our rule; it is to be hoped that the young Maharajah of Puttiala will turn out as estimable a prince as the Gaekwar. Thus, as far as a casual traveller can judge, neither among the people nor among the princes are there any reasons for apprehending a repetition of the Mutiny.

It is only in the last few years that Englishmen have begun seriously to ask themselves what share they are prepared to give to the natives of India in the government of their country. It is a question which was brought forcibly before the minds of Englishmen by the policy of Lord Ripon

(or of the advisers to whom he listened), and by the loud and universal outcry which the Ilbert Bill excited amongst the European community in India. I went to India without having made up my mind as to whether he was right or wrong. I felt that the only logical outcome of our system of education is to give natives an increased share in the government of their country, and I was inclined to believe that the violence of the storm against the Ilbert Bill was due to the natural prejudice of Anglo-Indians. It was only after I had been two or three months in the country that the conviction began to grow upon me that Lord Ripon's policy had done a vast amount of harm; i.e. that he had forced forward changes which would certainly come in time, but for which India was not yet ripe.

At home we hear a great deal of the demand for self-government on the part of the people of India. It is not till one has travelled in India that one can realise from what an infinitesimal portion of the population this demand really comes. The mass of the people do not care, and in many cases they do not know, whether they are under the rule of the Queen of England or the Great Mogul. The professional agitator, who is no more absent from India than he is from Ireland, finds his audience amongst the urban population. It is only the inhabitants of the towns, especially of the three large cities, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, that have been touched by our educational system. The educated natives, the baboos, are for the most part the sons of traders and shopkeepers. They have learnt a smattering of the principles of the British Constitution and of European ideas of government, and they think that they are qualified to step into our shoes at once and to undertake the task of ruling our complex Indian Empire. The baboos are drawn from the weakest races in India. The Bengali, from time immemorial, has been celebrated for his astuteness and his power of assimilating knowledge; but he is lacking in the straightforwardness and the force of character that distinguish the races of the North-

West. Baboos are employed in subordinate positions all over India, as station-masters, as railway clerks, as clerks in public offices, and they do fairly well, but place them in a position of real responsibility and they break down. So long as they can act according to rule, according to precedent, all goes well; but should a crisis of unusual nature arise, they are at a loss how to deal with it. This is the reason why natives have hitherto succeeded best in the legal profession: many have attained considerable eminence as judges. There is another great, and, if possible, more important, objection to the baboo. He is, as has been said, drawn usually from the trading classes, i.e. the lower castes of the population. If he is sent as magistrate into a country district, he commands little respect and his influence is *nil*, for it must always be remembered that India is one of the most conservative countries in the world. If this is the case with a baboo in a district in Bengal, it would be ten times more so in a district in Rajpootana or the Punjab; in fact, it would be impossible to send him there.

While the foregoing may be said of the majority of baboos, who are the people who clamour for self-government, there is a certain sprinkling of native gentlemen throughout the country who are as highly educated in the ideas of Western civilisation as we ourselves. These men appreciate the difficulties of governing a country like India, divided not only by race antagonism but by the antagonism between two, not to say three, great religions, and they know that it will be many years before that Indian nation is formed which the agitators say already exists. These men are few, and do little to decrease the real difficulty in the extension of self-government in India, which is this: The men who have profited by our system of education have no real influence in the country, while the men who do possess that influence have fallen behind in the matter of education. Special facilities have to be given to Mahommedans entering the uncovenanted Civil Service, as they cannot compete with Hindoos in the

examinations. The Mahommedans, at any rate, through most of India form the strongest part of the population, and it is only natural that they should become disaffected to our rule if we place them in a subordinate position. Again, higher education has been made cheap for all, with the result that the better classes have been excluded from its benefits. As Sir Alfred Lyall points out, in a country where caste is everything, a gentleman will not send his son to a school where he may sit side by side with the sons of his baker or sweeper. The country gentry, in spite of many blows from the levelling school of politicians, still possess much local influence. They are looked up to and respected by the people amongst whom they live. They are almost untouched by European civilisation ; they have not learnt, as natives so often do, its worst features, without seeing any of its benefits. They are in many ways one of the best classes, and unfortunately they are one with which the traveller, and indeed many Anglo-Indians, never come in contact.

One is led by these considerations to the conclusion that our system of education has been a failure in some important respects. What can be done to remedy it? First, let higher education be made more expensive. Second, assist the native gentry to form colleges and schools for their sons, such as the Chiefs' College at Lahore, and the Mahommedan College at Futtighur, so that the natural leaders of the people may be fitted to occupy their position. The funds saved by making students pay for the higher branches of education should be expended in increasing the number of primary schools (State education should be for the many, not for the few), and in establishing technical schools. To teach young Indians to become good foresters and good agriculturists, to show them that the material benefits of civilisation are as worthy of their attention as political controversy, is no mean object. By following out the lines I have indicated in the matter of education, we shall be able to give without danger a large and increasing share to natives in the govern-

ment of their country. The people of India move slowly ; we must not try to force forward changes for which they are not fit. The great danger to India is from well-meaning but ill-informed politicians at home, or, as Baron Hübner says in his excellent '*aperçu politique*' on India, 'the only people whom the English have to fear in India are themselves.'

No Englishman can leave India without a feeling of just pride in the splendid fabric which has been created by his countrymen, and a great admiration for the men who have been engaged in the work. We have given peace and good government to a country which for centuries has been the scene of warfare, plundering, and oppression. By throwing men on their own responsibility, which brings out all that is best in them, we have supplied a class of men fit to carry out the task which we have set ourselves. We have undertaken a great responsibility towards India ; let us hope that through our own folly we may not cause our great work — the greatest England has ever accomplished—to tumble to pieces like a pack of cards.

PART III.

THE COLONIES.

CHAPTER I.

BORNEO.

Wednesday, March 30th.—At 8 A.M. moored alongside the coal-jetty at Singapore close to a large four-master. She was a new ship, and had brought out 3,600 tons of coal, the largest cargo ever brought to Singapore. Sailing vessels bring coal here and then go up to Rangoon for a homeward cargo of rice. After breakfast went up to bring Mrs. Nanson, a fellow-passenger in the 'Mirzapore,' to see the yacht. As we were driving along I saw Beaumont-Nesbitt in another garry, to my great surprise; he was on a trip round the world with the two Watneys. In the course of the morning Pemberton, who had been waiting for us a fortnight, turned up on board, and also the Sultan of Johore, whom I had last seen when he raced with me in the 'Norman' at Cowes. In the afternoon we went to see Beaumont and Lord and Lady Stafford off to China in the 'Bokhara.' Had tea with the Sultan, and dined with the Nansons.

Thursday, March 31st.—Father and I went with Captain Cameron, the officer in charge of public works at Singapore, to see the forts. The whole of the works have been completed, at the cost of the Straits Government, and the emplacements in all the forts are ready. At present only two guns are mounted, and these are $4\frac{1}{2}$ -ton muzzle-loaders. The new 9·2-inch breechloaders, which are to be supplied

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from Woolwich at the cost of the Home Government, are of course not completed, and it may be years under the present system before they are sent out. It is hard, when the colony has made such efforts to protect itself, that there should be so little response at home. The forts are only constructed with a view of withstanding a sudden attack, and as long as our navy remains what it is they are not likely to have to deal with anything more serious.

The great difficulty in Singapore, as in many other of our smaller dependencies, is the manning of the guns. There is only one battery of artillery, who are obviously insufficient to garrison four or five forts, each mounting five or six guns. The one regiment of European infantry would probably be occupied in protecting the landings, and the battalion of Sikh police, who are a fine body of men, in keeping the Chinese in order. There seems always to be a danger of a revolt amongst the Chinese, who are very numerous in Singapore. It is one of the few places out of China where they have permanently settled. They are buying much of the land in the island, and it must be allowed that the prosperity of the port is in great measure due to them.

Sir Frederick Weld is governor of the Straits Settlements, which include Penang, Malacca, Province Wellesley, and the three native states, Johore, Salungore, and Perak. Sir Frederick was originally a sheep-farmer in New Zealand, where he entered Parliament; and he was governor of Tasmania before he was appointed to his present post. The trade of the Straits Settlements has increased enormously since the opening of the Suez Canal, and the revenue shows a good surplus over expenditure.

In the afternoon we steamed round in the 'Sunbeam' to Johore.

Friday, April 1st.—Pemberton and I spent the morning with Abdurrahman, the Sultan's private secretary, and with the head of the police. Both were good fellows; Abdurrahman was educated in England, and is certainly clever. It was

difficult to get from them much information about Johore. It is the oldest of the Malay states. The original inhabitants came from Sumatra, and at one time the Johore State extended over Rhio and the other islands south of Singapore, as well as over some of the coast of Sumatra. At present the state is fairly prosperous, though much undeveloped, because it is covered with a vast forest. There are a few tea and tobacco planters; gambier, sago, and a certain amount of timber are also exported. The revenue is principally derived from the Chinese.

In the afternoon we drove back to Singapore, and, having embarked Mr. Crocker, who was going out to take Mr. Treacher's place as governor of the British North Borneo Company's territory, left for Sarawak soon after midnight.

April 2nd and 3rd.—At sea. There were only very light airs, and it was as calm as a millpond. It was hot, but not so hot as it had been in the Bay of Bengal. Near the equator there is far more rain than farther north. At Singapore it rains every day, and, if the rain does not exactly cool the air, it renders it a trifle fresher.

Monday, April 4th.—Felt our way up the Sarawak River, which is full of rocks and other dangers, and anchored off the town at 11. The Rajah unfortunately was away, but Mr. Maxwell and Major Day did the honours of the place. It is a neat little town; the court-house, prison, and other public buildings are most creditable. Sarawak is a wonderful instance of English enterprise. Sir James Brooke, the uncle of the present Rajah, was originally in the Indian civil service. He overstayed his leave in England, and, being in danger of losing his appointment, fitted out a small schooner, in which he attacked and put down the Malay pirates, the great pest of the China seas, some fifty years ago. The people of Sarawak, who had been oppressed by the pirates, elected him to be their Rajah. He organised the administration of the country, he kept a small force with some gunboats to put down the pirates along the coast, and

gradually extended his territories. Originally his dominion only extended for ten miles or so round Sarawak ; now there are over two hundred miles of sea-coast. There was a dangerous insurrection of the Chinese thirty-five years ago, but since then there has been no very serious difficulty. The army consists of three hundred men, principally dyaks, who are trained to both rifle and gun drill. The administration of this large country is carried on by about thirty Europeans, who are paid in the same way and have the same pensions as Indian civil servants. Europeans are in charge of districts. Justice is administered by Mahomedans for the Malays, who, it must be remembered, are an invading race in Borneo, and are concentrated in the coast towns. The people of the country, the land-dyaks, are very simple, and for them justice is of a very paternal nature, administered through their chiefs. In the Supreme Court a European sits with Malay chiefs as advisers. The revenue is derived mainly from opium, *ergo* from the Chinese. There is a small poll tax, but no land tax, as in India. Sago, timber, and gambier are the principal exports. Coffee and tobacco have been tried on the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's farms, but have not succeeded well. The sago palm is indigenous to Borneo ; seven-eighths of the sago crop of the world comes from the island, one-half from Sarawak alone. Mr. Crocker suggests in a pamphlet that twenty thousand families should be compelled to grow sago ; the plantations should be fenced with bilian to prevent the ravages of pigs ; the land would not be wasted in the same way as it is now, and the revenue would be increased by 350,000 dollars.

The Rajah is at present in an anomalous position. He is an independent prince, and yet still a British subject. If the Government were to take him formally under British protection, the Foreign Office would probably claim some right of interference in the country. The Rajah might raise objections, but it would be possible to surmount them. The real difficulty from the Rajah's point of view is to secure the

continuity of the little state. It will probably before long become a Crown colony. We cleared the river at sunset, and shaped our course for Labuan.

Wednesday, April 6th.—A current had set us thirty miles to the north-east, so we entered Victoria Harbour, Labuan, from the north. Mr. Hamilton, the harbour-master, post-master, police-officer, &c., and Governor and Mrs. Leys came on board as soon as we anchored. Father, Pemberton, and I went for a walk with Hamilton round the maidan, a beautiful piece of turf, past the prison, in which there are ten prisoners, costing the colony 40*l.* a year each—4*l.* for food and 36*l.* for accommodation and attendants—past the church, a pretty little building in which Hamilton reads service every Sunday to a congregation of one to six people, and so to Government House, a large roomy bungalow rather out of repair, in a very pretty park. Hamilton is a retired naval officer, and a very nice fellow. He leads a lonely life, but apparently makes himself very happy with boat sailing. One cannot help feeling a great respect for men who are serving their country in out-of-the-way stations like this. We dined with Governor and Mrs. Leys.

Labuan was occupied in 1846, and is one of the many instances of the ignorance of officials on colonial matters. Coal had been discovered in the island; it was on the high road to China, and it was feared that some foreign power might step in. An elaborate staff was sent out, troops were quartered there, and a very large sum of money expended on barracks and public buildings. Only after this was it discovered that the coal-seam, being at an angle of 45°, could not be worked because of the difficulty of dealing with the water. The colony, whose revenues do not much exceed 3,000*l.* a year, is now saddled with a large pension list, on which there are two chaplains, and all expenditure on improvements is prevented till some of the pensioners die off. There are five thousand inhabitants, very peaceful, and mostly occupied in agriculture. The trade, such as it is, is in the hands of Chinese, who, as

usual pay the greater proportion of the revenue. It is perhaps worth noting that Sir John Pope Hennessy, who has achieved an unenviable reputation in Hong Kong, Barbadoes, and Mauritius, began his career and married in Labuan.

Thursday, April 7th.—Steamed up the river to Brunei in the ‘Lorna Doone,’ a steamer belonging to the Rajah Brooke, as the bar prevented us going up in the ‘Sunbeam.’ On the right of the entrance to the river are the Muara coal-mines, worked by Messrs. Cowie. We took thirty tons of their coal at Labuan; it burnt away quickly, but it was easy to get steam with. Some Russians had been in to look at the mines a few days before; the Messrs. Cowie are greatly in want of capital, so unless we keep our eyes open they may pass into hands in which we would rather not see them. To the left of the Brunei River is the broad entrance to the Limbang River, and to the east of this again the district of Trusan, which has just been annexed by the Rajah Brooke. The Sultan of Brunei, who is a Malay, at one time ruled over nearly all the north of Borneo. He disposed of the eastern portion of his territory to the North Borneo Company; the Rajah Brooke has gradually encroached on him from the west, and by annexing Trusan has almost completely hemmed him in. His territory is now not much larger than Sarawak was fifty years ago. The town of Brunei is built entirely on piles right in the middle of the river, and the only communication from house to house is by canoe. The shops, kept by Chinese, are in house-boats. We called on the Sultan in the afternoon. It is almost impossible to imagine a more miserable or incapable-looking lot of men than the Sultan and his ministers. They are only invaders in Borneo, and it will be well when the last remnant of their power is swept away. On board the ‘Sunbeam’ at 6 and to sea.

Friday, April 8th.—We were steaming along the coast. From 6 to 8 A.M. we had a fine view of Kina Balu (the Chinese Widow), a mountain 13,700 feet high. At 4 P.M. anchored in Kudat Harbour, an inlet on the western side of

Malludo Bay, in the extreme north-eastern corner of Borneo. After dinner Mr. Davis, the North Borneo Company's resident in charge of the district, and Doctor Lamb called for me to go in pursuit of wild-cattle (tumbadows) by moonlight. We paddled in a native canoe for about an hour up the bay, and then entered a small creek completely overhung by mangroves. The harbours of Borneo are infested with crocodiles, and one thought that if we did upset over the root of a mangrove tree it would be by no means pleasant; one crocodile did flop into the water a few yards from us. When we disembarked we had to walk for nearly a hundred yards along a slippery bridge of thin trunks resting on piles without a handrail. Mr. Davis slipped off once, and got up to his waist in water, and the thought of being seized by a crocodile did not make it any pleasanter. On reaching *terra firma* we made our way for a quarter of a mile along a rough path through the jungle, which brought us out on the most lovely country imaginable for sport. There was a succession of small hills and hollows, mostly covered with long grass, but nicely broken up by bushes and patches of jungle, which would have made stalking easy. Deer kept barking close to us all night, but we reserved our fire for the wild-cattle. At last we came on some of them, but they were off before we could put in a shot, and made a tremendous noise as they crashed away through the bushes. We had not gone three hundred yards when another bolted out of some bushes close in front of us, but it was so dark that we never saw him till he turned. A little farther on about twenty crossed in front of us. We both fired, and thought we wounded one, as he separated from the rest, but we could not pick him up. On the way back to the boat we got within twenty-five yards of one, and all of us fired. He was evidently hard hit, but just managed to stumble into the jungle,¹ and we searched for an

¹ At Port Darwin I had a letter from Mr. Davis, saying that he had been out on this ground three weeks later and found that beast. I have his horns at home.

hour without success. As far as I could make out by the dim light the tumbadow are quite black, and about the size of Scotch cattle. On our way back to the boat we fired at deer. Just before 2 the moon came out, and Davies got a small buck; it was a tough job cleaning it and getting it back to the boat. We did not get on board till 6, when the 'Sunbeam' was nearly under way.

Saturday, April 9th.—Navigation through the Mallawallé Channel, with the sunken rocks and absence of all beacons, was difficult, but the passage was safely accomplished. It was not till we had shaped a course for Sandakan that we just touched on a reef which was not marked in the chart. Anchored in Sandakan Harbour at midnight. It is a splendid bay, twenty miles deep, with an entrance a mile and a quarter broad. The high land on the north side of the entrance is a good leading mark, and there are no dangers. Sandakan may in time become one of the important ports of the Far East.

Sunday, April 10th.—Governor Treacher, Mr. Callaghan, the Resident at Darvel Bay, and Mr. Von Donop came to lunch. At 4.30 father read service in a little chapel built on piles, with a matting roof. After service we went up to the club. They have two billiard tables, which ought to be sufficient for the requirements of Sandakan—some twenty European residents.

Monday, April 11th.—Des Graz and I went with Mr. Cook along the south side of the harbour after pig. We walked along the beach, while his two dogs hunted the jungle. We only found two small pigs, and these they soon ran down. The *coup de grâce* was given with the rifle at a range one yard. It was not an exciting sport; but I am told that if you get a big boar at bay there is some fun in it. The sun was right overhead; by noon it was terribly hot on the sandy beach, and we were glad to cross over to a wooded island on the north side of the harbour. We only saw some mouse-deer, and

they were too pretty and too small to shoot at with a heavy rifle.

Tuesday, April 12th.—In the morning Mr. Abrahamson, of the firm of Abrahamson & Co., came on board to try and interest us in his company. His firm cuts and exports timber to China. Bilian, which is very durable, and almost invaluable, as it withstands the ravages of the white ant, grows profusely in Borneo. During the last eight months of 1886 Abrahamson & Co. paid a dividend of 17 per cent. They have only one small saw-mill at present, and require more capital to extend operations. We lunched at Government House. In the afternoon we had a rifle competition among the men. The fore-castle-cook, Weaver, and G. Smith, both Naval Reserve men, shot well; the former made nineteen, the latter seventeen, out of a possible twenty. We left Sandakan at 9 P.M. The whole European population came down to the quay (alongside which we were lying to take in water), and gave us three hearty cheers as we slipped our moorings.

The North Borneo Company was formed in 1877, and received its charter in 1881. Its territory has seven hundred miles of sea-coast, on which there are several good harbours, including Gaya, Kudat, and Sandakan. Except during the monsoon season in the China Sea the water is smooth, and the Company's officials go from station to station in a steam launch. The revenue and trade have grown steadily since the incorporation of the Company. The expenditure has hitherto exceeded the revenue, as it naturally must do in opening up a new country; but it is estimated that in 1888 there will be a balance on the right side. The whole of North Borneo is one vast forest, which forms an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth. Besides the bilian or iron wood, several kinds of wood resembling mahogany are exported. Gutta-percha, indiarubber, beeswax, rattans, and a number of valuable gums are yielded by the forest. At many places in the interior are limestone caves, in which the edible bird's-nests

are found. From Darvel Bay come pearl oysters, and from many places along the coast trepang, or *bêche-de-mer*. The trade is principally with China.

Under the influence of thirty Englishmen, who rule over some one hundred and fifty thousand people, the country is making gradual progress towards civilisation. The rule of the North Borneo Company is acceptable to the native population as a whole, especially to the inhabitants of the interior, who have hitherto been plundered and oppressed by the Malays on the sea-coast. The Company have had no serious difficulty with the natives. The Company's officials say they are received well wherever they go, even amongst tribes in the interior who have never seen a white man before. The native chiefs are left in authority, and are only prevented from quarrelling with their neighbours; the practice of head-hunting is gradually being stamped out. The great need of the country is population. The Chinese spread year by year in greater numbers over the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; some people think that they will ultimately be entirely populated by Chinese. They are good colonists and are well received by the North Borneo Company, but some of the officials think that it is their duty to develop the native population, and to prevent it being swamped by the ubiquitous Celestial. It is my belief that the Company will not only succeed in the work of government but as an investment. The country has enormous natural resources in its timber forests, which should increase in value as the timber supply becomes scarcer in Burmah and other forest countries of the East. As the country becomes cleared Mr. Crocker proposes to largely introduce the cultivation of the pepper-plant, which is indigenous to Borneo, and which should do well.

In many ways the North Borneo Company is one of the most interesting undertakings of the present time. It carries us back to the early days of the East India Company, more than two centuries ago. But while the East India Company

was at first a purely trading concern, and only in the latter part of its existence had the duties of government forced upon it, the North Borneo Company occupies itself solely with the government of its territory; it leaves trade in private hands, and only derives an indirect benefit from it. Then again, while the former had to deal with a country which had known centuries of civilisation and had many arts and manufactures, the latter has to deal with a country which has not as yet advanced beyond the higher stages of barbarism, and in which the only articles of trade are the natural products of forest and sea. The North Borneo Company is a great civilising influence: I hope it may succeed.

Wednesday, April 13th.—During the morning we entered Darvel Bay, an inlet fifty miles deep and thirty miles wide. Callaghan told me that a large island on the south side of the bay, by name Timbu Mata, swarmed with deer, and they were easily to be got at on a high grassy point at the south-east corner of the island. The islands near the mouth of the bay are inhabited by Bajows, who had an ill reputation as pirates in the past. One of their villages had lately been bombarded by H.M.S. 'Zephyr,' acting with Governor Treacher and Callaghan, in consequence of an inter-tribal row. Callaghan assured us that there was no danger of their attacking Europeans, but admitted that the Company had little control in these parts. I got permission to take the cutter away for two days, while the 'Sunbeam' went on to Silam, some thirty miles off, that the party might visit the bird's-nest caves at Madai. My crew consisted of Beach, Frogbrook, G. Smith, and C. Smith, each armed with a rifle, cutlass, and revolver. We were dropped about seven miles from the island, and closed the land towards sunset. As we passed the north-east corner of the island we rowed over the most lovely bottom I have ever seen. There were enormous bits of white coral, seaweed resembling huge flowers and of every colour, and large brown sea-urchins. There were numbers of fish swimming amongst the coral, and there was a thin fish

from one to three feet long which danced along the top of the water, often for several hundred yards, on its tail; the men called it a skip-jack. The hills on the island were covered with a dense jungle, and mangroves fringed the water's edge, but after rounding the corner we made out a grassy ridge about two miles ahead of us. With considerable difficulty, for it was dark, and after grounding several times on the reef, which ran a long way out from the shore, we brought up for the night a few hundred yards from the beach under a grassy point. We had a cover which would have made a regular house of the boat; but thinking that if any unfriendly Bajows did turn up we should be caught in a trap, we determined to brave the heavy dew.

Thursday, April 14th.—At dawn we found we were off a sandy beach in a break in the mangroves, and saw some deer feeding on the ridge above us. The water ran off very shallow and we had to wade ashore. I took Frogbrook with me and started after them. It was a pretty stiff pull up the hillside, which was covered with a short green grass, and being broken up into hollows was as perfect a place for stalking as could be imagined. We kept along the top of the ridge till we got to a point 150 yards from the deer. Thinking this too far we stalked about fifty yards nearer, and got in a beautiful position for a shot, but, alas! we could not see them. I thought they had been disturbed, when, raising my head a little higher, I saw a doe and a fawn. We wanted meat for the ship, so we fired, and the fawn fell. The rest of the herd, who had been out of sight, ran up out of a hollow. I got an easy chance at a nice buck, and bagged him. It was a tough job getting them back to the boat, as it had begun to get hot.

As we were sitting on the beach eating our breakfast, we heard the noise of paddles behind the mangroves. We at once seized our weapons, ready for what might turn up, but were much relieved when we saw the North Borneo ensign floating from the stem of the canoe. It was a native chief

whom Callaghan had sent down from Silam to look after us. They had paddled all night. The prahu was very narrow, with outriggers on both sides. Over the chief's seat was an awning of beautifully made matting, and four gaily painted shields hung on the sides of the boat, after the manner of the Vikings. The chief had two beautiful weapons—a Malay krees with a fine ivory handle, and a broad knife like a Ghoorka's, with a handle of carved wood; both had wonderful edges to the blades. After breakfast the chief and I started with two of our men to explore farther. We climbed up to the top of the ridge, where we found a cool breeze. We took a turn round through one or two patches of jungle and through some long grass, but saw nothing. When we got back to the boat we found Frogbrook and Beach in a state of considerable excitement. During our absence two prahus and five or six smaller canoes full of Bajows had turned up. Frogbrook and Beach behaved with great tact, and shook hands with them as soon as they landed; the chief's retinue were able to converse with them a little, and all passed off smoothly. They inspected our gear, and then went to fish farther along the coast. In the evening we again went up on the ridge, and though we saw several lots of does I only saw one buck, and that was disturbed. We hauled off our boat from the shore for the night. The two Bajow prahus were anchored half a mile off, and we thought it possible that we might be attacked. There was really no danger, but none of us slept well, and loaded rifles and revolvers were kept close handy.

Friday, April 15th.—Up on the ridge again at dawn, but saw nothing but two or three does. The ground was disturbed by the chief's men and the Bajows; the grass only extends for half a mile, so the deer are easily scared away into the jungle. We got under weigh after breakfast, and sailed out into the middle of the bay to wait for the 'Sun-beam.' They did not pick us up till 1 o'clock. The two hours before had been bad ones—it is no joke being in an

open boat under a vertical sun. At 8 P.M. we passed between Sibutu and Tawi-Tawi, one of the larger islands of the Sulu group, and shaped our course for Macassar.

April 16th to April 18th.—At sea.

April 19th.—Anchored off Macassar at noon. Macassar is one of the oldest European settlements in the East. The church in the fort, which was built by the Portuguese, bears the date 1606, *i.e.* three years after the East India Company received its charter; the fort was built in 1656. The chief product of the Celebes is coffee, but whether the Celebes plantations were devastated by the disease in 1878 in the same way as the plantations of Ceylon I could not discover. We were struck by the number of cattle and ponies which were feeding on the maidans in the town. Sumba and Madura are the great places for cattle, and Timer for ponies, in the Dutch possessions.

Wednesday, April 20th.—Breakfasted at the 'Logement Macassar.' Several Dutch officers were breakfasting at the same hotel. One of them, who spoke English well, came up and spoke to us afterwards. He was a nice fellow; he had served out here for twelve years, and had been wounded in the Acheen war (Sumatra). The Acheen war is continually draining the Dutch resources; they have not sufficient force to take the bull by the horns as we have done in Upper Burmah. We saw a number of recruits being drilled by Dutch instructors; they are mostly Javanese, are brought here to be drilled, and then sent on to Acheen. It rather astonished us to see the Dutch officers without sun-tops. We left at 9 P.M. under steam.

Thursday, April 21st.—Under sail again at last. Moonie's birthday. Visit from 'Neptune' in the evening. We had crossed the line on Monday.

Friday, April 22nd.—Passed out of the Java Sea into the Indian Ocean through the Allas Strait. Lombok Peak on one side rises to 12,600 feet; Sumbawa on the other is

9,000. The latter is reputed to be the most active volcano in the world.

April 23rd to May 9th.—At sea. For the greater part of the time we were close-hauled in the south-east trade, which drove us out to 700 miles west of Cape Leeuwin. The day after we lost the trades, we came in for the tail-end of a gale from the southward, and then westerly winds took us into Albany. With reading and navigation the time passed quickly.

CHAPTER II.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Monday, May 9th.—We anchored off Albany at 3 P.M. It is a snug harbour with a very narrow entrance into King George's Sound, which is easily defensible. During the Russian scare the inhabitants expended some 150*l.* in preparations for burning their coal-hulks in case an enemy's cruiser appeared, and for some months two corvettes were kept here. Albany is a small town with good plain houses. The 'White Hart Inn,' the 'Ship Inn,' and the sight of none but English faces after so many months in the East made one feel as if one was at home again.

Tuesday, May 10th.—In the afternoon Mabelle, B., and I went for a ride with Mr. Booker and Mr. Dymes (an old Eton man) along Middleton Beach, which will no doubt some day be the esplanade of Albany.

Wednesday, May 11th.—The others went out to Torbay to see the first section of the new line to Perth and a fine 'carry' forest. A Mr. Hassell and his brother were going out to their station, forty-two miles in the Perth direction. Mr. Loftie, the Government Resident, asked them if they would allow me to accompany them, and with the usual hospitality of Australians they at once agreed. Major Young, the crack Wimbledon shot, who is in charge of the railway, kindly lent me a horse. We started at 9.30, stopped for an hour at Chorkerup to have some lunch and give the horses a feed, and reached the station at 5. For the seventeen miles up to Chorkerup the country is covered with a heathery-looking scrub and poor trees. It is rather like the

country round Bournemouth, the pines being replaced by gums and black-boys. After we got over a ridge some twenty-five miles from Albany the land improved; the trees were bigger, and instead of the scrub there was poor grass. The station was in a little valley two miles from the road. For half a mile along the valley the ground was cleared and fenced; two fields of arable, the rest pasture. For some way outside the clearing the trees had been ring-barked. Ring-barking improves the carrying capacities of the land immensely, but it gives the country a very desolate appearance. At the station we found Mrs. Albert and Mrs. Arthur Hassell, who were both nice. We had high tea at 7 o'clock, and Mrs. Arthur sang very charmingly to us afterwards. A long yarn with Mr. Hassell over our cigars. It is striking how nearly every one we have met abuses Western Australia, and tells us that we must not take what we see here as a specimen of what they call 'the Colonies.' The great difficulty in Western Australia is the want of fresh water. The water in most of the creeks is brackish, which, when it does not contain too great a percentage of salt, suits sheep well; but it makes travelling through the bush at times a great hardship. Mr. Albert Hassell said he had often had to drink brackish water, and Arthur Hassell said he had once been two days without water at all. The only part of the country which is settled is that near the coast, especially in the south-west division. The land is taken up in patches, for much of it is absolutely worthless; Mr. Hassell and his brothers have one station 100 miles to the west of Kendenup, another 120 miles to the east, and a chain of places in between. The feed on the coast is so rich that stock and sheep soon get 'coasty' from over-eating. A strip of land thirty miles broad in which there is hardly any food or water has to be crossed, and half a flock of sheep have been known to die after being only twenty-four hours on the coast. Want of labour is another great difficulty with which farmers and squatters have to contend. Mr. Hassell complained both of the

labourers in the colony and of the class of emigrants. The former will not work except for ruinous wages, the latter cannot do the work even if they would ; both have a rooted objection to living in the bush, and prefer precarious employment in the towns. The convicts were better labourers than any that can be obtained now. Mr. Albert Hassell impressed me strongly ; he is a thoroughly straightforward, self-reliant man. He had been a member of the Legislative Council.

Thursday, May 12th.—There was a light frost, and the water struck one as bitterly cold, after being so long in the tropics. After breakfast looked round the homestead. The principal feature is the sheep-shearing shed, where there is room for twenty shearers to work at once. Shearers are paid by the score ; some men will shear one hundred sheep in the day, but the average is about fifty. Shearers will race against one another, and the master has to be continually by to make them shear steadily. Lord Wolseley's brother has invented a machine which has taken nine and a quarter ounces of wool off a sheep that has been already shorn by a good shearer ; but there is no saving in labour, as a man is needed to tend each pair of shears. A sheep will yield from three to six pounds of wool, as the wool is clean or greasy. There are several teams of horses, which, when they are not employed in carting produce to Albany, take in sandalwood. The sandalwood is cut some twenty miles farther inland, but the supply is becoming exhausted. After inspecting a wild pony which had just been brought in, Mr. Albert Hassell and I started off after kangaroo with a black fellow, by name 'Pinnup,' to carry our rifles. We saw nothing till we got on to ground where there was some scrub under the trees which had been partly burnt. Then we saw several lots of kangaroo, generally from two to five together, and once there were ten. It was very still, the ground was very hard, and we only once got within two hundred yards of kangaroo which were not on the move, and then just as I was about to take a shot off they went. The ground in many places was

covered with the most lovely heaths of all kinds and all colours, chiefly pink and white. We came across one or two patches of a little plant with a bright purple flower, which Mr. Hassell called 'holly,' but which only resembles an English holly in the shape and prickliness of its leaves. With a short experience it seemed to me that it would be easier to get lost in the bush than in the American forests. In the afternoon we tried to shoot some black cockatoos, which have a lovely red tail, but they were too wary. We saw some white cockatoos, and shot three 'twenty-eights,' a bluish-green parrot which is good eating. Just at sunset, mother, Mabelle, Des Graz, and Pemberton turned up from Albany. At 11 Des Graz and Pemberton went out after opossum, as the moon was full. In opossum-hunting a dog is necessary to find the game; he trees them, and then barks underneath till the sportsman arrives. Des Graz and Pemberton each shot one.

Friday, May 13th.—A showery day. Mother and Des Graz went back into town at 11. Arthur Hassell and I strolled along the creek and bagged a black duck, a fine bird about as big as a mallard. After lunch we all went for a drive to some salt lakes about four miles from the station. We went at full trot through the bush, jumping logs and worming our way amongst the trees. It was beautiful to watch the way in which Mr. Hassell drove; at times a clump of trees seemed so thick that it would be impossible to get through, but he always judged the distance to a nicety. On one of the lakes was a flock of ducks, and I ought to have had one. The other was dry; the bottom was sandy and the shore covered with small shells. Mr. Townshend, a neighbouring farmer, turned up to tea, with three kangaroo dogs, one almost a pure-bred greyhound; another brindle-marked, a cross between a mastiff and greyhound; the third a rough-coated dog.

Saturday, May 14th.—Up at 6. Mabelle, Pemberton, Mr. Albert Hassell, Townshend, Pinnup, and I started out at 8. It was cold for the first hour, and we saw no kangaroo.

When we did at last catch sight of a band we were too far off when they saw us, and did not get on terms with them. It was not long before another band crossed in front of us. We rode at them as hard as we could go. The dogs each pursued a different kangaroo; I rode after the white puppy, but just as he got within twenty yards of his game he chucked it. The others I found had killed a 'joey' (a small male). About a mile farther on we came on another band, and got separated as before. Pinnup and I were riding the brindled dog when we saw a large 'boomer' (an old male). We at once turned off after him as hard as we could go, but only the puppy with us. Pinnup soon left me behind; his mount, a nice little mare that had been raced at Perth, was faster than mine, and I could not get through the bush as quickly as an old hand. I was pulling up rather nonplussed when I heard some one 'cooey.' It turned out to be Pinnup, who said that the 'boomer' was very much done, but that he was afraid that I might get lost if he pursued him—a piece of thoughtfulness which struck me considerably. We soon found Townshend, and then the brindled dog appeared, having evidently killed. As he would 'shew' we made him take us to the place, and up jumped a doe very much bitten about the tail. She did not go 200 yards before the dog had hold of her again, whereupon we killed her with a stirrup iron. The others who had ridden some other kangaroos came up and we rode home. At 1.30 we started into town; Mr. and Mrs. Hassell, Mabelle, and Pemberton in the buggy, and I on Mr. Young's horse. We were in town at 7, having done the forty-two miles, seven of which were through heavy sand, in five hours and a half. The distances travelled here without change of horses are astonishing.

Sunday, May 15th.—To church at 11. In the afternoon father and I went for a walk with Mr. Young and Mr. Loftie. Mr. Young told me that the line to Perth is to be finished in two years, and will greatly improve the value of land in the

south-west part of the colony. At present Western Australia imports nearly all her corn, chaff, and hay from the other colonies. The cost of bringing it to Melbourne or Adelaide by rail and of sending it by sea to Albany or Perth is less than the cost of cartage from the interior. The railway company have a very favourable grant; for every section of twenty miles completed they can select 240,000 acres within twenty miles of the line on either side, but freehold proprietors may not be ousted. Mr. Young also told me that there was finer timber farther west than the 'carry' forest at Torbay. The trees were 300 or 400 feet high, ran up to 90 feet without a branch, and at that height measured 15 feet through by the theodolite. In some places they grew so close together that it was almost impossible to get through them. Mr. and Mrs. Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hassell, and Hare dined on board. The latter is a son of the late owner of Hurstmonceux; he was educated in New Zealand, and though quite a young fellow is doing very well here as a solicitor.

Monday, May 16th.—I had always had an idea that the Australian blacks were one of the lowest types of the human race, and I certainly did not expect to find them good riders, and in some cases useful farm hands. In Western Australia each big station has a tribe belonging to it, who lived on the ground before the settlers came. They call themselves by the name of the owner of the station, and work for him when labour is required and when they feel inclined to. They never work continuously for more than a few months—the love for bush life is too strong—and Government compels settlers to allow their black hands sixty days in the bush a year. I was much struck by the manly bearing of the blacks at Kendenup, after what one had been accustomed to in India. Many blacks talk English well; Pinnup talked perfect English. Mr. Hassell says he once overheard a Somersetshire man say to a black, as they were stacking hay, 'Gie us that 'ere fark;' to which the black replied, 'Why

don't you say "fork"? You can't talk English.' The natives will eat almost anything, from snakes and white ants up to kangaroos. They drive the latter and spear them. Over 5,000*l.* worth of skins were exported from Western Australia last year, chiefly to be used in bookbinding.

We stayed on board all the morning and lunched at the hotel. Des Graz and I, attended by Frogbrook, went over to Middleton Beach in the afternoon to try after quail. We only saw one lot, out of which we each bagged one; Des Graz also shot a pigeon with metallic bronze wings. Though we saw little game, we had a jolly walk in the most perfect air imaginable; the climate is very pleasant here at this time of year. Mr. and Mrs. Loftie and Mr. Young came to dinner, immediately after which we went to a dance given by the Hassells at the Court House. It was a barrack-like room, but the floor was excellent. We were duly introduced to all the country cousins; some of them, who had the right of being asked as the oldest inhabitants, were curious, but every one seemed to enjoy themselves, and the evening passed pleasantly.

Tuesday, May 17th.—Went ashore to say our last farewells. Steamed out of the harbour at 12, and made sail with the wind at north-east as soon as we were clear of Breaksea Island.

Western Australia is perhaps the colony about which least is known at home. Though possessing the largest extent of territory of all, it is the most backward of the Australasian group in population and material development, and it is the only one which still remains a Crown colony. Its territory is over 1,000,000 square miles in extent, but in 1885 the population was only 35,000; the imports amounted to 650,000*l.* (three-fifths from the other colonies and two-fifths from Great Britain), and the exports to less than half a million.

The Swan River Settlement was founded in 1826, chiefly

to prevent France taking possession of this part of Australia. For many years the colony made little progress, owing to the reckless way in which land was granted to capitalists. The settlements were very scattered and unable to support one another, and at last the disproportion between land, capital, and labour grew so great that the colonists petitioned the Home Government for the importation of convict labour. The first batch of convicts arrived in Perth in 1850, just as transportation to the other Australian colonies was being brought to an end. Western Australia remained a convict colony till 1868, when, partly owing to the pressure brought to bear by the other colonies, and partly owing to a change in opinion in the colony herself, transportation to Western Australia finally ceased. One curious relic of these days still remains. A West Australian going to Adelaide or Melbourne has to provide himself with a passport stating that he is not and never has been a convict. During the governorship of Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Weld, 1869-74, the colony made considerable progress; though this progress need not be altogether attributed to the cessation of convict labour. A representative constitution, consisting of a Legislative Council, with six official and twelve elected members, was granted, and the colony began to borrow money for public works. In 1877 the colony petitioned for responsible government, but it was refused by the Colonial Office, on the ground that the colony was not yet sufficiently developed. A second petition has been sent home this year (1887) by Sir Napier Broome, which will probably be successful.

Physically, Western Australia may be divided into three main divisions. Down nearly the whole length of the coast run ranges of mountains, which seldom rise to a greater height than 3,000 feet. The western and south-western parts of the colony which lie between the mountains and the sea are well watered on the whole, thickly timbered, and in many places fertile. Behind the mountains lies the central or lake district, which is in places fit for pastoral purposes.

Between this and the South Australian border lies the great Victorian desert.

The cultivated area, which does not in all amount to 100,000 acres, lies in the western and south-western districts, most of the land taken up for pastoral purposes being also in the same part of the colony. Along the coast between Albany and Cape Leeuwin are splendid forests of carry, or blue gum. In the Darling range, which runs parallel to the coast behind Perth, grows the jarra, a most durable wood; at Lloyd's it is allowed twelve years, as against fourteen years for teak, for ships. A considerable quantity is exported for piles, ship-building, &c. In some of the river valleys on the west coast and in the Darling Range there is good arable land. A little wheat and other cereals for hay are grown, but at present the difficulty and expense of transport in the interior is so great that it is cheaper to import wheat, chaff, and hay from South Australia. English fruits flourish throughout the south-west. Vines are cultivated extensively in the neighbourhood of Perth, and good wine is made. Bananas and other tropical fruits are also grown.

The central district is for the most part open country, and much of it is suited for pastoral purposes. Its capacities for stock-carrying at present are not fully known, though there are stations in places. The vegetation on the rivers on the northern coast is tropical, and a kind of pine grows abundantly, useful for spars of ships, planks, &c.

While the capacities of the lake district are not fully known, the capacities of the so-called desert country are even less known, though it has been crossed several times. Colonel Warburton, who traversed it in 1874, found water in native wells all the way, so it is probable the country may not be so bad as is supposed. In the last few years valuable country has been discovered which was previously supposed to be desert. In 1879 Mr. John Forrest, the Surveyor-General, made an expedition in the north-east of the colony. On the banks of the Fitzroy and Glenelg Rivers he discovered

land admirably suited for growing sugar-cane. To the south of this he discovered a splendid tract of pastoral country 20,000,000 acres in extent. The Kimberley district, as it is called, lies north of the nineteenth degree of latitude, but it is 1,000 feet above the sea and has a good climate. Special steps have been taken to settle this splendid district, and the discovery of gold-bearing reefs at Kimberley, though at present they are not profitable, will tend to attract population. At the southern end of the colony a large tract of pastoral country has also in the last few years been discovered by an expedition starting from Esperance Bay. When we consider that it is only a few years ago that the whole of the centre of Australia was thought to be a vast desert by the early explorers, and that now there are stations in the McDonnell ranges right in the centre of the continent, we may expect still to see a great increase in the known habitable area of Western Australia. Water, as all over Australia, is the great need. But though much of the water in West Australia is brackish, stock will drink it and thrive on it if there is not too great a percentage of salt; and droughts are less severe than in the other colonies.

Wool, as may be expected, is the main article of export. While there are nearly 2,000,000 sheep, there are only 5,000 head of cattle, but 30,000 horses. The poison plant is the bane of the West Australian stock farmer, and as horses seem less affected by it, and as West Australia is handier to the markets in India, Ceylon, and Singapore, we may expect to see her become the great horse-growing colony. Besides jarra and carry, which have been already mentioned, sandalwood is exported; but the quantity of the latter is falling off. The mineral resources of the country are as yet undeveloped or undiscovered. Copper and lead are worked to a small extent, and the discovery of the Kimberley gold fields may give an impetus to prospecting.

From what has been said it will be seen that Western Australia is in much the same stage of development that

New South Wales or Victoria were in thirty years ago. Though doubtless she does not possess so much good land in proportion to her area as does Victoria or New South Wales, she does possess a large quantity of good land—a quantity, moreover, which is unknown. In spite of the disparaging way in which Western Australians speak of their country, I think Western Australia offers the best field for a young man going out with little or no capital. It is less settled, it is more undeveloped, it is a country of great possibilities, and in my belief has a great future before it.

CHAPTER III.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

May 18th to May 23rd.—At sea. For the first three days we had the wind light from the north; the weather was warm and pleasant. On May 22nd the wind began to freshen from the westward, and by the afternoon it was blowing a heavy gale, with a grand sea rolling up behind us. The rollers of the Southern Ocean are like huge mountains compared to the waves in the Channel. On May 23rd we made Kangaroo Island at daybreak. We had a delightful sail in smooth water during the day. Run at noon 265 knots; it would have been nearly 300 if we had not had to shorten sail during the night to avoid making the land too soon.

Tuesday, May 24th.—Stood in for Glenelg at daybreak, and brought up off the pier. We were boarded before we anchored by the members of the Holdfast Bay Yacht Club, and a little later by the Mayor of Glenelg, Mr. Stock, a jovial barrister. He drove father and me up to Government House to the levée held in honour of the Queen's birthday. The number of people in uniform astonished me. There were volunteer officers, militia officers, the officers of the colonial man-of-war 'Protector,' and of the Japanese man-of-war 'Ryujo,' besides five hundred civilians. Lunched with Sir William Robinson, the Governor. Lemprière, his private secretary, had held Callaghan's post in Borneo for two or three years, so we had a great yarn over Timbu Mata. We went to some races in the afternoon, which were not very wonderful, and dined quietly on board the yacht.

Wednesday, May 25th.—Mr. Stock and a Miss Wigley took us for a drive in the hills which bound the Adelaide plain. We learnt a good deal of the state of affairs in the colony from Miss Wigley's point of view. The last three seasons have been very bad ones from want of rain; many squatters have been ruined, and every one has had to reduce his expenditure, as the prosperity of the whole colony depends on the squatting interest. This season there has been plenty of rain, and the prospect is brighter. The political world apparently is completely divorced from the social world; very few members of the House of Assembly (the Lower House) are known in society. Political power is in the hands of the 'larrikins'; the squatters and farmers who have made the colony have but little influence. The nature of their occupation keeps them on their stations far away from the centre of government, while the working-man settles in the big town, and if he cannot find employment clamours to the Government for work.

We had a pleasant drive. For six miles we drove across a rich-looking plain. We passed several orchards and vineyards, and in the fields, which were all fenced with wire or timber, there were many teams ploughing. The hills are very pretty and well-wooded; Mount Lofty, the highest point, is over 2,000 feet. On the way back we had a fine view over the plain, with Adelaide at our feet, and the Port in the far distance.

Thursday, May 26th.—Went ashore early, and walked with the Miss Wigleys to see the historical gum-tree under which the colony was proclaimed in 1836. At noon we steamed round in the 'Sunbeam' to Port Adelaide, which is six miles from the sea up a narrow creek. The channel has been deepened to twenty feet at low water at the expenditure of three-quarters of a million. This expenditure might have been reproductive had the trade of the Port remained in the hands of sailing vessels, but the bulk is now done by the large steamers of the P. and O. and Orient lines, who land

their cargo at Glenelg. As we went up the creek the crews of several vessels cheered us; at the Port every vessel had 'Welcome' flying at the masthead, and the quays were crowded with people, who cheered vigorously. Australians know how to be enthusiastic. The Mayor and Corporation of Port Adelaide and the members of the South Australian Yacht Club came on board at once to present addresses. Judge Bunday kindly asked me to go for a fishing trip in his yacht, the only one that is in commission at this time of year, but I explained to him that after being four weeks out of five at sea one wished to see something of the country. We went by train up to Adelaide; Pemberton and I went to stay with Chief Justice Way, who has a charming villa in North Adelaide, and the rest of the family stayed with the Governor. At dinner were Dr. Way, the Chief's brother, Sharpe, the Chief's associate, Dr. Stirling, the professor of medicine at the University, and Sir Herbert Sandford, a charming old gentleman, who had served many years in India at Sattara and Bijapur, and who had come out as Commissioner for the Exhibition. They were all men worth meeting, and we passed a pleasant evening discussing politics; the opinions of most were strongly Conservative. Dr. Stirling, evidently a very able man, and his brother had lost their seats at the last election. They were not content to become mere delegates and give up their opinions at the dictation of the electors.

Friday, May 27th.—Our host is most charming, and the man above all others to stay with for those who want information about the colony. At every meal, when we were alone, he was giving us a lecture on something interesting. He is the son of a great dissenting minister, and was educated partly in England. He soon made his way at the bar here, and before he was forty became Chief Justice. He was only in Parliament for one session, but he held an important position. He is a firm friend and supporter of the present Governor, who is not very popular. During the

morning we went to the Exhibition building, which is still far from ready, and also looked round the University, a small but nice building with good lecture-rooms. There are about a hundred students, most of them studying law and medicine. In the evening Pemberton, the Chief, and I went by train to Mintaro, about seventy miles north of Adelaide. Mr. Weston, his manager, met us, and drove us over to the Chief's station.

Saturday, May 28th.—A bright frosty morning. From the windows we had a view over a smiling valley, which would have looked like an immense park but for the patches of brown newly ploughed land. Much of the scenery in the bush in Australia is very park-like, the trees are so often scattered about singly or in clumps. After breakfast we walked round the place. At Kadlunga the Chief has 4,000 acres of good grass land. He goes in for breeding stud sheep (merinos, of course), and, though the land would carry more, there is only one sheep to the acre. He has a good avenue of insignis, the trees planted far apart, but doing well, and a plantation of wattles (a kind of acacia). The bark of the wattle is used for tanning. The tree dies naturally at seven or eight years old; it is generally cut after five years, and the bark yields 40% an acre for the five years' growth. In the garden there were vines, oranges, and all sorts of English fruit-trees, and just outside was a beautiful row of willows and a hedge of the old familiar bramble. All the willows in Australia are supposed to have come originally from St. Helena; in the old days outward-bound ships used to call there. At 11 we started in the buggy for Clare. On the way we called at Hill River Station, which is very prettily situated on the side of a hill with a large plantation of insignis above it. Mr. Angas, son of George Fife Angas, one of the original colonists, lives at Colingrove, but his manager, Mr. Adams, kindly showed us round. Mr. Angas has some splendid shorthorns—for the last two years he has had the champion cow of Australia—some good pigs,

and good sheep, but unfortunately we had no time to go out on the run to see the latter. There is a nice garden round the house, in which a fine row of olive-trees, and two small oaks with their leaves just turning, the first we have seen since we left England, were the chief features. It was four miles farther to Clare, a pretty little town of a thousand inhabitants. The houses are substantially built of grey stone and roofed with corrugated iron. The latter and iron wire for fencing are very important features in the development of Australia. We lunched at a good hotel, and at 3 embarked on the coach for Saddleworth, twenty-two miles distant. For ten miles we drove through a narrow valley, the hills on each side well wooded and very pretty. We were much struck by the comfortable appearance of the workmen's dwellings, each surrounded by a patch of ground. By degrees the valley broadened out, and the land on both sides was under corn with vineyards at intervals. There are many Poles and Germans settled in this valley, and the most successful farmer is a German who never crops his land two years running. At Auburn we saw a football match going on; there were some thirty players on each side, who were scattered all over the field. The Australians have football rules of their own; 'goal-sneak' is one of the important posts. We caught the train at Saddleworth at 6, and were back in town soon after 9.

Sunday, May 29th.—To the cathedral at 11; a good choral service. After seeing the number of churches, and the way they are kept up in the colonies, I feel less inclined to tremble at the prospect of Disestablishment at home. It seems to me that people in the colonies have, as a whole, far stronger religious convictions than we have at home. The whole family lunched with the Chief Justice. In the afternoon we went to call on the Barr-Smiths, who have a large house about four miles out of town. We met Sir Thomas Elder, a nice old gentleman. He is one of the largest squatters in South Australia; in future years he

will probably be remembered chiefly for the introduction of camels, which have made the opening up of the centre of the continent possible, and which have been the means of saving many lives in seasons of drought.

Monday, May 30th.—Went down with the Governor, father, the Chief, and a large party to lunch on board the Japanese training-ship 'Ryujo.' She is the first vessel that they have sent to sea without any Englishmen on board—captain, engineers, or petty officers. The officers seemed nice fellows, and they are very popular ashore. Many talk a little English or French; there is an English naval captain with English assistants in charge of the naval establishment at Tokio. I was struck by the fine physique of the men; they seemed superior to their officers, who were keener to show us some paper flowers and two dolls, made by the firemen, than to take us round the vessel. At lunch the Governor made an excellent little speech, with a happy allusion to the true lover's knot with which the flags of England and Japan were bound together on the wall behind the captain. In the afternoon there was an 'at home' on board the 'Sunbeam,' at which all the *élite* of Adelaide were present. Mr. and Mrs. Weston had come in from Kadlunga. He is a very nice fellow. He is the son of a farmer at Staplehurst, and though that is twenty miles from Normanhurst it formed a bond of sympathy in this far-off land.

Tuesday, May 31st.—The Governor took a large party on a coach to Marble Hill, his residence in the hills, some thirteen miles from town. Besides the family there were two Miss Hawkers, nice clever girls, Captain and Mrs. Mecham, and one or two other people. It was a pretty drive, and we enjoyed it. In the evening Pemberton and I went to a rinking party given by Messrs. Creswell, Phillipson, and Howard, which was fairly amusing. Rinking has just come in again as a great rage in Australia.

Wednesday, June 1st.—In the morning the Chief took us

to see Mr. Goyder, the Surveyor-General, a very able man. The line which he has drawn, separating the land which will grow wheat from the land which will not, has made his name famous. It practically separates the salt-bush country, which commences a hundred miles north of Adelaide, from the grass country. During the good seasons, four or five years ago, wheat was grown in the salt-bush country, and some people said that Mr. Goyder was a fool. Bad seasons came; all the farmers who had attempted to grow wheat beyond his limit were ruined, and Mr. Goyder's judgment was universally admitted to be right. Mr. Goyder talked to us for more than half an hour on the land system; I wish I could have taken down in shorthand all he said. He took us into the Land Office, which is arranged so that the most stupid man can find for himself what are the vacant lots in any hundred in which he wishes to settle. The arrangement of the plans is admirable and well worth seeing. We lunched with the Mayor of Adelaide, Mr. Smith, where we met Sir Henry Ayers, the President of the Legislative Council, a very nice old gentleman, Mr. Stock, and Mr. Parsons, the Resident of the Northern Territory. In the afternoon Pemberton and I went to see the lawn-tennis at the recreation ground. I met White-White, who had been at school with me at Bournemouth. At 5 all our party, except father, left for the north. We travelled *en prince*, a saloon and two first-class carriages being reserved for us. Australian hospitality extends to the railways; during the whole time we were in Australia we had free passes, and at Glenelg a notice was posted up in the station to say that every one belonging to the 'Sunbeam' might travel free. At 11.15 we arrived at Terowie, where the broad gauge (five feet) ends. The gauge farther north is three feet six inches. In Victoria the gauge is universally five feet; in New South Wales they have the English gauge, four feet eight and a half inches; and in Queensland the gauge is three feet six inches. It is a great pity that the colonies should not have constructed their

railways on some homogeneous system. The change of gauge is a great inconvenience to travellers now, and in future years when traffic increases it will lead to enormous expense.

Thursday, June 2nd.—Arrived at Cockburn at 6 A.M., where we were met by Mr. Wilson, the manager of the Broken Hill Mine. Mr. Parsons and I drove together in a buggy, and had an interesting discussion on the prospects of the Northern Territory. The climate seems to be fair for the tropics; in the hot weather it is often under 80°. The country is watered by numerous rivers, along the banks of which there is good soil suitable for sugar-cane, &c. The Northern Territory is rich in minerals, and in the interior there is country suitable for sheep and cattle. From Cockburn to Broken Hill is thirty-three miles. The country is uninteresting; the soil is red, and almost the only plant is the dull grey salt-bush, which is excellent feed for stock. Crossing the Barrier Range, which separates South Australia from New South Wales, we saw several mines. At 1 o'clock we reached Broken Hill. A new mining town, as one expected, is a curious collection of little dolls' houses. They are built of wood and corrugated iron, but many of the miners live in tents. After lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson we went down the mine by McCulloch's shaft. At this end of the mine the silver is found principally in lead. In many places drops, or masses of drops, of chloride of silver, were pointed out to us which contain seventy-five per cent. of silver. The average yield of silver from the whole mine is fifty to seventy ounces to the ton, in many parts it is over two hundred ounces, and choice bits of ore yield over one thousand ounces. Iron, manganese, and all the other necessary fluxes, except limestone, are found in the mine, which, where transport is so deficient, is a great saving in expense. The colours of some of the ores were lovely; but to have appreciated their richness one ought to have been an expert. Any one, however, can comprehend that the quantity of silver

in a lode, the width of which varies from 60 to 132 feet, must be enormous. I was much struck by the miners; they looked nice steady fellows. They earn 10s. a day, and work by contract. The trades-unions objected to the contract system, but the demand for employment has hitherto been so great that Mr. Wilson has been able to keep them in hand. After dinner we went up to see the smelting furnaces, which are lighted by electric light. With 800 tons of coke they smelt about 1,000 tons of ore, which yields 250 tons of bullion.

Friday, June 3rd.—To-day we went down the other (south-east) end of the mine, where the silver is found chiefly in kaoline, a porcelain clay, which in many places is quite soft. There was also lead and iron here and there; in fact, there are few mines in which the ores are so jumbled up together as at Broken Hill. Drove back with Wilson, who gave us some interesting experiences of life on a cattle station. Owing to a difficulty with the local committee Wilson resigned, and a new manager, an American, has been appointed, with a salary of 4,000*l.* a year. We came back by Silverton, which made the journey over forty miles, passing through rather a better country. We left Cockburn at 7 P.M. A yarn with Baxter, the son of a man who had been thirty-five years with grandfather. He is making the tramway from Broken Hill to Cockburn, and has been twelve years with Millar Brothers, of whom he speaks very highly. Messrs. Millar are the contractors for the railway from Albany to Perth, for the railway in the Northern Territory, which should in a few years stretch across the continent, and are by far the biggest firm in the colonies. It is worth noting that the Broken Hill Mine shares are now selling for 95*l.*; nine months ago they were worth 18*l.*¹

Saturday, June 4th.—Arrived at Terowie 4.30 A.M., and reached Adelaide at 12. In the afternoon Pemberton and I went with Gordon, Colonel Wardrop, and Colonel St. Quintin,

¹ They are now worth 300*l.* (February 1888).

to the opening meet of the Hunt Club. It poured in torrents, but there were some sixty horsemen at the meet, of whom fifteen were in pink. The nags for the most part were rather a seedy-looking lot, but there was no question about their jumping powers. The object of the chase is a drag. The fences are generally of timber, some of them very stiff. Wire fences, of which there are a good many, are capped by rails nailed from post to post. When, as often happens, the rail is knocked off by the leading man, and bare wire remains, it is by no means a pleasant jump, but we saw two or three men negotiate it successfully. It was not a good day for the horsemen, as there were so many roads to be crossed, but it let those who were in carriages get a good view. The headlong pace at which our Jehu took us was wonderful, but he was a good driver, and we did not upset like some less lucky people in another cab. The finish was at Mr. Chambers', where we were introduced to Alan Baker, the Master, a pleasant fellow, and an undeniably hard rider. Pemberton and I dined with his brother, Mr. R. C. Baker, a member of the Legislative Council, to celebrate the Fourth of June. The Bishop, Dean Marryat, and Ralli, who had been at Eton with me, were the only other Etonians besides our host and ourselves. The 'Sunbeam' started to-day for Melbourne with father and the doctor on board.

Sunday, June 5th.—To the cathedral in the morning. Lunched with Sir Thomas Elder and dined at Government House.

Monday, June 6th.—The Chief, Pemberton, and I left Montefiore at 9 in a cab-wagonette. They are good traps; they have a roof to them, with flaps which let down on each side if it rains, and do not interfere with the view if it is fine. We mounted into the Mount Lofty Range about three miles from the sea, where it is low, and drove through undulating country, something like the Downs, to Noarlunga, twenty-one miles from Montefiore, in two hours—not bad going. We crossed the Onkaparinga by a foot-bridge, and

met the carriage on the top of the opposite hill. To Noarlunga we had been travelling south; we now turned east, and a few miles up and down some steep hills brought us to Sea View. The country we had passed through is chiefly in the hands of big farmers, and is one of the longest-settled parts of the colony. The Chief told us that along this road there was very good society in the early days. At Sea View the Chief has 4,000 acres, partly freehold, partly leasehold, partly selected. He has 600 sheep, a few horses and cattle, and a few acres under crop. In the hollows vines, oaks, and elms were planted, and on the tops of the hills were some plantations of firs and olives, which were doing well. The Onkaparinga runs through a deep picturesque cañon to the north of the house. To the south there is a fine view of the Willunga Range and Aldinga Bay; on a clear day Kangaroo Island can be seen across the Gulf. At 3 we started on our homeward journey. For some miles we passed through a poor sandy country, covered with scrub-gums, black-boys, and heaths. In the valleys the country improved. On Eyre's Flat there were some splendid gums, and in the Stort Valley there were good grass meadows, blackwoods with their pretty dark-green foliage growing along the creek, and regular English hedgerows with the leaves on the turn. We passed Kangarilla, a pretty little village, Clarendon, where there was a fine vineyard, and Belair, where we had been with Mr. Stock, and reached Montefiore at 6.30. We did the eighteen miles from Clarendon to Adelaide in under two hours with the same pair of horses that took us to Noarlunga in the morning. They had thus done forty miles on the road in four hours, besides travelling ten miles across country. In the hills we passed through this afternoon the land was in the hands of small farmers ('cockatoos') or labourers. The labourer's allotment is a patch of one or two acres. We saw several people either building their houses or fencing their ground; the 'magic of property' was evident. In spite of the wet we had a most enjoyable

day, and saw by far the prettiest country we have yet seen.

Tuesday, June 7th.—Left Adelaide at 6.50, arrived at Murray Bridge at 10, where Mr. Reid, who had been with grandfather on the Runcorn Bridge contract, and who is now in charge of the southern lines, met me. The Murray, the one great river of Australia, is here rather broader than the Thames at Pangbourne. The soil on the hills on either bank is poor, the country behind them is poorer still, so that the splendid supply of water cannot be utilised. Where the valley broadens out there are large swamps on each side of the river, which in ordinary seasons are the haunts of all kinds of duck. This year there have been large floods on the Darling, the main tributary of the Murray, and the ducks have not come down. We were out all day, but saw none. We saw numberless coots and six black swan. The latter we had driven to us, and bagged one as they flew overhead; he came down with a tremendous thud into the water. In the evening the rest of the party arrived from Adelaide and put up at the hotel, which seemed most comfortable.

Wednesday, June 8th.—Mr. Macfarlane, his son, and three daughters came to take us in their steam yacht down to Wellington Lodge, their station on Lake Alexandrina. It gave us a good opportunity of seeing the lower course of the river. It is no broader than above Murray Bridge at the place where it enters Lake Alexandrina, a broad sheet of water twenty or thirty miles across. As far as and even above Murray Bridge the river is over fifty feet deep, which accounts for its narrowness. Unfortunately the outlet from Lake Alexandrina to the sea is very narrow, and has a bar which makes it almost impracticable for navigation. On the right bank we saw Sir William Jervois's station, one of the few stations on this part of the river. Wellington Lodge is a good specimen of an Australian station. The house is a collection of long one-storeyed buildings, with a broad verandah. There is a first-class kitchen garden. Un-

fortunately we had no time to go out on the run, and started back immediately after lunch. Mr. Macfarlane, who is the brother of the crofter M.P., is a regular old Tory; his son is a very nice fellow, and his daughters pleasant. We dined at the sumptuous refreshment-room at Murray Bridge with Reid, and the rest of the party left by the mail train for Ballarat. Reid had seen a good deal of the Black Trackers when he was on the northern line. Their powers of tracking even over the hardest ground are wonderful, and they are employed by troopers to hunt up criminals, and to search for people who have got 'bushed.' It must be a terrible death to die. A man generally goes mad; he takes off his coat, then his waistcoat, as he goes along, and is found stark naked. There have been many hair-breadth escapes. One man, he told me, was found with a revolver in his hand on the point of shooting himself; the crows were all round him, and he was determined that they should not pick him while life was left.

Thursday, June 9th.—We went out at 5, and tried the swamps above the bridge, but got nothing. Just as day broke we saw one or two big mobs of teal and duck flying down the river. After breakfast we tried the swamps below the bridge; we had no better luck ourselves, but the man who was driving the swamps to us bagged two teal and two widgeon. At 6.30 we joined the mail train. Mr. Mais, the engineer-in-chief, and Mr. Pendleton, the traffic manager, were going to make an inspection of the new line to Mount Gambier. Mr. Mais was a charming old gentleman who had many interesting experiences to tell of his recent travels in Europe and America. At Bordertown we transferred into narrow-gauge carriages, and went on by special train to Narracoorte, where we put up at a fairly comfortable hotel. All hotels in Australian country towns are much the same. The feeding is plentiful, but would not suit a delicate palate; the beds are clean. The uniform charge is half-a-crown for a bed, and for each meal.

Friday, June 10th.—Left Narracoorte at 9.30. Messrs.

Moore and Blanche, the contractors for the new line, joined us. The country is flat, and near Narracoorte is park-like, but for most of the way it is regular bush, and the ground is covered with brackens. The line goes to the west of a large run belonging to the Robertsons of Struan, and right through Mr. Riddoch's run, which is more than forty miles across. Near Mount Gambier the bush is replaced by green paddocks and black potato fields. We lunched at the hotel kept by Mr. Thurston, the Mayor of Mount Gambier. It was raining, but after lunch Reid, Craig, and I went for a walk round by the Blue Lake and the Forest Department's plantations to Moorak. Mount Gambier is an extinct volcano with three different craters, in each of which there is a lake, which are on a level with one another. The formation of the whole south-east district of South Australia is very curious. There is a large underground supply of water; at certain places the crust of limestone is broken through and large streams of water have been found. A boat was lowered on to one of these streams, but the current was too strong to undertake any expedition. There is a fine plantation of blue gums and insignis extending for three miles along the south face of the mountain. The Forest Department supply trees gratis, so there has been a good deal of planting on the stations round the Mount. At Moorak alone there are seven miles of plantations—of course narrow belts—which are doing well. Moorak is the chief station on the property of Dr. Brown, who came out here forty years ago and bought most of the land round Mount Gambier for a mere song. It now lets at 3*l.* to 4*l.* an acre for potato-growing, and at 37*s.* 6*d.* for wheat. It is only let for potatoes every four years. Mr. Williams, Dr. Brown's manager, kindly promised to arrange a day's kangarooing.

Saturday, June 11th.—Reid, Craig, and I drove over to the mouth of the Glenelg River, twenty-four miles from Mount Gambier. For the first few miles we passed through splendid grass paddocks and potato fields, but for the rest of the way

through most uninteresting bush. Two miles from the river we crossed the border into Victoria. After some lunch we rowed through a pretty lagoon to the mouth of the river, which, like the Murray mouth, is very narrow and obstructed by a bar. Low sandy hills run along the coast, and there was a grand swell rolling in on the beach. There was a flock of two hundred black swan on the lagoon. We spent the whole afternoon after them. I killed one with the rifle, and Reid bagged one with his gun. They are fine birds, but useless for the table unless carefully prepared.

Sunday, June 12th.—We rowed about five miles up the river, and were much disappointed in the scenery after what we had been told. The banks are high limestone cliffs, and what little vegetation there was was very dull. We were back at the Mount at 5. The Mayor took me to a nice evening service at a church which he had largely helped to erect.

Monday, June 13th.—Mr. Williams came in at 7.30 to take us out to the kangaroo hunt. We drove twenty miles, for the latter part of the way through large paddocks, to the meet. The beaters were ten horsemen, headed by Mr. Kennedy, a fine old Scotchman, the manager of Coolak Station. Cameron, another of the beaters, with his Glengarry cap and sandy beard, looked as if he had come straight off the Scotch hills. There are many Scotchmen in this district; they are good sheep-men. We were eleven guns in all, and were soon extended in line. The first drive produced five or six kangaroo, the second the same, and the third would have been a blank had not a mob come right into the middle of us when we were talking it all over. Mr. Ellis, on whose ground we were shooting, shot well, although he had lost an eye. He was a nice fellow. The first drive after lunch was the best of all. At one time they came by so thick that two guns would have been useful. I got five and my neighbour four, including 'bushers,' a small sort of kangaroo with a pretty coat. We both made some egregious misses; a kangaroo will carry away a lot of buckshot even at

thirty yards' range. Our total bag for the day was between sixty and seventy kangaroo. There were about a dozen emus in the paddock where we were shooting. They are a handsome bird, with brown plumage. Reid and I spent the evening at Moorak.

Tuesday, June 14th.—We drove out with Mr. Williams to Mount Shank, another extinct volcano, ten miles to the south of Mount Gambier on the Macdonnell Bay road. The land round Mount Shank¹ is not so rich as that round Mount Gambier, but there is good feed for sheep. We drove over a good part of Captain Gardner's run, but saw nothing but one hare. We again spent the evening at Moorak; Mr. Williams has been most kind to us.

Wednesday, June 15th.—To-day we went out with Mr. and Mrs. Craig to Peeweena, to the north of Mount Gambier. On the way out we stalked a flock of native companion, a kind of large crane. They are curious birds to watch; they dance, they bow to one another, and they hop about in the most ridiculous way. They are very wary, and we did not get a shot. Peeweena is Mr. Kennedy's station, and he kindly sent his boy with us. We had a shot at a couple of duck, and bagged a hare, but that was all we saw. Sport near Mount Gambier is a thing of the past. In places where they used to kill 60,000 kangaroo in a year they do not kill 600 now; the ducks are up the Darling, and there are no snipe. We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Craig, and then went to the station. Father and Mabelle arrived from Melbourne by the same train as Sir William Robinson, Mr. Ramsay, the Chief Secretary, Mr. Baker, and other leading people from Adelaide.

Thursday, June 16th.—In the morning the railway was opened. The Governor made an excellent speech, the school children sang 'God save the Queen' and the 'Song of Australia,' three cheers were given for the Queen and the Governor, and the ceremony was over. Met Mr. John Riddoch,

¹ I have just received an Australian paper giving an account of a terrible bush-fire in the Mount Gambier district, which did great damage on the Moorak and Mount Shank runs.

one of the biggest squatters in South Australia. There is a growing outcry against large estates, especially where they are so well situated as Mr. Riddoch's. Unless squatters meet the growing demand for land in this district by breaking up part of their runs into farms, Government will be pressed to pass a measure which will deal hardly with them. After lunch rode out with Jack Riddoch, the Master, to the meet of the drag hounds. There were hundreds of people in carriages or on the roads, but not more than twenty intending to follow the hounds. There were five and half couple of hounds, much of the foot-beagle stamp, and they were not fast enough to keep away from the field. In fact, the hunting part of the day was a mere farce, and there were seldom more than two or three hounds in front of the huntsman, who was the hardest rider out. I had a splendid mount, by name Banyenong, which Mr. Newton borrowed for me. We began by jumping in and out of a road. I tried to steady my animal at the first fence, and he hit it hard; I was told to race at my fences by some one in the next field, and Banyenong never touched anything afterwards. Just as we were getting settled down we came to the check, having gone about a mile. When we started again the excitement was increased by the knowledge that there was wire running along the top of some of the fences about five inches above the rail. It had been taken down for a few panels in each fence, but not knowing where these were I jumped three places with wire in them, but, as Banyenong jumped big, escaped a fall. We crossed the road to and fro amongst the carriages, and as the fences along the road are generally the biggest, this added to the excitement. Two miles farther brought us to the finish near Mr. Frew's house. It was a grand ride—a better fencer I never rode—but of sport there was none. In the evening there was a large banquet in the town hall. The Governor led off as usual with a good speech; the Chief Secretary did not wish to declare the policy of the Government, so confined himself to local affairs,

which were not interesting. He made one good remark: he said that the Government were determined to teach the people of the colony self-dependence, *i.e.* not to turn to the Government for help for every possible purpose. Mr. Baker, Mr. Glen, and Mr. Riddoch made the best speeches, the latter deprecating the outcry against the pastoral interest. A local man, by name Paltridge, who proposed 'The Houses of Parliament,' provoked great outcry by declaring that the Government had made the country a country of paupers. The early days, he said, had been the day of the squatter; then came the day of the farmer; now it was the day of the working-man—a remark eminently true, it seemed to me. Ward, the insolvent member, who has a great reputation for eloquence, made a wretched speech. It was an interesting evening on the whole, if it did nothing but show the narrow-mindedness of the local men. I sat between Mr. Blanch and Mr. Leek, an old Tasmanian, who was a great traveller, and told me many stories of the early colonial days. My slumbers were somewhat disturbed by the putting to bed of an inebriated banqueter in the next room.

Friday, June 17th.—Walked round the town with father. It is a flourishing place of 6,000 inhabitants, about the third biggest town in South Australia. We left at 2 by special train. Reid and Craig went with us to Narracoorte, where we dined. At Bordertown we joined the mail train for Melbourne.

South Australia was founded in 1836 by the South Australia Land Colonisation Company, who obtained from Government a grant of the country discovered by Captain Flinders some years before. It was to be self-supporting—the proceeds of the sale of lands being devoted to the introduction of fresh immigrants; it was a non-convict colony, and there was no established church. For the first two years it was a hard struggle to live, till one or two plucky men arrived over-

land from New South Wales with stock. Others soon followed, and the meat supply of South Australia was assured. In 1843, just at the moment when an impetus was wanted, rich deposits of copper were discovered at Kapunda, and a year later at Burra-Burra. For the next few years the whole existence of the colony centred on the Burra-Burra mine, from which 700,000*l.* worth of copper was exported in the first three years. In 1844 the exports were only 82,000*l.*; in 1850 they amounted to 432,000*l.*, *i.e.* they had quintupled in six years. In 1851, when the yield from Burra-Burra began to decline, the discovery of gold in Victoria gave a fresh impetus to South Australia and to the Australian colonies generally. For a time, indeed, South Australia was denuded of her male population; but, the first fever over, the diggers returned to their homes, and found a more regular and more profitable employment in growing wheat to feed the rapidly increasing population in Victoria. From 1855 to 1862, during Sir Richard Macdonnell's governorship, the colony made great progress. Exploration to the far north was vigorously carried on; the construction of railways was begun, and responsible government was inaugurated. Fresh copper mines were discovered at Moonta and Wallaroo, in Yorke's Peninsula, surpassing even in richness the great Burra-Burra. In 1862 the Northern Territory was annexed. In 1870 the overland telegraph to Port Darwin was completed, which brought the colonies into communication with the rest of the world. It was a tremendous work, and, accomplished as it was by South Australia alone, must ever redound to the credit of the enterprise of the colony. In spite of occasional commercial depressions, in spite of rust in the wheat, South Australia has made continual progress till the last few years, though her progress has not been so rapid as that of the colonies who have a larger extent of good land accessible from their capitals, and who have had discoveries of gold and silver to attract population.

South Australia, as most people know, is a misnomer; for, including the Northern Territory, the colony stretches from one side of the continent to the other. The country is for the most part flat; the mountain ranges are few, and do not anywhere rise to much over 3,000 feet. The Mount Lofty Range, which runs north from Cape Jervis past Adelaide, and the Flinders Range, which runs north from the head of Spencer's Gulf, are the most important in the southern part of the colony; while in the centre of the continent are the McDonnell and Musgrave Ranges, in the valleys of which there is good land now taken up for stations. I had certainly no idea that there was any inhabitable land in the centre of the continent before we landed in Australia, and I suppose there are not many people at home who have ever heard of the McDonnell Ranges.

Adelaide stands on the plain between St. Vincent's Gulf and the Mount Lofty Range, about six miles both from Port Adelaide, the docks, and from Glenelg, the watering-place of the city. The town stands in a beautiful situation, and is admirably laid out. It is exactly a mile square. Within this limit is the business part of the town, the public buildings, the Parliament Houses, and Government House. On each side of the town the ground falls away, and a space of half a mile wide has been reserved as park lands. Outside this are the suburbs, the most important of which is North Adelaide, the residential suburb. One of the great features in Adelaide are the lovely views from many of the streets of the woody Mount Lofty Range. The morning and evening lights on the hills were often very beautiful.

South Australia, like all the rest of the continent, suffers greatly from want of water. There are many streams, such as Cooper's Creek, the Finke River, &c., rising in the hills in the centre of the continent, which in a wet season are large rivers, but in time of drought are merely a string of water holes, and sometimes are dried up altogether. The waters of none of them reach the sea, but are lost in the great

shallow salt lakes, Lake Torrens, Lake Eyre, and Lake Frome, which lie to the north of Spencer's Gulf. There are several fine rivers in the north which are fed by the tropical rains; but in the south the only important river is the Murray, which for the last 300 miles of its course flows within the boundaries of South Australia. There are two important drawbacks which prevent South Australia deriving full benefit from the river. Though from New South Wales to the Morgan bend, and even below Morgan, there may be good land on either bank, for the lower part of its course the river flows between barren limestone hills. Behind these on the east stretches the 'Ninety Mile Desert' to the borders of Victoria, so terrible in the early days of overlanding; while on the west, between them and the Mount Lofty Range, is another strip of worthless country. For irrigation purposes, therefore, the value of the river is to a great extent diminished, while there is also a serious impediment to navigation. The Murray River, like the Glenelg, enters the sea by a very narrow and shallow mouth. The swell of the Great Southern Ocean, which beats continuously on this exposed coast, renders any attempt to clear it by dredging useless, and it can never become a great highway into the interior from the sea.

Yet, if South Australia has a poor rainfall and is indifferently supplied with rivers, it has, like many other parts of Australia, a remarkable underground supply of water. Between the Gawler Ranges and the coast—i.e. in Eyre's Peninsula—water is found at always the same depth, and though every means may be used to reduce the water-level in the well, it is impossible to do so. Artesian wells have been tried in many places with great success, and it is possible, and even probable, that they may revolutionise the character of the arid districts. At Hergott there is a well with a flow of over 100,000 gallons per day, which rises in a pipe 60 feet above the surface of the ground; and again at Coward, on the Overland Railway line, a well with a flow of 1,200,000 gallons per day has been completed.

Fortunately for Adelaide most of the best land, and that which has the most certain rainfall, lies near the capital. Mr. Goyder's line, crossing Eyre's Peninsula, bends to the north round the head of Spencer's Gulf, and then, sweeping south to about one hundred miles north of Adelaide, extends to the New South Wales border. The salt-bush country, some of which we saw on our journey to visit the Broken Hill Mine, is by no means valueless. Sheep greedily eat the salt-bush (which in appearance is rather like the sage-bush of the western plains of America), and in bad seasons it does not suffer from drought. Though the bulk of the good land in South Australia is on the plains near Adelaide, there is a patch of wonderfully rich soil round Mount Gambier. North of Mount Gambier, along the Victorian border, there is a strip of good land fitted for agriculture, though at present it is under sheep. This district has the advantage of a climate and rainfall like that of the southern districts of Victoria. The centre of South Australia is by no means a worthless country. The railway is already constructed to Hergott Springs, 400 miles north of Adelaide, and is being continued to the Peak, some 150 miles farther north. There are sheep or cattle stations all along on either side of the line, and about the McDonnell Ranges there are also stations. The opening up of these northern districts has been greatly facilitated by camels. Mr. Lindsay, the explorer, who was in Adelaide at the time of our visit, discovered on his last trip a large tract of country—previously supposed to be desert—which he describes as being as good as the country on the Barcoo, the best sheep country in Queensland. There are already stations near the spot where Burke and Wills (the famous explorers) lay down to die. It may almost be said that South Australia has as great undiscovered resources in its Central Territory as Western Australia. When the Transcontinental Railway is completed, which it undoubtedly will be in the next ten years, we may see South Australia become almost as great a stock-raising and wool-growing

country as the Eastern colonies, besides topping the London market with its wheat.

Having now, I hope, given some idea of the country and its resources, let us turn our attention to the people. All the Australian colonies have at their head a governor appointed by the Home Government, who, like the Queen, is bound to carry out the policy of the ministry of the day. His influence to many may appear chiefly social, but if he is a man of ability and tact like Sir Hercules Robinson, he has a considerable amount of political influence. In each colony Parliament consists of two Houses—a Legislative Assembly elected by manhood suffrage with a six months' residency qualification, and a Legislative Council elected on a property qualification (the members of the latter being distinguished by the title of Honourable). Every colonial House of Assembly has its larrikin members, who distinguish themselves by the violence of their language and the insolence of their demeanour in the House (but it must be admitted that scenes almost as disgraceful take place in our own House of Parliament). But it is not the larrikin members altogether who take away the character of the Houses. A very large proportion of the members, it seemed to me, were men of mediocre ability, whose aims, if they were not personal, were at any rate bounded by the views of their own particular district. To judge by the few speeches I heard and the demands which were put forward there is but little 'colonial spirit,' if I may so call it. As long as the interests of their own particular district are advanced, many members seem to care little for the general interests of the colony. They press the Government to undertake a railway or some other public work in their district, not caring whether the undertaking will prove remunerative, or whether the state of the colonial finances justify the expenditure. Just before we arrived in South Australia, four of the best members, men of talent and of public spirit, had lost their seats; this, coupled with the introduction of the payment of members,

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the bill for which was passed while we were there, seems to show the increasing preference of the democracy for men who will be mere instruments of the popular will. The argument put forward on all sides for the payment of members was that, where nearly every one is engaged in making money, few can afford to give their time gratuitously to political affairs. The only argument which I happened to see against payment of members was in a petty local newspaper. The writer of the article said payment of members was doubtless a good thing, but that in the present state of South Australian finance it had better be deferred. The fact that payment of members would contribute to turn representatives into mere delegates, would foster petty interests rather than public spirit, and so derogate from the inherent character of Parliament, was entirely lost sight of; and only once while we were in the colonies did I hear this view of the question put forward, and that was in an excellent article in the 'Sydney Morning Herald.' Though I have spoken rather plainly of a considerable proportion of the members of the South Australian Legislature, there are men of public spirit in both Houses, but more especially in the Upper House. The South Australian Houses, however, did not seem to me to contain any men of the same calibre as Mr. Gillies or Mr. Deakin in Victoria.

As Mr. Paltridge said at Mount Gambier, 'Now is the day of the working-man; the days of the squatter and the farmer are gone.' The squatter may have had some influence in the Legislature in the early days, when his run was close to the capital and when the working-class population was small; but now he is being driven back by the natural course of events to the extremes of civilisation. If the squatter is by the nature of his occupation kept at a distance from the capital, the working-man, on the other hand, concentrates there, and can put more direct pressure on the Government. One-third of the population in each colony is concentrated in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. In South

Australia, out of a total population of 300,000, 100,000 are in and around Adelaide. It is most unfortunate that there should be this concentration of population in the big towns (or rather I should say capitals, for no town in South Australia besides Adelaide has a population of more than 7,000 inhabitants). Those whose impressions are derived from Mr. Froude's account of Australia in 'Oceana,' and from the numbers of unemployed quoted in the newspapers, may imagine that there is a great want of employment in the colonies. On the contrary there is a great want of labour in many country districts (and even in towns at a reasonable rate of wages. But while the profits of pastoralists, agriculturists, and merchants have fallen in these bad times, wages remain at the same high rate through the action of trades-unions). The class of emigrant we send out now, drawn as he is to a great extent from our overcrowded cities, has a rooted disinclination for country life, which is perhaps rougher and more lonely, but certainly freer, than it is here. If he cannot find employment in town he gets up a deputation to Government. If work is provided in the country, it hardly ever happens that all those who have accepted work turn up at the appointed place. Several cases of this sort happened while we were in Australia. The Government have not been strong enough hitherto to resist the demand to lay on the whole country the burden of supporting the so-called unemployed. It seems that the South Australian Government which has just come into office realises this. The Chief Secretary said at Mount Gambier that they were determined to try and teach the people the virtue of self-dependence — a virtue which Englishmen are supposed to possess in an eminent degree. This determination has been carried out. The Commissioner of Public Works the other day, in reply to a deputation demanding employment, said that he failed to see that it was the duty of the Government to provide relief works, though he was willing to press on the works in his department as much as was justifiable. There is the

more reason for the refusal of the Government to provide work, in that the want of employment is the direct consequence of the action of the trades-unions, who keep up a rate of wages beyond what employers in these bad times can afford to pay. Their tyranny is pushed to an altogether unreasonable extent. Three cases of their interference at Port Adelaide struck me especially. (1) One day two seamen were warned by their union because they had carried a few sacks of potatoes from their schooner to a shed, which was supposed to be the work of lumpers. (2) Another day the carters' union sent a complaint to Government that the cartage rates were greatly reduced owing to the competition of the railways. They apparently thought that the Government, who had constructed the railway for the convenience of and at the expense of the whole community, should do their best to prevent its paying to gratify the interest of a very small class. (3) On another occasion a steward who had misconducted himself was dismissed from some South Australian vessel. The union at once warned the ship-owners that they would prevent the ship going to sea if they offended again. In this case their action was fatal to maintaining discipline on board ship.

On the whole, it seemed to me that the colonial working-man is far more prejudiced by class interest, less educated, and less intelligent than the working-men in large towns at home. His own interests come first, the interests of the colony second. He avers that the progress of the colony is retarded by the accumulation of property in the hands of the squatter, without considering that they were forced to acquire the freehold of this property by the laws allowing free selection, and never allowing that they themselves are doing much to retard progress by fettering the employment of capital. Far more labour would be employed on the land, olive-growing and other industries would be carried on, could labour be had at a cheaper rate. But there is a distinct gain by this action on the part of the working-man

in the colonies. The colonies are indeed for those who will work the working-man's paradise. The standard of comfort is very high; a man thinks he is starving unless he has three meat meals a day. There is no such thing as poverty as we understand it. But I should like to see the working-man acknowledge that he means to maintain this standard of comfort at whatever price, and not accuse others of being a bar to development of the country where he is himself in great measure the real obstacle.

The squatter, as I have said, is the object of the hatred of the working-men. His occupation prevents him or deters him from entering political life, and he has therefore allowed judgment to go against himself by default. There may be one or two members such as the Messrs. Hawker, who represent the squatting interest in Parliament, but they are very few. It is always the object with colonial governments to settle people on the land. In the early days the squatter held enormous tracts of country at a small rental from the Government, often under one penny per acre. As population increased and more land was wanted, the Government thought it was unjust that so much land should be in the hands of a few men. They therefore brought in a law which allowed free selection—i.e. that a man might go right into the middle of a squatter's run and select perhaps a bit of his best land. This process was called 'killing the squatter.' To defend themselves against the free selector the squatter was forced to purchase the freehold of his land or as much of it as he could. He had to borrow money from the banks at a ruinous rate of interest to buy up the freehold from Government and to buy out the selector. Lots of men, of course, could not raise the money, or ruined themselves in so doing, and had to surrender a part of their run or leave it altogether. Now again, after the lapse of some twenty years, there is an outcry against accumulation of property in the squatters' hands, raised by the people who forced him to buy it. The squatter is naturally disinclined to sell; the value of his land is

increasing every year, and he hopes to recoup himself for the loss he sustained when he was forced to buy. The squatter, it seems to me, is wrong in refusing to part with any portion of his land. He ought to meet the growing demand by timely concession, and so avert the storm which threatens to burst on his head. By breaking up a certain portion into farms he would satisfy the demand. He might even do well to sell a certain portion, for a day may come when he will be forced to sell at greatly depreciated prices owing to the quantity of land in the market. I heard whisperings of the possibility of a progressive land-tax being imposed. This would compel many to sell, and I heard of one squatter who said that it would force him to turn off over thirty men in his employment.

But, however wrong one may think the squatter in certain instances, one cannot help feeling great admiration for a class which contains some of the noblest types of the British race. It is the squatter who has made Australia what she is; it is the squatter who is the backbone of the country now. It is he who feeds the large population in the towns, and not the bolstered-up manufactures which the Australian takes so much pains to protect. A man who in the earlier days of the Colonies drove his cattle or sheep out into the wilderness in search of pasture, enduring perils from blacks and perils from drought, cutting himself off for months, perhaps for years, from civilisation, must have had some grit in him, and deserved a good return for the risks which he ran both to life and property. Many of the colossal fortunes that have been made by squatters in the colonies have been made by men who started with no capital but their own pluck and perseverance. One of the richest men in Melbourne died while we were there. I was told that he had come out to the colonies some forty years ago almost without resources. He landed in Adelaide, and saw that there was great want of stock there. He went on to Sydney and bought a few cattle with all the little money he had, and started to drive them overland to Adelaide. The country he had to traverse was

quite unknown to him or to any one ; there were great risks from the blacks and from want of water. In spite of all he got through, sold his cattle at a handsome profit, which enabled him to start on a bigger scale. Squatting is, in most places, a very different thing now to what it was forty years ago ; but on the back stations in Queensland, and in central Australia, it is much the same. Men who go to take up new country risk the same perils as their fathers, and cut themselves off in the same way from civilisation. No one can say that the squatter who has made his fortune is illiberal. The capitals of the different colonies are full of their gifts—libraries, halls in the colleges, public buildings of every kind. If the day of the squatter is indeed passing away, they deserve generous treatment from their successors for all that they have done for their country.

CHAPTER IV.

VICTORIA.

Saturday, June 18th.—We breakfasted at Geelong, and arrived in Melbourne at 10. The rest of the family were staying at Government House; Pemberton and I had our quarters at the club for which Mr. Gowan-Evans, at the request of the Chief Justice, had kindly put down our names. Collins Street, in which the Melbourne Club is situated, is a fine street about three-quarters of a mile long. There are some very good shops in it, and some fine buildings, chiefly banks. Between 12 and 1 o'clock it was crowded with people 'doing the block,' and one certainly seldom sees so many pretty and nicely dressed girls together. Sir Henry and Lady Lock 'lunched on board the 'Sunbeam,' which was lying alongside the quay at Williamstown, some six miles from Melbourne by train. In the afternoon there was an 'at home.' We dined at Government House, where we met the Premier, Mr. Gillies, a pleasant-faced man; Mr. Deakin, who has just returned from England with a great reputation for his success at the Colonial Conference; the Attorney-General, an Irishman, but very strong against Home Rule; Sir George and Lady Verdun, and others. Sir Henry and Lady Lock are both nice and very popular in the colony. Every one tells me in Melbourne that the whole of Victoria is at Lady Lock's feet.

Sunday, June 19th.—Walked to church at South Yarra, through the charming botanical garden, with Major Rhodes,

brother of the Misses Rhodes who live at Fairlight. He is a Royal Engineer, and has a five years' appointment in the colony; his duties consist chiefly in superintending the defences. In the afternoon called on Mrs. L. L. Lewis, where I met Miss Croker, Bell, and Gibbs, late of Keble College, Oxford. Mrs. Lewis is a friend of the Chief Justice's; she is a clever little woman, and very kind.

Monday, June 20th.—In the afternoon we went to see the review of the colonial troops. The permanent artillery, of which there are three batteries, is said by critics to compare favourably with any artillery at home. The infantry, who are on a kind of a militia basis, went by well, but I was most struck by the mounted rifles. They are 1,000 strong, and being mainly recruited from farmers or from men on stations, can ride well. Though they may not look very smart, they are a very serviceable body of men, and could at a pinch cover a hundred miles in the day. The cadets, boys from ten to sixteen, went by last, and went by very well too. In all the State schools they have an excellent system of drilling the bigger boys. There are some three thousand cadets in all, though there were only 800 on parade to-day, and Rhodes told me that at the military tournament a detachment from the Geelong Grammar School won the prize for bayonet exercise. Des Graz, Traill (one of the A.-D.-C.'s), and I dined at the club, and went to the Sumners' dance. The floor and music were perfect; every one danced well—people dance for dancing's sake in Australia—and there were some very nice-looking people.

Tuesday, June 21st.—Mr. Grice took a large party, including the Sumners, Miss Watson, Gibbs, and others, on his coach to a meet of the harriers, some thirteen miles out of town. We drove through a pretty country; there were well-timbered paddocks, but only a little cultivation near the road, while there was a good view of the Dandenong ranges in the distance. There were about forty people at the meet, including several ladies, who cut out a good deal of the work.

Traill had given me a mount on what he said was a hack, so I attempted nothing above three rails. We did nothing in the morning, as there was no scent. The enclosures were small, and the obstacles, with the exception of a wall with a stiff rail on the far side, were not formidable. Our party left the hounds at 2.30. In the afternoon they had a good run over a very stiff country, and nearly every one got falls. Pemberton, Mr. Gowan-Evans, Keating, and I dined with Mr. Lewis at the 'Bohemians.' The 'club' was very loyal; in the middle of dinner some one proposed the health of the Queen, which was drunk with great cheering, and every one sang 'God save the Queen.' The whole town was illuminated to-night in honour of the Jubilee, and the streets were crammed in spite of the rain. The traffic was admirably regulated, and the crowd most orderly.

Wednesday, June 22nd.—In the afternoon Pemberton and I went over the Parliament building, which is still in course of construction, with Mr. Jenkins, the clerk of council, a most agreeable man. The library and billiard-rooms are most comfortable—in fact, Parliament Houses here are often said to be a regular club. Dined at Government House, and then came the great Jubilee Ball. I don't suppose such enormous numbers have ever been handled so successfully. The ordinary ball-room, which has a splendid floor, holds 1,500 people, and a temporary room, covering an acre of ground, had been erected at the side, so there was always room to dance. The costumes were excellent, with the exception of a few men in cricketing flannels.

Thursday, June 24th.—In the morning we went to see the Law Courts; they are rather in excess of the present requirements, but there will be business enough to fill them before long. At 1.30 we went to the opening of the Queen's Hall in the Parliament building by the Governor. The Queen's Hall is the same size as the House of Commons; on either side of it are the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly Chambers, while the library stretches across the

end of all three—a most convenient arrangement. The ceremony was a charming one in every way; it was above all a nice compliment from the Parliament of democratic Victoria to christen the hall after the Queen. After the Governor had declared the hall open, Mr. Gillies proposed the healths of the Queen, the Royal Family, and the Governor, while a band in the gallery played 'God save the Queen,' 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' and 'A Fine Old English Gentleman.' The Governor made a neat speech in reply, and the ceremony was over in half an hour. In the afternoon there was an 'at home' on board the yacht. Dined at Government House, and went to a Jubilee Concert in the Exhibition building. The best part of the entertainment was three ballads: 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'The Harp that once in Tara's Halls,' and 'Edinburgh Town,' charmingly sung by Miss Amy Sherwin, a popular Australian singer.

Friday, June 24th.—Went to the mint in the morning. Father and I lunched on board the 'Nelson' off Williamstown with the officers of the Victorian navy, as well as of the Sydney and Melbourne naval volunteers. Pemberton and I dined with Mr. Gowan-Evans, and afterwards went with him to a dance at the John Simpson's.

Saturday, June 25th.—The Governor and party were going to the races at Caulfield, so I cut the lunch given to father by the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria and joined them. Caulfield course is about six miles from Melbourne, along a very bad road; the roads in the Melbourne suburbs are about the worst it has ever been my pleasure to travel on. Met the Grices, Miss Watson, and the Sumners, and spent a pleasant afternoon in spite of the cold wind. There was some fair racing and one steeplechase. At 7 went to the Imperial Federation banquet given to father as Treasurer of the League. There were eighty or ninety people present; most of them looked men of standing, and very few were under thirty. Father made a good speech in reply to the

toast of his health ; but we were, of course, more interested to hear Mr. Gillies. He spoke slowly but with great weight, and his speech was all the more interesting as he entirely committed himself to Imperial Federation—i.e. the continuance of the connection between England and the colonies. All the speakers agreed that the time had not yet come for any scheme of political federation. Mr. Purves, Q.C., who proposed the health of the Houses of Parliament, made a violent attack on the want of disinterestedness amongst the members, but Pemberton and I had left before this, so our recollections of the dinner were pleasant. We reached the Armytages at 10.30, and as we had learnt by experience to secure our dances beforehand, we had a very good time till 12 o'clock.

Sunday, June 26th.—Went to hear Dr. Cameron Lees at the Scotch Church. He preached an excellent sermon, which would have been a good plea for the University Settlement in East London against Toynbee Hall. Mabelle and I went down to the yacht in the afternoon, to which father and mother had retired, because his eyes were so bad. Pemberton and I had tea at the Grices'. Nearly every one in the Colonies has high tea on Sundays.

Monday, June 27th.—Merivale and I left by the 11 o'clock train for Ballaarat. At the station I met a Mr. Russell of Etchingham, and in the train we travelled with a Captain Bridges, who knew Admiral Hoskins and other mutual friends. From Melbourne to Geelong the country is flat, bare of trees, and stony ; from Geelong to Ballaarat it is undulating and well timbered ; it was a bright day, so the country looked at its best. Ballaarat is well situated, but most of the houses are wooden shanties. Sturt Street, of which one hears so much in Australia, is broad and has an avenue of trees in the centre, but, with the exception of the Town Hall and one or two others, there are no good buildings in the street. We had just time to run up to the lake, a splendid sheet of water. Three-quarters of an hour on a

branch line through a country studded with heaps of white gravel from the old surface diggings brought us to Smythsdale, where we were met by George Russell. The ten-mile drive to Carngham through the keen evening air behind a spanking team of chesnuts was very jolly. Mr. Philip Russell, George Russell's father, is a nice old gentleman, and was till lately M.L.C. ; but he is getting infirm now. Carngham is very famous for its sheep, and the whole house is full of prizes.

Tuesday, June 28th.—Breakfast at 8. During the morning we had a great game of polo : Russell, Merivale, and I against three of the station hands. Though Merivale and I had never played before, our side won by four goals to two. There had been a sharp frost in the morning, but it was warm enough playing polo. After lunch we rode over to Lake Burrumbeet, some seven miles off. Carngham is situated in the valley of a small creek, the country on each side of which is flat and sparsely timbered. All the Carngham paddocks are cleared of dead timber, so that there is not that desolate look about the station which one sees so often in Australia. We had a fine view across the lake to 'Ercildoune,' Sir Samuel Wilson's station, which Froude describes in 'Oceana.' It was a lovely afternoon for a ride, and George Russell kept us entertained with amusing stories. He is a shrewd fellow ; he has stood twice for Parliament, but unfortunately against a strong candidate. The Colonial Parliaments want more men of the George Russell stamp, who can take an independent view of a question.

Wednesday, June 29th.—A bitterly cold morning. We left Carngham soon after 8 in a dogcart and tandem. The team was good, so was the road, and we ran the eighteen miles into Ballaarat in an hour and thirty-five minutes. Merivale and I went at once to the Band and Albion Mine, which is a mile from the town. The 'Band of Hope Mine,' as it was originally called, is a wonderful instance of British pluck and endurance. The borings were commenced in '55

(when the alluvial diggings were beginning to be worked out) by a band of miners who had saved enough to keep them for two or three years. They worked for seven or eight years, encountering innumerable difficulties before they had any return. At last they struck the rich vein of quartz for which they had been looking all along, and the mine has paid well ever since. At the office we found Mr. Sargent, the present manager of the mine, who has been in it since '56, and is reputed to be the best mining authority in the Ballaarat district. He showed us some plans, and explained that the Ballaarat plain was once a river valley, which was filled by lava from the craters of the Great Dividing Range. It is in the old river-bed, which is easily distinguishable, that they now find the alluvial gold after boring perhaps through rock and quartz. In the Band and Albion they are below this (i.e. 1,300 feet from the surface), and Mr. Sargent told us that in his opinion quartz-mining in the Ballaarat district was only in its infancy; they have just ordered new plant for the Band and Albion to go down to 3,000 feet. I only had time to go round the works on the surface. The quartz is crushed to dust by stampers, and then washed over blankets and sheets of quicksilver, which collect a certain portion of the gold. The liquid mud flows into circular drums, which extract more gold, the gold sinking to the bottom as the drum revolves. The refuse is scorched in a furnace, sulphur and arsenic are given off in fumes, and the latter is collected in the form of dust in the flues at the back of the furnace. What remains is oxide of iron, which makes excellent red paint, its peculiar excellence being that it will not blister. It is used for painting all kinds of ironwork, such as bridges or the bottoms of ships. It is sold chiefly in Sydney as the best English paint, but some has been sent home to John Elder & Co. It is only by preventing all waste that such things as mining are made to pay.

I left Merivale to go down the mine, and travelled with George Russell to Geelong. He went on to Melbourne, and

I took a slow train back to Colac, which is to the south-west of Geelong, about 100 miles from Melbourne. Willie Robertson, who rowed in last year's Oxford eight, met me at the station. His place, 'The Hill,' is well situated, with a good view over the Colac, which is some three miles across. His father has gone home for a year or two and left him to look after the place in his absence. He has not much to do, as most of the land is let in farms. The size of the farms varies from 100 to 500 acres, but the majority are under 250 acres. As at Mount Gambier, 4*l.* an acre is the rent of potato land, but most of Mr. Robertson's land is let for dairy-farming and grazing. The country round Colac is in this respect much more like England than any I have seen yet. It is a pity that more big squatters do not see their way to letting their land, for the more people there are on the land the more people there are on the side of order. The building societies in Melbourne, which advance a man money to build his own house, are some of the most conservative institutions in the country. 'The Hill' is a two-storeyed house, and Willie Robertson has a most comfortable room, adorned with Oxford photographs, oars, caps, &c. We had a very jolly evening chatting over old times, and one could almost imagine oneself back in Oxford again.

Thursday, June 30th.—A lovely bright morning. I wanted Robertson to take me for a drive into the splendid forests in the Cape Otway peninsula, which is only forty-two miles from Colac, but the roads were bad, and there was a ploughing match in one of their fields at which it was important for him to be present. There were some fifteen ploughs at work—treble-furrow, double-furrow, and single-furrow ploughs—and to the uninitiated the ploughing appeared to be good. There was hardly a single 'quiver' (which we found was the proper expression after listening to the conversation of several farmers) in the furrows of the champion ploughman of Victoria. We rode round the town

of Colac, which is prettily situated close to the lake, and past the botanical garden. We went back to lunch and then drove over to Mr. Jim Robertson's, who lives about six miles from 'The Hill.' He has a very nice house and nice grounds, much more like an English country-place than any I have seen yet. They took me up to the top of the 'Red Rock,' which is on the edge of a deep crater, and in spite of the dull afternoon we had a good view all round. We were in the middle of a great lake district: to the west was Lake Carangamite, the largest lake in Victoria, which is about forty miles long and about fifteen across; to the south-east was Lake Colac, and to the east another large lake. All of them are salt. Between the lakes were ranges of hills, and the flats between the hills and the lakes were studded with small newly built farm-houses. Mr. Robertson sent us back in his phaeton to fetch Pemberton, who had missed the morning train, and who arrived about five. We had time before he came to walk round the garden and look at the English trees, oaks, elms, &c., which were doing well. We had a pleasant evening at the Robertsons'. Mrs. and Miss Robertson were both nice, and we had two or three games at pyramids after they had retired.

Friday, July 1st.—A very wet morning. Mr. Robertson drove us into Colac with his fine team of bays, who went along at a slapping pace in spite of the awful state of the district road. I was very sorry to say good-bye to Willie Robertson, and wished I had seen more of him. We reached Melbourne at 4.30, and went out to Toorak to pay some duty calls. We dined at the club with Traill, and went to a dance at the Robert Molesworth's. It was the best dance by far we were at in Melbourne; all our friends were there, and there were not too many people.

Saturday, July 2nd.—Pemberton left us at 6.30 A.M. to stay with a distant cousin of his, by name Bree, at Hamilton, in the western district of Victoria. At 10 Charlie Egerton arrived overland from Adelaide. We spent the morning

loafing about town, and in the afternoon went to a tennis party at the Herbert Power's in Toorak, where we met the Miss Mannings, Miss Chinnery, Fiskin, and other people. Rhodes, Charlie, and I dined at the club, and went to see the 'Silver King' at the Princess'. It is a good theatre, and the play was fairly acted.

Sunday, July 3rd.—Egerton and I went to church in South Yarra, and then walked on to lunch with Mr. Russell at Toorak. Mr. Russell was out here till ten years ago, and was an M.L.A. and a Radical. Mr. Gowan-Evans and Dr. Cameron Lees were the only other guests. After lunch we called on Mr. Blackwood, an old Balliol man and a keen sportsman. He has a very nice place, with a grand view over Sandwich and Hobson's Bay. Spent a pleasant evening with the Bunnys at St. Kilda. Mrs. Bunny is a charming old German lady; curiously enough I found out she was the aunt of the Captain Bunny whom I met at Secunderabad. Miss Bunny has the most lovely voice I have heard for a long time. Had tea at the Lewis' at 8 o'clock, and walked home with Rhodes. In his opinion Melbourne is very strongly defended; the entrance to Port Phillip is narrow, the forts are well placed and armed with the newest type of breech-loading guns, and such a fire could be concentrated on any attacking vessel that it would be difficult for a first-class ironclad to pass them, while a second-class ironclad would have no chance at all.

Monday, July 4th.—Took Egerton to the Parliament House, round which we were kindly shown by Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins is a most interesting man, and very ready to impart information. He told us two things which struck me particularly. First, that it was very improbable that the members of the Lower House in Victoria would be increased beyond a hundred. There is a feeling in the colony that a more numerous assembly is unwieldly, and cannot efficiently transact business. Every man in the colonial Houses of Parliament must speak, or his constituents will have nothing

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to say to him. Secondly, that while he and his contemporaries look upon England as home, the young generation that is growing up look upon Australia as their home, and have none of the sentiment of their fathers for the 'old country.' There is one interesting relic in the Victorian Houses of Parliament—the Speaker's chair of the first Parliament elected under the Reform Act of 1832. It was presented to Parliament by the son of the Speaker, Lord Canterbury, when he was Governor of Victoria. In the afternoon we went down to Flemington, the course where the 'Melbourne Cup' and the Grand National are run. We saw 'Royal Oak,' 'Frying Pan,' and some other cracks, but unfortunately had no time to go round the course; I should have liked to have had a good look at the four feet six inches timber fences, four miles over which can be no joke. Egerton left for Sydney by the mail.

Tuesday, July 5th.—In the afternoon I went to see the University, which is about two miles from the centre of the town. Sir Samuel Wilson gave 30,000*l.* for a large hall, built in the style of our college halls, in which the examinations are held, and three sides of a small quadrangle are finished, in which there are some lecture rooms and the registrar's office. The professors live in small houses on the edge of the University grounds, and behind them are the affiliated colleges. Trinity College and Ormonde College (the Scotch College) are the only ones at present finished; a Wesleyan college is building, and doubtless more will soon follow. Most of the benefits of an university education, it seems to me, are lost by putting all the students belonging to one denomination together, but in the colonies they are far less cosmopolitan on religious matters than we are at home. The Roman Catholics hold aloof from the State schools, and set up schools of their own, though in the State schools there is hardly any religious teaching. At the University there are about one hundred and fifty resident undergraduates; the others live at home or in lodgings.

I was at the Parliament Houses at 5, just in time to see Mr. Deakin rise and attempt to make his expected statement about the doings of the Colonial Conference. But Bent, the leader of the Opposition, rose to a point of order, and, being supported by Clarke and Gaunson (a regular 'larrikin'), refused to let it be made, though at least four-fifths of the House were evidently anxious to hear it. Mr. Jenkins told me that the statement would probably come on after the dinner hour, but when I returned the House had adjourned. I was much disappointed, as I wanted to hear Mr. Deakin speak, and also to hear how the Colonial Conference had been worked. Mr. Deakin is an able man, and occupies a prominent position for a man who is only just over thirty. He is a Radical in politics, but he is a sound Radical, and I think would not consent to a foolish measure just to catch the popular vote. He has the advantage of being an Australian by birth (a considerable introduction to popularity amongst the masses), and in my opinion will be, in future years, the foremost statesman of Australia.

Wednesday, July 6th.—Left Prince's Bridge at 6.10 A.M., and arrived at Lilydale at 7.50. At 9 the coach started for Healesville. There was a thick fog, and we could not see a hundred yards on either side of the road, which for the first five miles was good, and for the remaining nine miles about as bad as it could be. It was full of huge holes a foot or two deep in mud, but our horses stuck to their work well, and we reached Healesville at 11.30, by which time it had begun to rain hard. I rode from Healesville to Fernshaw (seven miles), and by the time I was over the ridge into the valley of the Watt it had cleared up. The road ran through a thick forest with pretty peeps here and there, and Fernshaw is a picturesque cluster of houses on the banks of the Watt, which here is a purling trout stream. The trout, I am told, run up to six or seven pounds, and the fishing is good in the season. The big trees (the object of my visit), which are supposed to be bigger than the giants of the Yosemite valley, grow along

the Watt valley or on the Black Spur, a spur of the Dandenong range. They certainly tower into the air a tremendous height, but they were not so big round the trunk nor so close together as I had expected. The big trees may be interesting, but the charming things on the Black Spur are the masses of tree-ferns, and the dark-green myrtles with their moss-covered trunks, which fill all the hollows. Mine host at the inn, by name Boyle, gave me an excellent lunch. He had evidently seen better days, and told me that at one time he was in receipt of thousands of pounds yearly for pottery on the Staffordshire line, but he was at great pains to assure me that he was perfectly happy in his present position. His wife, on the other hand, regretted past days, and complained bitterly of the loudness of the dress of Australian ladies. During all the time I was at lunch they were bobbing in and out, each with his own story, and they kept me thoroughly amused. I had a pleasant ride back to St. Hubert's. The spot where the road crosses the Yarra is as beautiful as the glades in the mountains. The wattles on the banks of the river are a lovely blue-green, and have much denser foliage than the ordinary gums, while the turf beneath them was as green as an English meadow. Young François Castella received me most hospitably, though I had invited myself, and turned out to be a very good fellow.

Thursday, July 7th.—A cold bright morning. After breakfast we spent two hours in the cellars tasting various St. Hubert wines, but unless one is a connoisseur any opinion is valueless; the white wines seemed to me to be better than the red. At St. Hubert's they have about four hundred acres under vines. Besides the want of experience on the part of the winegrowers, the newness of the soil seems to prevent colonial wine from being comparable to Bordeaux. Both obstacles should be removed by time. Castella told me that he had spent several months in the Margaux vineyard, and the owner had given him every opportunity of seeing how the wine is made. Paul de Castella, cousin of François, came

over at 11, wanting to take me a drive round the country, but unfortunately I had no time. Mr. P. de Castella, who lives at Yering, only a mile from St. Hubert's, bought his place from the original owner of the whole Lilydale valley. The latter had come overland from Sydney with stock in search of good country, and when he arrived on the hills overlooking the valley he thought he had reached at last the land of promise. And well he may have done so, for since I have been in Australia I have seen nothing more lovely than the view from St. Hubert's this morning. Half a mile in front of St. Hubert's the Yarra wound its way amongst clumps of wattles, its waters glancing in the bright morning sun; beyond the river stretched a park-like plain, while in the distance some ten miles off rose a perfect amphitheatre of wooded hills. The clumps of wattle on the river bank were, a few years ago, the home of herds of fallow-deer, but they have now been driven farther into the mountains.

I travelled to Melbourne with De Pury, a neighbour of Castella's, and also a Swiss. Met Pemberton in Melbourne, and caught the 5 o'clock express for Sydney. The Chinese Commissioners were in the same train, and for some time five of their following were in our carriage, conversing not altogether in the best English. We arrived at Albany, the border town, at 11.

It is most curious to read the reports of the earliest settlers at Port Phillip, when one has just seen the flourishing city of Melbourne with its widely extended suburbs. Colonel Collins, after three months' sojourn on the shores of Port Phillip in 1804, wrote: 'When all the disadvantages attending this bay are publicly known, it cannot be supposed that commercial people will be very desirous of visiting Port Phillip.' This prediction, like so many of those of the early explorers of Australia, has been remarkably falsified. It was not till thirty years later, i.e. 1834, that the Messrs. Henty (of a West

Sussex family) formed the first settlement at Portland in Victoria. Melbourne was founded in 1835, so that this city of 300,000 inhabitants is only just over fifty years old; a growth which has hardly been equalled by the towns of Western America. In the first ten years of its existence the population of the Port Phillip settlement increased from 200 to 32,000, and four years later, in 1850, numbered 76,000. Up to this time the development of the colony had depended entirely on its pastoral and agricultural resources; in 1850 there were already 6,000,000 sheep, besides 400,000 cattle and 21,000 horses. The year 1851 was to see great changes; it is the most important year in the history of Victoria, as well as in the history of Australia. In that year Victoria was separated from New South Wales and erected into an independent colony with semi-responsible government, i.e. a legislative council was appointed, consisting of ten members appointed by the Governor and twenty elected members. Responsible government in the form of two Houses as now existing was not granted till six years later. But 1851 is to be remembered for an even more remarkable circumstance than this. During the course of the year gold was discovered at many places in the colony, and on September 8 it was discovered at Ballaarat. Gold had been at the same time discovered in New South Wales, but the fields in Victoria were soon found to be more productive. There was a tremendous rush to the fields, not only in the colony itself, but from the neighbouring colonies and the old country. Merchants, sailors, clerks, farmers, left their occupations in the mad thirst for gold. South Australia, as we have seen, was almost denuded for a time of her male population. Government at first attempted to stem the rush, but they soon found it impossible, and contented themselves with issuing licences to dig. The output of gold for seven or eight years after the discovery averaged rather over 2,500,000 oz. per annum, which, taking the ounce of gold roughly as worth £4 the ounce, were worth £10,000,000 sterling. The population in 1854 was 312,000, i.e. it had quadrupled in four years. The

great point to be remembered about the discovery of gold is that it did not benefit only or chiefly those engaged in gold mining. It was of a more permanent benefit to the farmer and agricultural labourer. An enormous population had been attracted by the gold fever, which required to be fed. The prices of agricultural produce, the value of land, and the wages of labourers rose rapidly, and the prosperity of the colony from that time has advanced with giant strides.

Victoria, it is hardly necessary to state, lies in the S.E. corner of the Australian continent. Its area is rather less than that of Great Britain, and it is therefore far smaller than South Australia, Queensland, or New South Wales. The country is far more generally mountainous and hilly. The main mountain range runs from east to west through the whole length of the colony, forming the watershed between the tributaries of the Murray and the rivers which flow direct into the Southern Ocean. This range near the New South Wales border is known as the Australian Alps, and rises to the height of 7,000 feet; while in the middle of the colony it is called the Pyrenees, and does not rise above 5,000 feet. The climate is far more like that of England than that of the other colonies, and in many parts of the colony it is bitterly cold in winter. At Ballarat and in the surrounding country, which is nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, snow often falls; there was a heavy fall of snow while we were in Victoria in the month of June. The Australian Alps of course are covered with snow for a considerable part of the year. The rainfall is more regular and more evenly distributed than in the other colonies, and consequently the land is more generally fertile. Most of the country that I saw can be best described as park-like grass-land studded with timber. In many parts there are large open plains; on the mountain ranges and in the Cape Otway peninsula are large forests. The gum-trees on the Black Spur are not very valuable. In fact Victoria imports timber from Western Australia for certain purposes. Victoria, as we have said, is far better supplied than most of the other

colonies with rivers, though none of them are of any great size. The lakes, like those in South Australia, are salt.

As the population of Victoria is about the same as that of New South Wales, though its area is little more than a fourth that of the latter colony, it may be imagined that the average under cultivation is larger. In New South Wales about 900,000 acres are under cultivation on an area of 199 million acres. In Victoria $2\frac{1}{2}$ million acres are cultivated on a total of 56 million. Wheat occupies nearly half the land in cultivation, and the average yield is 9 bushels to the acre. In South Australia the average is about 6 bushels, but the quality is better. In New South Wales the average is greater, but the quality is inferior. All English corn crops, vegetables, and fruits are grown. Hops are grown in some places, though Tasmania is the Kent of the Antipodes. Besides these, tobacco, olives, maize, and vines are the chief things under cultivation. Wine is produced to a very large extent, and before long we may expect to see the colonies rival France for all but the most delicate sorts of wine. Owing to its thicker population and the larger area under cultivation, Victoria appears to the traveller far more like England than the other colonies. The stations or runs are fewer in number and smaller in size than in the other colonies. There are 422 runs, of which the average size is 20,000 acres. This, to English ideas, appears very large, but it is only on good land in Australia that one acre will support a sheep. The average rental paid to the State for these runs is rather under 1*l.* an acre, but much of the land in Victoria is far more valuable than this. There is a large tract on the western border of the colony which is worth from 10*l.* to 20*l.* an acre for pastoral purposes, and in many places 4*l.* an acre rent is paid for potato land.

Turning from the country to the people, I must say that I left Victoria with a highly favourable impression. In democratic Victoria the Australian democracy is seen at its best, perhaps because for the last thirty years Victoria has been

on the whole the most prosperous of the Australian colonies, perhaps because she has always been democratic and had not to deal with the hierarchic influence of squatters.

Melbourne is the city most favourably situated for commerce in the Australian colonies, and hence probably the reason why the Victorians have taken the lead in commerce. It is generally remarked by travellers that there is a more business-like air about the streets of Melbourne than about the streets of Sydney, Brisbane, or Adelaide. Melbourne is nearer to England by two days' steaming than Sydney; she is as near to most of the New Zealand ports, and she is the natural transshipping port for Tasmania. Then, again, Melbourne is more fortunate than the capitals of the other colonies in being able to tap nearly all the territory of Victoria. Brisbane only taps the country lying immediately inland. The greater part of the trade of Queensland passes through Rockhampton, Cairns, Mackay, Cooktown, and other ports. Sydney is situated at one end of an immense territory. As we have seen, the trade of the Broken Mill Mine is entirely with Adelaide; the pastoral districts in the far west are tapped by the Murray; while the railway from Melbourne to Deniliquin draws all the trade of the Riverina, the richest district of New South Wales, to the Victorian capital. Melbourne, and the colony of Victoria generally, have many natural advantages over the sister colonies, which have much to do with the prosperity and something to do with the character of her inhabitants.

Then, again, the population attracted by the gold discoveries was almost altogether democratic, and the influence of the squatter was probably swamped earlier here than in the other colonies. The democracy has, so to speak, had the field to itself, and has been able to work its will as it chose. Under the premiership of Sir Graham Berry from 1877 to 1880 the democracy pushed its demands to the utmost pitch, a general want of confidence was created, all kinds of property were depreciated fifty per cent., and trade was temporarily paralysed.

The doings of the Graham Berry Ministry culminated in the dismissal of all the Government servants in consequence of the refusal of the Legislative Council to pass a Money Bill on to which he had attached an obnoxious measure. The 'Black Wednesday' dispute terminated in a compromise, but it created a great revulsion of feeling. It seems to me that the present satisfactory condition of politics in Victoria is in no small measure due to Sir Graham Berry. The Victorian democracy has been through the fire and has come out purified; it has seen what democratic doctrines lead to when pushed to the utmost extreme, and it has not that antipathy to property which is noticeable amongst certain classes in the other colonies.

The condition of politics in Victoria is not only satisfactory in the way that I have indicated. There are many men in the Victorian House of Parliament to whom the remarks would apply that I have made about the public men of South Australia; the Victorian House, like the Houses of the other colonies, has its larrikin members; but the Victorians seemed to me on the whole to be free from narrow-minded prejudices. Their views seemed not to be bound up in the advantage of their own particular district; they seemed to have more public spirit, and they seemed to be keener on the prosperity of the whole colony and of Australasia generally. On the New Hebrides question and the New Guinea question they vigorously supported Queensland in denouncing the policy of the Home Government, although these questions hardly touched Victoria personally at all. Mr. Deakin is an excellent representative of the Victorian spirit. At the Colonial Conference he constantly caused serious embarrassment to the Home Government by refusing to accept the terms which they proposed for colonial defence, and which would probably have been accepted by a majority of the other delegates. By insisting on terms which he could recommend as fair to the Victorian Houses, by preventing the Home Government from seeming to deal with the colonies in a

niggardly spirit, he showed true loyalty, and did much to preserve the connection between the old country and her children. The Victorians are independent; they have supreme confidence in themselves; but they will be loyal to us so long as we show ourselves worthy of the traditions of Englishmen. The outburst of loyalty during the Jubilee at Melbourne will never be forgotten by those who saw it. I wish we could take a lesson from them; I wish we in the old country had a little more of that independent spirit and confidence in ourselves which now chiefly characterise our countrymen beyond the seas.

CHAPTER V.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Friday, July 8th.—We arrived at Wagga-Wagga at 2 A.M. and put up at a very fair hotel. In the morning Mr. Gowlland, the manager of one of the banks, who had been asked to look after us by Macdonald, took us for a walk round the town. It is a flourishing place, of about 5,000 inhabitants, and the centre of a big pastoral district. There is a considerable Chinese quarter; it astonished me a good deal to find so many Chinese in the country towns in Australia; but they appear to do all the vegetable-growing, and much of the poorer paid sorts of labour, such as cleaning land, &c. The Murrumbidgee, which runs almost through the town, was in high flood, and Macdonald, who turned up at eleven, had to leave his buggy on the other side and come across in a boat. We went for a few minutes to the Riverina Club, a nice little place, and after some lunch started on our twenty-four-mile drive to Wantabadgery. The country is hilly and well wooded, and at times we had very pretty views. The land is mostly in the hands of squatters, but we passed a few selectors' houses. Wantabadgery run, like all the land in the neighbourhood, is freehold property. The land law of 1871, allowing selectors to take up land at random, compelled the squatters to buy the freehold of their runs. They could buy the land from Government at 1*l.* an acre; but it often cost them more than 2*l.* an acre to buy out the selectors, who naturally selected the best of the land if they could. There are 45,000 acres in Wantabadgery run, and it carries 42,000

sheep, 500 cattle, and some 70 horses. The head station is charmingly situated in the valley of the Murrumbidgee, with fine grass paddocks in front, sloping away to the river, which is fringed with big gums. The station is the ordinary one-storeyed building, with a broad verandah, but very comfortable. We had tea at 7; on most stations the ordinary drink at every meal is tea.

Saturday, July 9th.—A hard frost. After breakfast Claude Macdonald and Nash (a Rugbeian) started off lamb-marking. Pemberton and I strolled down to a lagoon in front of the house, where we saw two or three big mobs of ducks, but only bagged a widgeon. At 10 we went for a ride round the run, which is hilly and not very thickly timbered. Much of the timber had been 'rung.' 'Ringing' is done by Chinese at 9*d.* an acre, and it nearly doubles the carrying capacities of the run. The paddocks were about two miles across, and divided by wire fences with timber posts and top rails, which cost about 40*l.* a mile. Two of our three horses were splendid fencers, and we jumped every fence we came across; fortunately there was always a gate handy for the third man. Macdonald and Pemberton changed horses in the middle of the day, and Pemberton surmounted his first fence in grand style; it is not often that the first fence a man jumps in his life is a four-foot post and rail. We passed a nice herd of Herefords in one paddock, and in the afternoon came to the paddock where they were lamb-marking. All the lambs (about 2,000) in a paddock have to be marked in one day. The branding, ear-marking, and other processes only take half a minute, and seem to give the minimum of pain. There are four or five catchers, and the speed at which the operation can be done depends chiefly on them. In the evening it came on to rain hard, or we had intended to go out after ducks.

Sunday, July 10th.—A lovely bright day after the rain. We spent part of the morning in writing letters &c., and then went for a walk to the camp of some opossum hunters. Both men were out, but they had a lot of skins with the fur in good

condition. The skins are worth 5s. a dozen to the hunters. Coming over the hills overlooking the station I backed myself to run the distance, whatever it was, in six minutes. The distance did not seem more than half a mile, but the first part was down a very steep hill with lots of fallen timber about, which made the going bad. After lunch I ran the match, while the others played tennis on a very fair court. In the evening we had a good deal of sacred music, as both Macdonalds and Nash are musical, and after supper Falconer Macdonald read prayers. It was altogether a charming Sunday, spent with three very nice fellows.

Monday, July 11th.—Nash and Claude Macdonald went off early lamb-marking. We tried the lagoons near the river, and though there were ducks on nearly every one we only bagged a couple. After lunch we drove into Wagga. We had just time to go to the club, where we were introduced to a Mr. Fosbury, and caught the five o'clock train for Sydney. We dined at Juneë, where there is a big hotel, but the feeding was rough.

Tuesday, July 12th.—Arrived at Sydney at 7 A.M. and took up our quarters at the Union Club, where Egerton, Des Graz, and the Doctor were staying. After breakfast we went to the Post Office, one of the finest public buildings in Australia. Sydney, to my mind, is a nicer town than Melbourne; the streets are narrower, and none of them will compare with Collins street; but the general run of the houses are better, and the suburbs of Wollahra and Darling Point surpass even Toorak. We lunched on board the 'Sunbeam.' We were lying in Farm Cove, and just outside us were the 'Nelson,' 'Diamond,' and 'Opal,' the four ships of the German squadron, and the 'Riujo.' Sir Harry Parkes, the Premier, a remarkable-looking old man, with a powerful head and long white hair, Mr. Salomons, Mr. and Mrs. Wise (he late of Queen's College, Oxford, a winner of the Mile Championship, and, though only twenty-nine, Attorney-General), and Mr. Reynolds, gunnery-lieutenant of the 'Nelson,' lunched on board. After

lunch there was an 'at home.' At four I took Miss Parkes and Mrs. Wise ashore, and called for Sir Harry at the Colonial Secretary's office. He took me on to the Parliament House, a wretched building, which will not compare with the splendid House of Parliament in Melbourne. It is difficult to understand why they do not commemorate the centenary of the colony by building a new Parliament House, instead of spending the money they have collected on a Great Hall, as they apparently intend to do. Sir Harry took me in by a private door, and I suddenly found myself plunged into a small room where all the ministers were sitting. I was duly introduced all round, but there was not much opportunity for conversation. It was question time in the Lower House, and not very amusing, so Wise took me in to the Legislative Council, where I was introduced to Mr. Dalley (of Soudan Contingent fame). After some discussion Mr. Salomons moved the second reading of the Payment of Members Bill in a calm and judicious speech. Dr. Garron opposed it and spoke very well. Then Mr. Dalley rose to make what was expected to be the speech of the evening. Some of his arguments were extremely able, especially that which he put forward for the payment of members out of the consolidated revenue rather than by a special tax on each district, but his speech was not so well delivered as I had expected. A look round the benches of the Upper House certainly left a more favourable impression as to the class of men by whom New South Wales is governed than a visit to the Lower House. In the Legislative Council of New South Wales the squatting interest is well represented, while the Legislative Assembly contains more than its proportion of larrikin members.

At the club I met Winthrop. We had not seen each other since we left Eton, as we had just missed meeting in India and in Burmah. Charlie, father, and I went to dine with Admiral and Mrs. Fairfax, who have a charming house on the north shore. We met Sir Frederick Darley (the Chief Justice), Lady Darley, Miss Dundas, three of the Ger-

man captains, Captain Hammill, of the 'Nelson,' Erskine, and others.

Wednesday, July 13th.—Met G. E. and J. O. Fairfax, late of Balliol, and Alison, whom we had seen in Melbourne. Lunched at Government House, where the family were staying, and took a great liking to Lord Carrington, as every one else does. After lunch B. Cunliffe Pemberton, Wallington, and I went to a rinking party given by Mrs. Dew, at which all Sydney seemed to be present. Pemberton and I afterwards called on the Mannings, whom we had met in Melbourne. After dinner Charlie and I attended a lecture by Mr. Bevan on New Guinea, at which father took the chair, and went on to an 'at home' at the Josephs, where there was some very nice music. We met some pleasant people, including Miss Watt, Miss Cox, and others.

Thursday, July 14th.—The Union Club is very comfortable, but hardly so pleasant as the Melbourne Club. A great number of people lunch there, but there are not so many people in the smoking-room in the evening, and they do not all seem to know one another as they do in Melbourne. At both clubs more than half the people one meets are Englishmen, and to see and hear more of Australian life one should go to some other club. In the afternoon there was an 'at home' at Government House, and we had some good games at lawn tennis. In the evening the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron gave father a dinner at the Bauman Café, at which Mr. Fairfax, the proprietor of the 'Sydney Morning Herald,' took the chair. I sat between Gef. Fairfax and Milson, the Vice-Commodore, a very nice fellow. The latter owns the 'Waitangi,' a twenty-tonner, which won the Intercolonial Yacht Race last year. To judge by the number of people present, yachting seems a more popular amusement in Sydney than in Adelaide or Melbourne.

Friday, July 2nd.—Fairfax took me in the morning to the University, which is about two miles from Government House, in a not very pleasant part of the town. We

travelled on one of the terrible steam tramways, which are the curse of the Sydney streets, and which cause about two deaths per week. They are Government property, so I suppose there is little chance of their being replaced by the cable trams which they have in Melbourne and on the North Shore.

The University stands on the top of a hill, with the reserve sloping away in front of it; it is a beautiful building in Gothic style. To the left is the Medical School, built of the same yellow stone; but to the right is a hideous museum built of bricks, which entirely mars the beauty of the *ensemble*. There is a fine hall with stained-glass windows, representing the founders of the different colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. In the design of the buildings, as well as the way in which the courses are arranged, they have tried to imitate as far as possible the universities of the old country. The Sydney University is much indebted to private munificence, and a bequest has lately been left for building a new library. At the back of the University are the Church of England college, the Scotch college, and the Catholic college, but there are not more than twenty or thirty students in each. In the afternoon I went to a rinking party given by a large family of Campbells. I met Edgar, a Balliol contemporary, Miss Watt, the Miss Mannings, and several other friends, and spent a pleasant afternoon, though the weather was rather too hot for rinking in one's best clothes. Pemberton and I dined with the Wises, and went on to a dance at the Tooths. Mr. Tooth had been in the Eton eight in '63, and I met his cousin, who had rowed in trial eights with me. The room was rather too crowded for dancing.

Saturday, July 16th.—Lunched on board the 'Nelson' with Reynolds, where I met Broadley, Bailey, and a nice lot of fellows. In the afternoon a large party of us drove down to a tea-picnic at La Perouse, a small fort at the entrance to Botany Bay. Sydney is surrounded by wretched country,

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covered with heath and bushes, very like the country round Albany. Dined at the Club with Riddle and Charlie, and left by the 9 o'clock train with Brooks, a nephew of the Campbells of Hurstmonceaux.

Sunday, July 17th.—We breakfasted at Juneë, from which we travelled almost due west on the line to Hay. We travelled with Mr. Watt, an accomplished man speaking three or four languages, who is chairman of the land board of the district, and Mr. Fosbury, who is also on the land board. Both were very pleasant. The land board superintends surveys and titles to land, and sees that the provisions of the Land Act are not evaded by dummy selections &c. We lunched at Narrandera, a small rising town, where, as at Wagga, there is a considerable Chinese quarter. From Narrandera the line to Jerilderie branches off to the southwest. The country, like that between Juneë and Narrandera, was flat, but more open; and the timber was small. We reached Jerilderie at eight, where we were met by a Mr. Chesney, and put up at the hotel for the night. The road was too bad from the recent rain for us to get out to Coreë, Mr. McCaughey's station, in the dark.

Monday, July 18th.—It took us two hours and a half to do the twelve miles out to Coreë. The road lay over a perfectly flat plain, which in places was good going, and in places very heavy and covered with water. Coreë station is a comfortable one-storeyed house, and has a good garden, beyond which flows the Billabong. We had two hours to spare before lunch, so we went with Chesney to the sheep-wash, which is more elaborate than any I have seen hitherto. The sheep are put through a cold-water wash, and left for ten or twelve hours in a shed to steam. The next morning they are put through a hot-water bath, in which they are well scrubbed, and from which they pass on to some rollers under a cold-water douche. A sheep appears to be pretty roughly treated during the operation, but I am told that old hands who have been through the wash once or twice like

it. Special paddocks are kept for them to dry on, and they are shorn as soon as dry, i.e. in two days. The enormous quantity of soap used in the wash is made on the station; there are very few necessary things that they cannot make on a station. Mr. McCaughey came in to lunch, after which we inspected the sheep that are going to the Deniliquin show, some pure merinos, and some Americans of the Vermont breed, which have been introduced a good deal lately into Australia. Mr. McCaughey spent the afternoon in the woolshed drafting ewes; Brooks, Chesney, and I rode over to the Yanko creek, about four miles off. There was a lot of water in the paddocks we crossed, but the going was fair, and these bush-horses have the most comfortable canter imaginable. The Riverina is almost perfectly flat, the country is generally open plain, but in parts there are belts of inferior timber (swamp box &c.) every two or three miles. Along the borders of the creeks there are sand ridges, undulating ground on which pines grow intermingled with the gums. The sand ridge by the Yanko creek is very pretty, the trees grow in clumps as if they had been planted, and it is a great relief to see a little variation in foliage. The creek was in flood, but not over the dam which we had ridden to see. As far as the eye could reach the creek was covered with mob after mob of ducks, some swimming about within forty yards of us, while every pool of water in the hollows near the creek had a mob or two of ducks on it. It was a sight that one will never see again, and made one long to have a day at them. The feed (grass and clover intermixed) on the flats near the creek looked as rich as an English hay meadow just before it is cut. I have not seen anything like it in Australia, but I am told that the short grass on the bare plain has more nutritious properties than this rich-looking stuff. We had a jolly ride back, the evening was so lovely. Nothing could be more delightful than the climate of Riverina at this time of year, as it was neither too hot nor too cold. We had a pleasant evening discussing colonial politics and Home Rule. Chesney,

a shrewd man, who has only just come out from the North of Ireland, was strongly in favour of Home Rule, while Mr. McCaughey was equally strong against. All squatters and most of the people one meets are anti-Gladstonians, but the balance of opinion in the colonies, especially amongst the democracy, is in favour of Home Rule. We had two or three games of billiards, but the table, though fair, was not in very good order.

I was rather astonished when we came in from our ride this evening to see some seventy men gathered round the door of the store, and still more astonished when I was told that they were 'sun-downers.' The 'sun-downer,' so called because he is not entitled to food and shelter till after sun-down, is to be seen on every bush-road in Australia, with his blanket strapped on his back and his billy in his hand. He goes from station to station, in the same way that a tramp goes from workhouse to workhouse, and it is the custom of the country to supply him with rations and shelter. Though in habits like a tramp they are better clothed and better fed, and are as a rule strong able-bodied men and boys. Mr. McCaughey told me that sometimes two hundred turned up at Coree on the same night. It is a considerable strain on the resources of a station to feed a large and uncertain number of men every day, who seldom do any work in return. But in spite of this it is said that the squatter gains by the system. He has to feed the 'sun-downer,' but on the other hand he has no poor rates to pay, which would probably amount to more than the cost of rations, and he has a supply of labour ever at his door. Though many sun-downers are mere loafers, men from the big towns who take a few months' trip in the summer, there is always amongst them a certain number of men who are honestly on the look-out for work.

Tuesday, July 18th.—Four wagon loads of prize sheep started off at seven; two wagon loads from Coree, and two from Coonong, which is about twenty miles on the other side of Jerilderie. The two stations are worked in partnership by

the two brothers. At Coonong they breed a number of horses, three hundred of which were sold last year to an Indian buyer, some fetching as high a price as 90*l*. Coree run comprises 167,000 acres, and carries 130,000 sheep besides cattle and a few horses. At ten we started in a wagonette with a team of four bays. For ten miles from Coree gates we followed the stock road. Stock roads in Australia vary in width from three chains to three miles, the wider places being called stock reserves. The neighbouring squatters pay Government a rent for the use of them, and take care naturally to feed them down pretty close. It would be better, in the interests of travelling stock, if the Government charged the squatter no rent, but imposed a severe penalty if his sheep were found feeding on the reserve. The latter part of our way lay through two big runs, Mr. Landal's being the nearest to Deniliquin. The country was much more thickly covered with timber than Coree or than the country near Jerilderie, but on Mr. Landal's run very little had been done in the way of ring-barking, and the fences were poor. We camped at one o'clock for half an hour and made Deniliquin at five, having done about fifty miles from Coree. The going was generally good, as smooth as a billiard-table, but there were heavy bits wherever there was water. We put up at the Royal Hotel, and then strolled round the town. Deniliquin is a pretty little place, at any rate prettier than most of the country towns in New South Wales; many of the houses are built of brick, and along all the streets are rows of pepper-trees, figs, elms, Norfolk pines, &c. Owing to direct communication by rail the trade of Riverina and of Deniliquin is, in spite of heavy duties, with Victoria. Why New South Wales does not push her railway through from Jerilderie to Deniliquin it is difficult to see. Lord Carrington, Colonel Wardrop, Colonel St. Quintin, and Wallington turned up at six from Melbourne. As Lord Carrington had been expected to stay with Mr. McCulloch some three miles out of town, we were fairly squashed. Mr. Browne, president of the Riverina Pas-

toral and Agricultural Society, who was our host, entertained about sixteen at dinner, including Lord Carrington, Sir Henry Loch, the town council, and others. I sat next Mr. Jameson, a member of the town council, and had an interesting yarn with him about Riverina and its prospects.

Wednesday, July 19th.—Pemberton turned up at eleven, having slept at Echuca over night. We drove out to the racecourse with Sir Arthur Nicholson, who was very kind to us during our stay, young Browne, and the two Miss Brownes—a pleasant party. The governors and their parties were entertained at lunch by the Jockey Club; we lunched under the trees with the Parkers, of Quiamong, with whom Miss Bunny, Miss Panton, and Crossman, who had come out in the 'Carthage' and who knew Hastings well, were staying. There was some fair racing and a good steeplechase. Pemberton and I walked round the course afterwards and inspected every fence. Six of the nine were post and rail, very stiff, and as far we could judge ranging from three feet nine inches to four feet four inches. Opposite the stand were four fences within three hundred yards of one another, the first a post and rail, the second a brick wall two feet thick with cement coping, the third a paling, the fourth a log fence about six feet through at the bottom and two feet through at the top. I met a Mr. Barbour, the member for the district, Mr. Russell and other friends, and spent a pleasant afternoon. We drove back with the Brownes, and dined quietly at the hotel with St. Quintin and Wardrop, as the Governor had gone out to stay with the McCullochs. There was a big ball in the Town Hall, at which the company was rather mixed, and the dancing in some cases curious. The floor, which was poor at the beginning of the evening, became atrocious at the end, and dancing was a duty and not a pleasure.

Thursday, July 20th.—Another lovely day, bright and fresh. Pemberton and I went up with the Brownes and spent an hour inspecting butter, cheeses, jams, &c. There were only a few horses and cattle at the show; all the interest

centred on the sheep, which are as fine as can be seen anywhere. The McCaugheys took many of the chief prizes, including the champion prize for rams, but they were taken by the Coonong sheep and not by those from Coree. Weston, who had brought some sheep over for sale from the Chief Justice's station at Kadlunga, took us round and pointed out the various excellences in the wool. Wolseley's sheep-shearing machine was at work in one corner of the grounds, but during part of the day it was stopped by the larrikins; there is as strong an objection to machinery amongst the protected colonial working-men as there was in England in the first days of the introduction of machinery into manufactories. Judging hacks, hunters, buggy horses, teams, &c., took up most of the afternoon. Mr. Parker took the first prize for four-in-hand teams; Browne was very much handicapped by having only a low wagonette to drive from. At seven there was a large banquet in the Town Hall, given to the governors by the Pastoral and Agricultural Society. Pemberton and I sat on either side of Sir Arthur Nicholson, and to my right was Mr. Jameson, with whom I had a long yarn about irrigation, which is evidently the great question of the future in this country. He was in favour of payment of members, and said that in his own case he was anxious to enter Parliament, but could not afford to do so without payment. There was a portentous toast list, which was got through most admirably, and no one but a local pressman inflicted himself too long on his audience. Lord Carrington made an excellent speech in answer to the formation of the Republican Union and other disloyal meetings in Sydney, pointing out that the people have a far more direct influence on the Government in Australia than they have in America. Both Lord Carrington and Sir Henry Loch were tremendously well received. Mr. Reid made a most witty speech in returning thanks for Parliament; Colonel St. Quentin returned thanks in a fine manly way for the visitors, and I was run in to propose the health of the ladies. I said:—

- 'Mr. Chairman, Your Excellencies, and Gentlemen,—It affords me very great pleasure to propose this toast. My father, on many occasions and in many places, has spoken of the great kindness with which we have been received in Australia, but I have as yet had no opportunity of personally expressing my gratitude for the pleasure which I have derived from a visit to the colonies and for the kindness which I have received on all hands, and not least here in Deniliquin. Gentlemen, I may seem to be wandering from the point, but I am about to say that the pleasure which I have derived from my visit has been in no small degree due to the ladies. Of the ladies of Australia one cannot speak in too high terms. (Jeers from the Australians present.) For my part, I left Adelaide with an uncomfortable feeling about the heart; I left Melbourne with a decidedly heavy heart; I left Sydney with a heart, if possible, heavier still, and what I shall do when I leave Deniliquin to-morrow I cannot possibly conceive. Gentlemen, I beg to give you the toast of "The Ladies."'

Pemberton and I went on to the Brown's (another family to that of our host), but the room was too small for dancing. The best part of the evening was a long talk in the garden with young Browne (of Tuppal). His father has about 180,000 acres lying to the east of Deniliquin. In the dry summer months they drive a portion of their stock up on to the hills beyond Albury, which are let by their owners. Riverina should in the future become a great wheat-growing country when an irrigation system is perfected. Browne told me that a few years ago they sent home some wheat off a small two-hundred-acre paddock which topped the London market.

Friday, July 21st.—The special train for Melbourne left at 8.30. Pemberton and I had to part, as he is going to stay with the Parkers at Quiamong, and is then going to work up through the back country to Queensland. We both felt very low; we have got on so capitally through our travels, as we both take interest in the same things. Mr. Burns, the

Treasurer of New South Wales, who travelled with us, was very kind, and gave me the means of getting a good many reports from the Government printer. A long chat with Lord Carrington, whom one likes more the more one sees of him, and a game at whist with Wardrop, Wallington, and St. Quintin, made the time pass quickly. As far as Echuca the country is flat, from Echuca to Sandhurst it is undulating, and round Sandhurst there are wooded hills. The line from Echuca to Deniliquin was built by a private company, and is the only line of any length in Australia which is not in the hands of Government. The first line from Sydney was begun by a private company, but the enormous rise in the price of labour owing to the discovery of the goldfields upset their calculations, and they surrendered their contract to Government. I lunched at Government House in Melbourne, just had time to go to the Club and see Mr. Gowan Evans, and caught the mail for Sydney.

Saturday, July 22nd.—It was very cold on the hills between Goulburn and Sydney, and at one place there was some sleet. I lunched at the Club with Alison, and then went to see Lady Carrington and tell her all about Deniliquin. Paid several duty calls, and spent a pleasant hour listening to Miss Manning sing. Dined with Bertie and Alison, and went to the 'Pick-pocket.'

Sunday, July 23rd.—Milson picked me up off the man-of-war steps at 11, and we went for a sail down the main harbour, and up Middle Harbour in the 'Waitangi.' It was a fine day with a nice breeze, and it was very jolly having a tiller in one's hands again. Middle Harbour is pretty, winding between wooded hills; unfortunately just now the foliage was brown, for it must be much prettier when everything is green. We anchored three or four miles from the entrance off a sandy beach, and while the rest of the party were having a swim, Milson and I cooked chops and steaks on an enormous gridiron over a wood fire. They were a good lot of fellows; Milson himself and a German by name Bauer were

very nice. Milson has only one man to look after the 'Wai-tangi'; his crew is composed entirely of amateurs. Last year, when he won the intercolonial cup, some of the papers complained that the sailors' trade was being destroyed; such is the reasonableness of the supporters of protection for the working-man. Dined at the Josephs, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Angas, and went on board 'The Maitland' at 11.30.

Monday, July 24th.—Arrived in Newcastle at 6 A.M. Newcastle is sixty miles from Sydney by sea, but the railway will be completed before long. There is a good harbour, which was full of shipping loading with coals. Our train left at 7. The conversation in the carriage was amusing, as there was one man who roundly abused squatters and men of property, and who prophesied that there would be a general crash in New South Wales in three or four years, and that merchants and squatters would go down in it. He had been an unsuccessful man, which explains the delight he seemed to feel in the prospect. For some hundred miles to the north of Newcastle the country has the appearance of having been long settled. Maitland and Singleton are quite old-looking towns; the houses are built of brick, corrugated iron is rather conspicuous by its absence, and there are one or two regular village churches. There is a good deal of cultivation. Near Singleton there are several vineyards, Mr. Munro's wine being some of the best in the colony, while in the Hunter valley lucern paddocks are the chief feature. As we got on the country became more hilly, and the valleys were covered with a green thistle which is excellent food for stock. At Murrurundu the line crosses the Liverpool Range (1,600 feet) and for some distance runs across a celebrated pastoral district, the Liverpool Plains. At 180 miles from Newcastle we passed Tamworth, which is prettily situated on the side of a hill. Unfortunately we did not get into New England, one of the most remarkable districts in Australia, till it was nearly dark. New England is a high table-land from 2,500 to 4,500 feet above sea-level, and

though its latitude is under 30° the climate is very like ours at home. Wheat of good quality and all kinds of English fruits are grown. The chief town of New England is Armidale. We arrived at Tenterfield, some ten miles from the Queensland border, at 1 A.M. It had been a slow journey from Newcastle, but it was interesting, as we saw some splendid country and some very pretty views among the hills.

New South Wales is the only one of the colonies that can be said to possess a history. Its foundation dates from some fifty years earlier than most of the other colonies. Botany Bay was visited by Captain Cook in 1770, and in 1787 the first batch of convicts arrived in Port Jackson. For more than fifty years New South Wales continued a convict colony. It was not till 1849 that transportation thither was finally abolished owing to the determined wish of the colonists, though it had practically ceased nine years before. In 1846 the colonists had been allowed to elect half the members of the Legislative Council, as they do now in Western Australia, but in 1851 responsible government was granted in the form of two Houses, a form which it has since taken in all the colonies.

New South Wales has always been in the main a pastoral and agricultural colony, and the progress for the first seventy years of her existence was solely due to the development of these interests. In 1851 there were already thirteen million sheep and 1,700,000 cattle. In that year gold was discovered, which caused for a time a tremendous rush, but almost immediately afterwards far richer goldfields were discovered at Ballarat, and gold mining has never played so important a part in the history of New South Wales as it has in that of Victoria; though New South Wales, like the other colonies, received a great impetus from the attraction of population to Australia.

Captain Cook took possession of the whole of the eastern coast of Australia in the name of George III., so that the

territory of New South Wales originally extended from Cape Howe to Cape York. In 1851 Victoria became an independent colony, and in 1859 Queensland was separated from New South Wales, but even now her territory is larger than England and France put together. The country is divided by a range of mountains running north and south at a distance of thirty to 100 miles from the coast, into the broad western plains watered by the Murray, Murrumbidgee, and Darling, and the coast country which is watered by numerous short rivers with very rich soil along their banks. In the S.E. of the colony, where the Murray takes its rise, the country is mountainous; the highest peak, Mount Kosciusko, is 7,200 feet. These mountains are for a great part of the year covered with snow, which renders the Murray River independent of the rainfall—a most important circumstance in a country which is constantly visited by droughts. In the N.E. of the colony there is a high table-land, 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea-level, which from the nature of its climate and its products has been named New England. There are one or two spurs, such as the Liverpool Ranges, which run out to the west from the main coast range; but roughly speaking three-fourths at least of the country consists of the flat western plains.

New South Wales possesses more variety of climate and products than the other Australian colonies. In Victoria there is no country like the Riverina and the great western plains, or like the sub-tropical country in the north-east. In South Australia there is no country like the Riverina or New England, while the great western plains in Queensland have no Murray or Murrumbidgee fed by the perennial snows of Mount Kosciusko. From an agricultural point of view New South Wales has a greater future before her than the other colonies; Riverina and the western plains seem a country made for irrigation. South Australia and Victoria do not possess the same extent of country suitable for agriculture, while Queensland has not the water necessary for irrigation.

Though gold was first discovered in New South Wales, and though 38,000,000*l.* worth have been raised since 1851, the yield has greatly fallen off of late years, and in 1885 only 380,000*l.* worth was produced. Coal now constitutes the chief mineral wealth. Nearly all the colonies are supplied with coal from Newcastle, and large quantities are exported to San Francisco and other places. In 1885 the output from the coal mines was valued at over one and a quarter million. The silver mines in the Barrier Ranges, including Broken Hill, are within the New South Wales territory; but they are closer to Adelaide and connected with the South Australian railway system, so that none of the trade which they create is any benefit to Sydney. Yet in spite of her silver and her coal the prosperity of New South Wales depends far less on her mineral resources than that of the other colonies. It is essentially a pastoral and agricultural country.

The main political questions of the day in New South Wales, as they are in the rest of Australia, are payment of members, and protection. The Upper House is strongly against the payment of members bill, and rejected it by a majority of 2 to 1. The Lower House is as strongly in favour of it. The ministry are divided on the question. Mr. Wise and others support the bill; Sir Henry Parkes is against it. An attempt is to be made to ascertain the opinion of the electors, by circulating papers asking them to state whether they are in favour of the measure or not. If the result of the plébiscite is favourable, the Upper House will have to give way or provoke a collision.

New South Wales has been always in name a free trade colony. There are duties on certain articles, but they are imposed for purposes of revenue, and not for the protection of home manufactures. To judge from statistics, the unprotected manufactures of New South Wales are certainly in as prosperous a condition as the heavily protected manufactures of Victoria. The business-like activity in Melbourne and the

comparative quietness in Sydney are due to the more favourable position of Melbourne for intercolonial and home trade, and cannot in any way be ascribed to protection. Yet, in spite of the progress of New South Wales manufactures, in spite of intercolonial jealousy which would tend to preserve free trade in New South Wales as long as protection reigned in Victoria, protectionists are gaining ground here as in the rest of Australia.

Sydney, like Melbourne and Adelaide, has its burden of 'unemployed,' though there is as little cause for the Government supporting the burden. Several thousands of men have been put to work on a people's park, which will be hardly of much value to the people of Sydney, as it is thirty miles off, and to judge from accounts in the Sydney newspapers the earnings of these men go chiefly in drink, and in making the district uninhabitable for ordinary people; such is the stamp of men whom the country thinks it necessary to support and the value of the support to the men themselves. The number of unemployed in Sydney as well as elsewhere is due mainly to the trades-unions. The latter are especially tyrannical in the shipping trade on the east coast of Australia. What they gain for the men detracts from the efficiency of the ships. The China Steam Navigation Company of Sydney have just built some new vessels—nice models and very comfortable, but in order to secure economy they have only a speed of $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

We were not in Sydney long enough to learn very much of the whole political situation, but the general impression left on my mind was not so favourable as that with which I left Victoria. The squatter has more influence in Parliament and the country, and this provokes the hostility of a certain section of the working classes. The formation of a republican union, and the disloyal meetings at the Jubilee, may have been only the work of a few, but there certainly seems to me to be a greater antagonism of classes in New South Wales than there is in Victoria. There is not likely to be a

general crash such as my travelling companion from Newcastle anticipated, but New South Wales may have to pass through a period of trial such as Victoria experienced under Sir Graham Berry. She is a great colony, she is loyal to Australia, we can never forget how loyal she has been to us ; let us hope that, her time of trial over, she may hereafter as heretofore lead Australia on to that great future which assuredly awaits her.

CHAPTER VI.

QUEENSLAND.

Tuesday, July 25th.—The coach left at six, so I had only three hours' sleep. There was a sharp white frost, and the drive through the keen air to Wallangarra was pleasant. The railway from Tenterfield to Wallangarra, which is on the border of Queensland, is complete with the exception of one bridge, so it should be open shortly. The country from Tenterfield to the border and on to Warwick is very poor; it is hilly, rocky, and covered with scrub gums. Round Warwick there is a good deal of wheat grown, but most of the wheat on the Queensland downs is subject to rust. From Warwick to Toowoomba the line passes through a good specimen of the Darling Downs country, broad open plains, on which the grass at this time of year looks quite brown, separated by low ridges covered with timber. We reached Toowoomba, which seemed a biggish place, and where there were some pretty gardens, at five. The line from there, which was made by Peto, Betts, and Brassey, descends by a steep incline on to the undulating country which lies between the downs and the coast. The sides of the hills are heavily timbered, and we had some lovely views over the low country as the sun was setting. My travelling companion, by name Coggs, the son of one of the oldest settlers near Brisbane, knew the country well, and gave me a good deal of information. Talking of the unemployed, he said that he had often been to the immigration office and offered fifteen shillings a week, besides board and lodging,

and had been reviled for his pains by men who had only just landed, and would be almost useless at their work for a few months. He and some friends had once been to a meeting of unemployed, and had each offered to take six men at the same rate of wages; one of the agitators shouted out, 'Don't take it! The Government will give you more.' Arrived in Brisbane at 10.30, and put up at the Queensland Club, where the rooms were comfortable, but the feeding and other arrangements not up to the level of Sydney and Melbourne. Egerton, Des Graz, and the Doctor were also staying there.

Wednesday, July 26th.—The Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, was to open a show at Marburgh, a German settlement about ten miles beyond Ipswich, which used in the early days to be the capital of the colony. Besides ourselves and the Governor the party included Sir Samuel Griffith, the premier, who has just returned from the Conference, young Musgrave, who stroked the Balliol eight in '79, the German consul, and others. The line crosses the Brisbane River just outside the town, and runs the whole way through bush with small clearings at intervals. At the station we were met by Mr. Friedrichs, the head of the German community, and drove six miles on to Marburgh itself. The country was very hilly and covered with forest, in which the trees were taller and straighter than they are on the Downs and farther south. The chief interest of the expedition consisted in seeing what the industrious German had effected in this heavily timbered and not very fertile country, where few Englishmen had been able to make way at all. We passed several clearings and smiling farms with fruit-trees in blossom round the homestead. Sugar-cane and maize are the chief products of the district, and there were some fine samples of both at the show. The latter was but a small affair, but there were a good number of horses in the different classes. We had lunch in a low tent, which was decidedly hot, the sun to-day having about the same power as it had in the North of India last February. After lunch

there was the usual portentous list of toasts. The Governor spoke well; he takes a great interest in agriculture, and seems popular. Mr. Friedrichs made an excellent speech, considering it was in foreign tongue; but Sir Samuel Griffith was disappointingly brief. We had a lovely drive under the shade of the trees to Rosewood, on the other side of Marburgh. In some places the road was almost like an English country lane, the foliage was so green and there was so much green grass at the roadside. Coming down the hill on to Rosewood we had a splendid view across the low country to the Downs. We were back in Brisbane at six. At the Club we met De Burgh Persse, and he, Charlie, and I went to hear the Jubilee singers, some emancipated American slaves, who gave us a most wonderful display of part singing. De Burgh Persse's head station is about fifty miles from Brisbane. He told me that in the early days he used to take up new country in the west, and having stocked it, which took him two or three years, he used to sell it, and go farther west to take up fresh country. Stocking fresh country is a hard and rough life, as it is always on the confines of civilisation. At the Club in the evening met Mr. Lumley Hill, and Mr. Dawes of the British India Company, of whom I should have liked to have seen more.

Thursday, July 27th.—Mabelle B., Charlie, and I rode with Persse, while mother drove with Mr. Stevenson to his house, which is in a nice situation about two miles out of town. Brisbane is not a bad little town; but there are few good buildings. Government House is charmingly situated at a bend of the river, with a beautiful semi-tropical garden sloping down to the water's edge, while the botanical gardens are behind it on the one side, and the Parliament House, a good substantial building, on the other. At twelve I took Ross, who rowed with me in the Balliol eight of '83, on board the yacht. He has only been out here six months, and has already made 150*l.* at the bar, which is not a bad beginning. We talked over the proceedings of the Con-

ference, and he rather surprised me by saying that his old schoolfellows at the Brisbane Grammar School were against paying a contribution towards the increase of the Imperial navy in colonial waters, and denounced it as a simple tribute. If they pay anything, they think that the ships should become the property of the colonial government. If this is the opinion of the young Queenslander, who may be presumed to belong to some of the best families in the colony, it argues ill for the continuance of the connection between the colony and the old country. We were delayed in starting, and had to stop a few miles farther down, through the bursting of two of the boiler tubes, but we were clear of the river before dark. Brisbane is sixteen miles from the mouth of the river, which by dredging has been made practicable for large sailing-vessels and for the biggest B. I. steamers. We found a nice breeze from the S.E. in Moreton Bay, and were soon racing along at over ten knots.

Friday, July 28th.—We had a lovely sail with the wind on the quarter. From four A.M. to four P.M. we averaged eleven. At six A.M. we were off Indian Head, and at noon rounded Breaksea Spit, a very dangerous shoal.

Saturday, July 29th.—We dropped anchor off the mouth of the Fitzroy River soon after daybreak, as we found that the tide would not allow us to go up till the afternoon. We landed at the pilot station in the morning, and had a fine view across Keppel Bay to Keppel Island and the hills on the north shore of the river. At three o'clock we proceeded. For the first ten miles the river is wide, and the banks flat and uninteresting. It then curls round by some fine hills on the north bank, and the bush comes right down to the water's edge. We had some lovely views as the sun set. At nine P.M. we brought up in midstream off Rockhampton. The Mayor, Mr. Kelly, came on board to welcome us. He is a grocer by trade, and I heard afterwards a red-hot Fenian. Rockhampton is forty miles from the entrance to the river, and, in spite of enormous sums spent on dredging, and 75,000*l.* spent on a

wall to create a scour, will never become a great port. The river silts up again as fast as it is dredged; on one of the bars there is only four feet at low water, while the tides rise ten or twelve feet, the night tides rising generally about two feet higher than the tides in the daytime. There is ample wharf accommodation for more ships than are ever likely to come here. Opposite where we lay is a big new wharf, which was only used once while we were at Rockhampton—a good specimen of the waste of public money. The Government gives pound for pound, and sometimes two pounds for one, contributed by the locality on works of this kind, so every local authority tries to get as much Government money as possible spent in their own district.

Sunday, July 30th.—At 11 went ashore to church, a fine stone building, which looked all the finer as most of the houses in Rockhampton are one-storeyed and built of wood or of brick. Mr. Ruddock preached a good sermon on the want of religious teaching in the Queensland Government schools. In New South Wales an hour every day is allowed for religious teaching, which can be given by a minister with the written consent of the child's parents. Mr. Ballard, one of grandfather's old employés, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and Mr. Thomson came to lunch. It had been hot on shore, but it was very cool under the awning in the afternoon.

Monday, July 31st.—Mother, father, Des Graz, Charlie, and the rest of the family started at 10 in charge of Mr. Callan and Mr. Fees for Mount Morgan. The road ran for twenty miles through flat country, timbered but not heavily; the grass long but poor, and burnt in many places. We saw a good many cattle. After crossing the Razor-Back, which was a terribly stiff pull for the horses, and over which, until the present road was made, wagons had to be dragged by means of pulleys, the country is hilly and the road very bad. After a substantial lunch in the offices of the company, we went up the mountain.

Mount Morgan is about 1,200 feet above sea-level, and

stands in the middle of hills which, like itself, are covered with timber. The gold-bearing stone is generally a species of iron-stone, but there is also a considerable quantity of kaoline, or porcelain-clay, containing a large percentage of gold. At present they are working the stone from an open cutting right through the top of the hill. The cutting is 250 feet long and 130 feet wide. When you consider that many gold-bearing reefs are only a few inches wide, you may almost literally say that Mount Morgan is a mountain of gold. We picked up several specimens of stone showing specks of gold, but some of the richest stone, yielding 32 ounces to the ton, was of an uninteresting reddish colour. Many tons from one face of the hill had been crushed showing this high average. Two hundred feet lower down the hill a tunnel has been driven in to cross the line of the big reef. Two smaller reefs have already been struck—parallel to the main one—which yield from one to seven ounces to the ton. The average yield from all the stone crushed at Mount Morgan is five ounces to the ton—an extraordinary yield, considering that hardly any reef in Australia yields over two ounces, and most under one ounce to the ton.

It is very interesting at Mount Morgan to see the old and new processes at work side by side. The old process is much the same as that used for extracting gold from quartz. The stone is crushed by stampers; the mud flows over felt and quicksilver which collects part of the gold, and then into tanks where it settles. From these it is dug out from time to time, roasted and treated. The disadvantage of this process is that nearly as much gold remains in the tailings as is extracted from the stone.

The new process, in that it has effected a complete revolution in gold-mining, is the most interesting thing at Mount Morgan. The fact that chloride of lime would turn gold into a liquid was known to the alchemists of the middle ages, and for some years it has been used for this purpose at Freiburg, and also to a small extent in America. An article in the

'Town and Country Journal,' describing the process, struck Mr. Wesley Hall, the manager, when he was in Melbourne. He came back to Mount Morgan determined to try it, and found that the mining chemist had been struck by the same article, and had begun to make experiments. This is the account Mr. Hall gave us himself of the discovery of the chlorination process, and he gave it in a very modest way, giving full credit to the chemist for his share in the discovery.

The chief feature in the process is that no water is used in the crushing; a very important thing, as during last summer's drought the stampers had to stand idle for several months. The stone goes first through a stone-breaker, then through two sets of rollers which reduce it to a fine powder. The powder, after being roasted to get off any water, is mixed with chloride of lime, sulphuric acid, and water, and put in a barrel which revolves slowly for three or four hours: chlorine gas released from the lime dissolves the gold. The liquid is drawn off into leitching tubs filled with stones which collect the sand. Thence it passes on into filtering vats which have two or three feet of charcoal at the bottom. The charcoal collects all the gold, and there is no waste. The charcoal is then roasted, and a dust remains which is 78 per cent. pure gold, this is melted down into ingots. The latter part of the process, i.e. the charcoal filters, has never been used except at Mount Morgan.

Mount Morgan was first discovered eighteen years ago by some men who were prospecting for copper. The story says that they sent for an assayer, who told them that there was no copper, but that they were standing on a mountain of gold. 'We don't want gold, give us copper,' replied the first discoverers of Mount Morgan, and left it in disgust. It was only three or four years ago that the gold-bearing qualities of the stone at Mount Morgan were discovered by the people from whom it takes its name. They sold out for 100,000*l.* The capital of the present company is nominally 1,000,000*l.* in 1*l.* shares (17*s.* 6*d.* paid up), which are now selling for 6*l.* The working expenses for the last quarter (i.e. 2nd 1887)

were 58,000*l.* : 2,000*l.* per week in wages, and the balance for the new plant and machinery. They crush about 560 tons of stone per week, which will be nearly trebled when the new works are completed. The dividend for last quarter was 50,000*l.*, which is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the present value of the shares, but the output for next year is estimated at one million pounds' worth of gold.

We had a most substantial dinner at the little wooden hotel which has only just been finished. It was built entirely of wood; and the partitions did not go up to the ceiling, but the rooms were clean and the beds comfortable. Egerton, Des Graz, and I spent a pleasant hour at the office. Fees, a German, was a good old fellow, and Wesley Hall evidently a very able man.

Tuesday, August 1st.—Charlie and I turned out at 7, and had a swim in one of the dams near the works. It was a nice fresh morning, and as it clouded over during the day it was never too hot. Even when the thermometer stands at over 100° in the daytime, they say they always want a blanket at Mount Morgan at night. We had another look round the works after breakfast, to impress the different processes on our memories. Mr. Lyall, the mining manager, had been eight years on the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada, had been many years at Sandhurst, and curiously enough fifteen months at Kendenup, looking after the Hassells' gold mine which came to nothing. We were back in town in time for lunch, and for an 'at home' in the afternoon. At 6 the Naval Volunteers and Naval Brigade (who are on a kind of militia footing), about 60 strong in all, paraded in their drill shell, and father made them a speech. After dinner there was a well-attended meeting to form a centre of the St. John's Ambulance Association, at which mother made a long and good speech, though she was terribly tired after the visit to Mount Morgan. At 10 the ladies of the party, Charlie, Des Graz, and the Doctor left by train for Springsure and visionary opal mines.

Wednesday, August 2nd.—Writing and reading most of

the morning. Father and I went for a smart pull in the 'Flash' before lunch. There is a very pretty reach just below Rockhampton; the regular Australian bush on one bank, and green bushes and trees, like one sees on a river at home, on the other, with a good view of the hills down the river. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, of Balnagowan, with their son and daughter-in-law, lunched on board. Mr. Macdonald is a cousin of Mr. De Salis, whom we met in Sydney. In the afternoon Mr. Wright and I drove out with Dr. Macdonald to Nine-Mile Swamp, where we found Dr. Stewart and four or five other sportsmen awaiting us. We then posted ourselves round various swamps a mile or two apart. Dr. Macdonald, Mr. Wright, and I surrounded a swamp on which there were any number of ducks, pigmy-geese, and other kinds of wild fowl, but once put up they were very wild and flew high. We had several shots at long ranges, but only managed to bag one duck. Mr. Callan, Mr. Fees, and Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald dined on board; we had some nice music afterwards, as both Mrs. Macdonald and Mr. Fees were musical.

Thursday, August 3rd.—The rest of the party returned early from Springsure, having found no opals. The only opal mines of any account are on the Listowel Downs, 200 miles to the south-west of Barcaldine, the terminus of the Central Queensland railway. At 11 we went to inspect the Hospital, which stands on a low ridge about a mile outside the town. From there Dr. Macdonald drove me in his buck-board to Gracemere, the Archers' place. The Archers, sons of the British consul at Christiania, were the original settlers in the Rockhampton district, and for some time much of the land on both sides of the river belonged to them. They now have only a few thousand acres on the south side of the river, and a station up country. Gracemere is a pretty wooden house covered with creepers, situated on a point running out into a big lagoon. A garden runs down from the house to the water, with some good trees in it, pines,

figs, and cocoa-nuts; but the flowers have rather come to grief in the recent drought. Mr. Archer, one of the original brothers, and Miss Archer, who had just come out from Norway, were both pleasant. Young Archer, a nephew of the old gentleman, manages the station, and a very nice fellow he seemed. They are a fine family, and I wish I could have seen more of them. After lunch we went to the farm and saw some of the stud Hereford bulls, as well as some *unirrigated* lucerne paddocks. We drove back to town through the 'Fairy Bower,' a favourite place for picnics from Rockhampton, where there are some very pretty trees and shrubs overhanging a creek. I found Mr. Macdonald waiting for me at the wharf, went on board to say good-bye to the 'Sunbeam' party, and then we started on our twenty-two mile drive to Balnagowan. We crossed the river by the iron bridge, and then turned along the north side in the direction of the sea. For the best part of the way we drove along the edge of the flats between the hills and the river, where there was pretty good timber, and where the feed was fair. We reached Balnagowan soon after dark. Besides Mr. McMicking who came out with us, the party consisted of Mrs. and Miss Macdonald, Miss Jeffreys, young Macdonald, a good fellow, and Cockburn, who had a curious history. He had passed for the army, then gave it up, and went out to the Cape, where in a few years he made 30,000*l.* on the diamond fields by taking up claims and selling them at a profit. After being some time at home he went out again, speculated in shares, and lost all he had in the panic of '82. His brother was not much more lucky; he invested a large sum in a sugar plantation at Mackay, and was ruined with many other planters when the price of sugar fell, and when the regulations of the Griffith ministry with regard to Kanaka labour came into effect.

Friday, August 5th.—A bright morning, and until 10 o'clock the wind quite cold. The climate at Balnagowan must be one of the most delightful in the world for the

Tropics. It is twenty degrees cooler than Rockhampton; in the summer the nights are never hot and in winter they never have a frost. After breakfast young Macdonald drove Mr. McMicking back into town, and Mr. Macdonald, Cockburn, and I, with a Kanaka boy in attendance, started on horseback after ducks. During the morning we tried the swamps in the bush between the station and the sea; they were generally narrow and winding, a very short distance apart, and as there were ducks on every one we had very good sport. Mr. Macdonald stalked them and shot at them on the water, while Cockburn and I posted ourselves a little distance off on the lagoon on either side of him, and got some very pretty shots as they flew past. It was very delightful riding along in the shade of trees in one's shirt-sleeves; and it was never too hot. The bush is far prettier and more varied than any I have been in yet. Beside the many varieties of gum, there were broad-leaved figs, dark green cedars (a very pretty tree), and pandanus (a kind of palm) on the edges of the swamps. In the afternoon we came to some broad swamps in the open. Mr. Macdonald went on one side and we on the other, Cockburn concealing himself behind a tree, and I in a bunch of rushes up to my waist in water. An immense number of ducks of all kinds—black-duck, wood-duck, whistlers, teal, &c.—got up as soon as the first shot was fired, but they flew rather high. Our total bag for the day was nineteen ducks, a teal, and a plover. Having no dog we lost nearly a third of what we knocked down.

Saturday, August 6th.—Out with young Macdonald and Cockburn over much the same ground as yesterday. We rode first to the beach of Keppel Bay, hard sand stretching for ten or twelve miles, along which we had a splendid gallop. In the afternoon we rode up to Point Look-out, from which we had a splendid view to the east over Keppel Bay, to the north along the coast to Emu Park, the embryo Brighton of Rockhampton, and south to the pilot station at Beachton and the mouth of the Fitzroy River, while to the west we

overlooked the whole station, backed by the Broken Mount, which is 1,200 feet high and covered with timber to the very summit. Our bag to-day was only nine ducks. Though the bags were not heavy, they were two most delightful and novel days' sport.

Sunday, August 7th.—Mr. Macdonald drove me back in to town, and we had a long yarn over his station and cattle. At Balnagowan he has about 10,000 acres of freehold and a small quantity of leasehold, on which he has 2,000 head of cattle. On his other station sixty miles on the other side of Rockhampton he has 4,000 head. Cattle in Rockhampton are worth from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* The meat-preserving company at Lakes Creek pay 12*s.* per cwt. for their cattle, and a good mob of bullocks will average from 8 cwt. to 8½ cwt. apiece. In Melbourne fat bullocks are worth from 8*l.* to 10*l.* Mr. Macdonald took 300 down some months ago and sold them at an average of 9*l.* 15*s.* per head. It cost him nearly 4*l.* a head to get them there, but even so he made a clear profit of 1*l.* a head above what he would have made had he sold them in Rockhampton. It costs less to drive them overland than to send them by sea, strange as it may appear; but the journey takes many months. Young Macdonald was talking of taking a mob of cattle, which Mr. McMicking had just bought, down to New South Wales. It would be a seven months' job and a hard and lonely life, but the pay was 3*l.* to 4*l.* a week. We lunched at the Criterion Hotel with Mr. Robinson, the Rockhampton head of the firm of Walter Reid and Co., and at two the tender left the wharf. It was quite cold steaming down the river, and I was glad to keep in the sun and out of the wind. We got on board the 'Maranoa' at six. She is a fine boat, steaming twelve to thirteen knots on thirty tons of coal, with good accommodation, good food, and an excellent lot of stewards. I was berthed with Mr. Fitzgerald, the superintendent of police at Cooktown, who was very pleasant.

Monday, August 8th.—Judge Cooper, the Supreme Court

judge of the Northern circuit, was one of our fellow-passengers. There has been a fuss about his expenses in Parliament lately (he is no friend of Griffith), and a committee has been appointed to inquire into the matter; I hope he will pull through all right. We had a very pleasant day; the water was smooth, there was a nice breeze from the south-east, and we were generally close to islands or the mainland. We arrived off Flat-Top island at eleven, where we disembarked passengers for Mackay. The entrance to the Mackay River, which is only navigable for small craft, is about two miles from the island, and Mackay is three or four miles up the river. The coast is low and sandy, and Mackay did not look as if it would be a pleasant place. It is the largest sugar-producing district in the colony, and I heard afterwards has the nicest society of any; there are many English gentlemen planting there. At three o'clock we entered the Whitsunday passage. It was very beautiful; the islands are hilly and covered with a peculiar kind of pine, known as the Whitsunday island pine. The lighthouse at the entrance to the passage signalled to us that there were French escapees on the north end of the island. This brings the *récidiviste* question rather nearer home. I had always thought that there were very few escapees in proportion to the fuss made about them. The scenery at the north end of Whitsunday passage is almost as beautiful as at the south end; the green wooded islets reminded one a good deal of Scotland. We reached Bowen at 8. It had been our original intention to drive across country to see Inkerman, Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith's station, and pick up the yacht farther up the coast. Mr. F. G. Macdonald, the sheriff, a fine old fellow, had arranged everything for me, but I did not care to undertake the drive of 120 miles alone when I found the yacht had gone on.

Tuesday, August 9th.—We arrived at Townsville at 6.30. The Custom House officer put me on board the 'Sunbeam,' but he had to go to the 'Chingtu,' one of the China Steam Navigation Company's boats, on the way. Her looks

were spoilt by the two breaks in her upper deck ; but the accommodation was good and the ship clean. When I got on board the yacht I found that mother had been very seedy since leaving Rockhampton, and that they had given up all idea of visiting the Charters Towers goldfield. Most of the party went ashore for the morning ; they said that it was a nice town, with good substantial buildings, and that they saw a much better class of people in the streets than they did at Rockhampton. Townsville is ambitious of becoming the capital of Northern Queensland. Unfortunately, the roadstead is open to the S.E. trade, and the water runs out shoal for two miles ; while the anchorage under Magnetic Island is six miles from the town. We kept gilling about till four o'clock, and in consequence, though there was a splendid breeze, we got no farther than Challenger Bay in the Palm Islands, a very snug anchorage for the night.

Wednesday, August 10th.—We had a good deal of rain during the night, and there was a lot of rain and mist hanging about all day. For about a hundred miles to the north of the Palm Islands there is a rainy belt, and the force of the S.E. trade is interrupted ; it would be interesting to know the reason. After breakfast we landed for an hour on the main island, on which there was some very pretty tropical jungle. We were well armed, as the blacks of Northern Queensland are cannibals ; but the few there were on Palm Islands were as miserable specimens of the human race as can well be conceived. Two of them came alongside the vessel last night in a wretched dug-out clamouring for 'bacca' ; and their huts we found were even more wretched than their boats ; they consisted of shelters made of blankets stretched round on stakes. In the middle of each shelter was a fire with women, children, and dogs sitting round it doing absolutely nothing. Poor creatures ! they can have no decent food ; the wonder is that they do not die off faster than they are doing. We were under weigh at twelve, and sailed

slowly across to the Hinchinbrook channel, the entrance to which was well buoyed.

Thursday, August 11th.—Captain Pennyfather, the police magistrate at Ingham, had telegraphed overnight to say that there was splendid duck-shooting and wallaby hunting round Ingham. Des Graz and I started at seven in the Colonial Sugar Company's steamer. It is eight miles up to the Victoria Wharf; the navigation is difficult, as the river is full of snags and sandbanks; but we reached our destination after grounding twice. We kept a sharp look-out for alligators, but there were none on the bank this morning. After an hour's wait we started on the tramway belonging to the Victoria Sugar Company, a very big concern, which has mills also in Fiji and the Sandwich Islands. On the river's edge there was a thick tropical jungle, but as we got away from it the country became more open, and was covered with long coarse grass, pandanus, and a few gums. We saw a good many cattle, but they looked very poor. The engine driver was a sportsman, and he pulled up once or twice to give us a shot at a wallaby. We bagged one between us. She had a young one in her pouch, which one of the firemen took to tame. At the Victoria Sugar-mill, which is eight miles from the wharf, we were met by Captain Pennyfather, Mr. Stuart, and Mr. Foster, the Company's manager. The Victoria Company have 12,000 acres here, 2,000 of which are under cane. Sugar-cane, I am told, can be grown for many years on the same soil; on some particularly rich soils in New South Wales it has been grown continuously for nineteen years. The Company employ 100 Chinese, 300 whites, and about 500 Kanakas, Malays, and Javanese. The Javanese are lazy and untrustworthy. Whites will not work for the wages which the Company can afford to pay, and the Chinese, if employed in too great numbers, are liable to strike. Cutting cane is very hard work, and unsuited to a white man; but a seasoned man apparently can stand the climate. A couple of years ago the Company tried white labour. They

engaged 100 young emigrants on a six months' agreement at 18s. a week, everything found. The men worked for two months, but just as crushing was about to commence struck for 25s. a week, the wages of an old hand, and, as the manager naturally refused to accede to their demands, broke their contract and marched off to Townsville. The Kanakas are the best labourers, and the sugar-planters have been put to great straits by the restrictions of the present Government on their importation. From the plantation we drove on to Ingham, called on Mrs. Pennyfather, and had lunch at a very comfortable hotel. Des Graz and I were keen to get some shooting, so Captain Pennyfather took us to some plains about four miles from the township. We saw a lot of duck, pigmy-geese, and a large mob of wild turkeys, and some native companions, but everything was so wild from being often shot at that we only bagged two ducks. As we were coming back we got into some long grass, which was swarming with wallaby, but it was too dark to see them. A long weary drive with tired horses brought us to Mr. Foster's, where we dined. We got off in the tramway at ten, and found Smith and the 'Flash' waiting for us at the wharf. Des Graz, Smith, and I rowed, and Captain Pennyfather steered. It was rather dark, but we only ran aground twice, fortunately on sandbanks and not on snags. Here, as in Borneo, the presence of crocodiles did not make the contemplation of an upset a very pleasant one. It was very hot and muggy, and we were glad when the rain came on to cool us. We were on board at one after a very jolly row; it was the best part of the day.

Friday, August 12th.—Under way at ten, and steamed through the Hinchinbrook channel, which is very fine, especially towards the northern end. The hills on the island rise almost straight from the water to over 3,000 feet, while the mountains in the coast range must be a good deal higher. We anchored off Cardwell at noon, and most of the party went ashore. Cardwell is a place of which great expectations

were formed some years ago, but which has 'gone back,' as they say in the Colonies, and now only consists of a few houses. Maize and sweet potatoes are grown to some extent in the neighbourhood, but there is no market for them. It was forty miles from Cardwell to Mourilyan, which we did not reach till after dark. Mourilyan is a very snug pretty little harbour, with an entrance between two hills so narrow that you could throw a stone across it.

Saturday, August 13th.—After breakfast we tried to stalk a black crane on one of the mud flats in the harbour, impelled by the pilot, who said he was worth 5*l.*, but he was too wary for us. At 11 Mr. Levinge, the manager of the Mourilyan Sugar Company, Mr. Nash, one of the partners, and Mr. Camry, a neighbouring planter, came to fetch us with two or three sugar-trucks specially rigged up to accommodate the party, which included six seamen as well as ourselves. The tramway runs for seven miles through a dense and very beautiful tropical jungle. It cost a large sum (3,000*l.* a mile) and a good many lives, as the jungle was very unhealthy. We passed one or two Chinamen's clearings and some blacks, the latter rather deficient in garments. After lunching at Mr. Levinge's comfortable bungalow, which is on the banks of the Johnson River, we looked round the mill.

The Mourilyan Sugar Company have 5,000 acres of land covered with dense tropical jungle, 800 acres of which have been cleared. At first, after the jungle has been cut and the rubbish burnt, the cane is planted with hoes between the stumps; when, after four or five years, the stumps have rotted or are cleared away, the land is ploughed and the cane replanted. Crushing was in full swing at the mill. The cane is brought in from the plantation on the tramway, and is passed through two sets of rollers, in between which steam and hot water is poured on it. The refuse from the crushing looks much like shavings, and is burnt in the furnaces with wood. The juice from both sets of rollers is pumped up into a tank on the top storey of the mill, where it is treated with sulphur. From

this it passes into tanks where it is mixed with lime ; the lime causes the dirt to rise to the surface and enables it to be skimmed off. In the next set of tanks it stands for some time, and the sediment settles to the bottom. The juice is drawn off by the ingenious device of a movable pipe with a float attached to the end, which only allows the upper and clearer part of the juice to flow. The syrup is then boiled in vacuum pans, the first of which reduces it to 10 per cent. density, the second to 15 per cent., and the third to 21 per cent. It then passes through a double set of filtering bags and is boiled in further vacuum pans. It is in this part of the process that the white grains of sugar begin to form, and it requires the most skilled labour of all. From these boilers the brown-looking syrup goes through some tanks into drums, with sides like a sieve, which revolve at the rate of 150 revolutions to the minute. The molasses is forced out of the drum by centrifugal force, and descends into tanks below to be treated again. In the drums remains the white sugar, which has only to be dried in an American drier to be ready for the market. The molasses from the first quality of sugar makes the second quality sugar, and so on. At Mourilyan they employ Javanese labourers almost entirely on the plantation ; they work them through their own headmen, and find that the system answers well.

We left the plantation at 3, took our friends, to whom we had taken a great liking, on board to see the yacht, and steamed out of the harbour at 5. We dropped the pilot outside, and made sail with a light breeze from S.E.

Sunday, August 14th.—Yesterday at Mourilyan was as perfect a day as can be imagined—a hot English summer's day, but with a nice breeze. To-day was the same. The breeze was still light, and we had every stitch of canvas set. In the evening we passed Cape Kimberley, off which is the spot on the Barrier Reef where Captain Cook got ashore in the 'Endeavour,' and nearly lost his vessel.

Monday, August 15th.—We were off Cooktown (so called

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because Captain Cook put in there to repair the 'Endeavour'), and got up steam to go into the river. There is very little room inside, and we were moored close to H.M.S. 'Harrier,' an old friend. She had just made the passage from Dinner Island (New Guinea), 460 miles, in 47 hours, coming in through a newly surveyed opening in the Barrier Reef. It must be very keen work running down on the reef; but Captain Pike, the commander of the 'Harrier,' says that a man at the masthead with the sun at his back can see the reef as plainly as he could Portland breakwater. There are numberless openings, and each opening is guarded by a detached bit of reef; but there is never a *cul-de-sac*. Cooktown is a small place, with one long straggling street, on the south side of the river. There is no back country to it, in fact there is none fit for cattle stations; and the place is only kept alive by the mines in the neighbourhood, the chief of which is the Palmer gold-field. This field has been worked for alluvial gold for some years, and they have now just begun quartz reefing. A little south of Cooktown there are tin mines, while at Croydon, on the Gulf of Carpentaria side of York's Peninsula, there is a new gold-field. The whole of Queensland, and especially the northern part, teems with mineral wealth. Mr. Lyons, the town-clerk, a very pleasant man, called on board in the morning, and Mr. Fitzgerald came to lunch. We played tennis in the afternoon in some rather rough courts, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Hannam and other people. In the evening Charlie left for England in the 'Dacca.'

Tuesday, August 16th.—Father and I walked up to the signal station on Grassy Hill; and though it was between 11 and 12 it was not too hot. On the way we passed a camp of blacks, who looked almost as wretched as those we saw on Palm Island. There are a lot of blacks round Cooktown; they are not allowed in the town at night, but they come in during the day to chop wood, &c., and are paid with tobacco and tea. They are cannibals, and are

very partial to Chinamen, several of whom disappeared last year.

In the afternoon mother went for a short drive, but she was too seedy to allow the horses to go out of a walk. Des Graz, Muñie B., and I, attended by three active seamen, went out on a dray into the bush to look for the large Queensland beans out of which match-boxes are made. By cutting down some trees and swarming to the tops of others we got a large supply, which we brought back in triumph to the ship.

Wednesday, August 17th.—Steamed out of the harbour at 8, leaving Brown very disconsolate on board the 'Harrier,' to bring on the washing and parcels. We found the trade-wind fresh outside, and had a lovely sail in smooth water. From Cooktown northwards to Cape York, about 400 miles, the navigation is more intricate than farther south. The Barrier Reef itself is closer to the coast, i.e. about ten to twenty miles from it, and numerous coral patches, sandbanks, and low islands block up the channel. There are only three lightships, and navigation at night is dangerous and in some places absolutely impossible. During the day we passed Cape Flattery and the Lizard Islands, both named by Captain Cook, and brought up for the night under the Howick Islands. We went ashore for an hour, but only found a deserted blacks' camp; there were no pigeons, turtles, or pearl shells, which the children had rather hoped to see.

Thursday, August 16th.—Under weigh at 6.30. The wind freshened gradually as the sun got up, and rounding Cape Melville lightship we were going a good 12. For the next few hours the breeze was completely eaten up by an enormous bush fire on the mainland. At 7 P.M. we anchored close to the second lightship, having made good 115 miles.

Friday, August 17th.—We went ashore early on a low sandy island just to windward of the lightship, where we found a bêche-de-mer camp, and two 7-ton luggers lying off

the shore. In the camp there were a dozen blacks and only one white man, who told us that he had three more boats away on the reef fishing for bêche-de-mer. The trepang, or bêche-de-mer, is a sea-slug one to four feet long, which is obtained on the reef either at low water or by diving. It is boiled and dried before being packed off to China, which reduces its length to four or five inches. After breakfast we simply cleaned out the lightship. The captain was a Dane, and his wife a Swede, and they refused to take any payment for the lovely corals and shells which they gave us except some tobacco to trade with the natives. This excellent couple had lived on their lightship for five years, and had only been twice away, so they were rather astonished when they came on board the yacht. We were under weigh at 11, with a fresh breeze as usual. The navigation was very intricate, and owing to our late start we did not make the third lightship till after dark.

Saturday, August 20th.—Under weigh at 6. We rounded Cape Greville before breakfast, and at 4 P.M. entered the Albany Passage, which is about three miles long and half a mile broad. The tide runs five knots, and as the passage runs due S.E. and N.W. the trade blows through with the force of a moderate gale, and makes the anchorage by no means a pleasant one. The hills on either side the pass are wooded; but it is not nearly so pretty as the Whitsunday Passage or Hinchinbrook Channel.

Sunday, August 21st.—Service on board at 11. After lunch mother, Des Graz, Mabelle, and the children went ashore on Albany Island, while father, Mr. Wright, and I went across to Somerset, which is on the mainland. Somerset was originally a Government station, but the establishment has long since been moved to Thursday Island. It is now a cattle station belonging to a Mr. Jardine; he and his brother more than twenty years ago, when the blacks were much more dangerous than they now are, came right through the bush from Rockhampton. There are only three Europeans at the

station, and as a mob of cattle had started southwards that morning there was only a Mr. Schrammd at home. They have about a thousand head of cattle in all, which are scattered about in various directions. The country in the north of the peninsula is covered with jungle, which is impenetrable except to one who knows the tracks—a good bushman is of little use—but there are a few open plains. The nearest station to this is 200 miles off, so the life must be lonely here. Mr. Schrammd took us to see a blacks' camp. The huts, at present unoccupied, are the most substantial we have seen, being built of old packing-cases and thatched with straw. Mr. Schrammd said the blacks up here were not really dangerous, and that all their station hands are Queensland blacks.

Monday, August 22nd.—It took us two hours to get our anchors, as the chain of the starboard anchor was round and round the stock of the port one. Just outside Albany Passage we passed Cape York, the northernmost point of Australia, and an hour afterwards made the group of islands of which Thursday Island is the centre. We sailed through the main channel to the north of Goode Island, but when we turned to steam back against wind and tide into the anchorage it was a stiff job, as the tide in one place runs six or seven knots. Mr. Milman, the Resident Commissioner, came on board as soon as we dropped our anchor; and in the evening we had a game at lawn tennis at his house on a fair court. Mr. Symes dined on board, and we had a rubber.

Thursday, August 23rd.—Mr. Dubbins, the chairman of the Divisional Board which has lately been established here, came off in the morning. In the afternoon we went across to a pearl station on Prince Edward's Island. There are a good number of pearl stations in the Thursday Island group, each of which has six or seven luggers, manned by crews of South Sea Islanders or Manillamen. Each diver is in charge of his own boat, and is now very seldom a white man, as the natives are found to work better when left to themselves. The crews are entirely composed of South Sea Islanders or Manilla-

men, as there have been one or two cases of a South Sea Islander being drowned by his Manilla crew and *vice versa*. Considering the apparent risk of the occupation, there are very few lives lost by accident. The divers will, as a rule, go down to seventeen fathoms, and in some cases to twenty-two fathoms. The chief danger at the greater depths arises from the difficulty of seeing the fissures and holes. If a diver falls into one of these he may injure the air tube, and may very possibly disturb a shark. If there are sharks about the diver folds his hands, which are the only exposed part of his body, under his arm-pits, and the smell of the india-rubber dress is said to keep them at a distance. A diver earns from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year, and the crew get 2*l.* to 3*l.* a month with rations. After spending half an hour looking at diving-dresses and seeing the men cleaning shells ready for packing, we steamed across to Thursday Island, and were in time to have a game of tennis before dinner.

Wednesday, August 24th.—To-day we steamed down to Goode Island. We landed at Mr. Stevens's pearling station, and walked up to the lighthouse on the top of island. It is proposed to put a fort on Goode Island to command the Endeavour Strait—the best route through the Torres Straits, which is only a mile wide. It is also proposed to put a fort on the Black Rock in Normanby Sound, to command the approach to Thursday Island from the westward; but nothing has been done up to the present. M. de Mey d'Alkemade, a Frenchman who was staying with the Stevens, accompanied us in our walk. He must have a curious history, to bury himself in this out-of-the-way spot; the people here say that he is a political exile. We played tennis at the Milmans' in the afternoon. Mr. Hall, the manager of the station we went to see yesterday, came to dinner, and seemed a very nice fellow.

Thursday, August 25th.—Mr. Milman and Mrs. Hunt, the wife of a missionary just come out from home, came on board at 6. We steamed out through the Flinders Passage against a strong trade, and shaped our course for Murray Island up

the North-west channel, by which all sailing vessels from the Pacific enter Torres Straits. There was a nasty jump which made us all feel unwell for a few hours, but mother was not at all affected by it ; in fact, she seemed a good deal better. During the afternoon we were well sheltered by some reefs, and in the evening we anchored under the lee of Yorke Island.

Friday, August 26th.—A few hours' hard steaming brought us to Darnley Island. We had almost determined not to attempt to steam the remaining thirty miles right in the wind's eye to Murray Island, the headquarters of the mission, when we saw the mission schooner, in which Mr. Savage and Mr. Hunt had left Thursday Island two or three days ago, brought up under the lee of Darnley. We anchored off the principal village at the south-west end. Darnley is a pretty island ; the hills in the centre rise to over 600 feet, and are well wooded, while along the shore there is a fringe of cocoanuts. As soon as we landed we were met by the chief of the island, a most respectable-looking old fellow, attired in dark trousers, white coat, and neat straw hat, and by two native police in smart blue and red uniforms. All the people had plenty of clothes, and we were surprised by the number who could understand a few words of English. The houses are neatly built of thatched-grass or palm-leaves, while the police barrack, the mission-house, inhabited by a South Sea Island teacher and his wife, and the school-house, which is also used as a church, are built of mud and whitewashed. There were a number of canoes drawn up on the beach ; one, which was apparently hollowed out of the trunk of a cocoanut tree, was over fifty feet long. We had lunch in a grove of cocoanuts on a spur of the hill, where we felt the full effect of the deliciously cool breeze. Mother had been carried up by some stalwart seamen in her chair, and she put 'Sir Roger' through all his tricks. He certainly never had such an appreciative audience ; the natives were delighted, and applauded vigorously. In the afternoon we walked across to the windward side of the island, and found two or three camps of bêche-de-

mer fishermen on the beach and several luggers. There was one European, but most of the *bêche-de-mer* fishermen are South Sea Islanders. There are about fifty on Darnley, and they rather 'boss the show' over the real natives. We passed through several patches of cultivation; yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, and sugar-cane are the chief products. The soil is volcanic and very rich, so it is probable that there will before long be European settlers on these islands who will grow sugar-cane, coffee, and other tropical products. There seemed to be plenty of rich grass, and, as the missionaries have a few cows at Murray Island, they will probably have cattle here too. The climate is not bad for eight or nine months; the thermometer stands at about 78° or 79° in the shade. All the time we were in these parts we did not feel it hot during the day; but it was hot below at dinner and at night. Mr. Hunt and Mr. Savage dined on board. Mr. Hunt has come out expressly to extend the influence of the mission up the Fly River in New Guinea. The missionaries come out for ten years at a stretch, and after that time very few care to go home. They have lost all their friends, and they do not like to leave their work, as it all goes to pieces in their absence.

Saturday, August 27th.—We got under weigh at last at 8 o'clock, after nearly running on one of the reefs by which we were surrounded. We had a splendid sail for most of the way, with the wind a point or two abaft the beam. We passed a large full-rigged ship and a Swedish barque as if they were standing still, but the vessel did not do so well as she ought to have done, considering the breeze and the smooth water. We brought up off Point King for the night, as it was too dark to get through the narrows to Port Kennedy (the anchorage at Thursday Island).

Sunday, August 28th.—We had service at 10, and afterwards dropped down with the tide to our anchorage. We found out that Brown could not possibly be here for another four days. The delay disgusted us all very much, as, in spite of

the kindness of Mr. Milman, there is very little to do here, and mother is certainly losing strength.

Monday, August 29th.—Writing and reading occupied most of the day. In the evening played at tennis at Mr. Milman's.

Tuesday, August 30th.—In the afternoon we had a great rifle-match between four of the crew and four of the police at Thursday Island. At 200 yards the scores were even, but at 400 yards our men won by 7 points. Mr. Kindred won the competition amongst our own men.

Wednesday, August 31st.—We went for a picnic on Friday Island in the 'Albatros,' a nice little steam-yacht of 70 tons, which Mr. Milman uses to visit the islands on the New Guinea coast, for which he is Commissioner. She has just been down to Somerset after some French escapees. A boat-load got over a short time ago; five or six have been killed by blacks; the remains of one who had probably been eaten by his comrades were found; one gave himself up, and the rest were captured. Friday Island was sandy, but there were some good trees. We had a most sumptuous lunch near a deserted pearling station, and got back in time to have a game at tennis in the evening.

Thursday, September 1st.—The China boat, and the 'Rockton,' with Brown on board, came in at last. Captain Dodd and Mr. David Lindsay, the explorer, lunched on board. Mr. Lindsay told me that on his last expedition he discovered some country in South Australia as good as the Barcoo district, the best sheep country in Queensland. He is now going to start from Port Darwin to meet an expedition starting from Adelaide at a place where they think they have discovered rubies. The afternoon was occupied in bringing on board from the 'Rockton' three heavy boat-loads of stores, including vegetables, several sheep, and a goat. It is impossible to obtain supplies at Thursday Island; all their meat is imported, and there is only one Chinaman who grows a few vegetables. Mother, though she was so ill, would direct everything. At last at 5 o'clock we got under weigh on our home-

ward voyage. We found a nice breeze when we got clear of the islands, but the trade has been much lighter the last three days.

Queensland, like Victoria, was in its infancy a dependency of New South Wales. Moreton Bay and the Brisbane River were not explored till 1823, and in 1825 a convict settlement was established there; but as long as the Moreton Bay district remained a convict settlement it made no progress. In 1843 land was thrown open to selection, and from that time the colony began to go ahead, though even in 1846 the population was only a little over 2,000. In 1859 the Moreton Bay district was separated from New South Wales, and erected into an independent colony with responsible government under the name of Queensland. The fine pastoral country on the Darling Downs was becoming settled, new districts were constantly being opened up, gold and other minerals were discovered, and from 1859 the colony made rapid progress. The population, which in 1859 was only 30,000, has increased tenfold in less than thirty years, chiefly through the system of assisted emigration. At the time when we were in Queensland the colony was only just recovering from a prolonged drought, and a good season was expected. With the opening up of good land in the back country, and the discovery of new gold-fields of extraordinary richness, Queensland may be expected to make greater progress in the next ten years than the adjoining colonies.

Queensland, which lies in the N.E. corner of the Australian continent, possesses a larger extent of territory than either Victoria or New South Wales. The bulk of Queensland lies within the tropics, but at a short distance inland from the coast runs a continuation of the coast range of New South Wales, behind which the country is for the most part an elevated tableland. Though the sun on this is very hot during the day, the thermometer standing at 112° in the shade, the air is dry and the nights are cool, in the winter months often

frosty. Cattle, and even sheep, do well on this tableland almost to the extreme north of the colony. Tropical vegetation luxuriates only near the coast. Thus Queensland on the whole cannot be looked on as a tropical country.

The Darling Downs, which lies behind the coast range inland from Brisbane, was by far the most famous wool-growing district in the earlier days of the colony. I passed through it at a bad time of year—July—when there was not a green thing to be seen anywhere, but nevertheless it looked a splendid country. In places, as for example round Warwick, there is a good deal of cultivation (irrigation being employed to some extent), but the wheat is inferior to that grown in South Australia. Farther north, 300 miles inland from Rockhampton, there is fine sheep country round Barcaldine and Blackall, and farther north still on the Peak Downs; but the best district in Queensland for sheep, surpassing even the Darling Downs, is on the Barcoo, a country about which little was known a few years ago.

Sheep will not do on the country near the coast—they are liable to footrot, fluke, and other diseases—but there are cattle everywhere. There are cattle stations near Brisbane, near Rockhampton, near Mackay, and even as far north as Somerset on the Albany Pass.

In the northern part of Queensland there is a great deal of poor rocky country, such as that round Cooktown, which is useless for cultivation, sheep, and even for cattle. But much of the soil in the coast country, especially on the banks of the rivers, is very rich. It is generally thickly timbered, and in the rainy belt between the Palm Islands and Cooktown there is dense tropical jungle. Much of the timber growing on the coast country is valuable, and a considerable quantity of cedar is exported. The sugar-cane is generally grown on soil from which the tropical jungle has been cleared. On almost every river, from the Fitzroy northwards to Cooktown, there are large sugar plantations.

It is impossible when talking of Queensland not to say

something of the eastern coast line, which is in some respects quite unique. From Brisbane to Cape York is 1,400 miles, and from Rockhampton northwards for some 1,000 miles the coast is protected from the ocean swell by the Great Barrier Reef. The outer edge of the reef, which is at a distance of thirty to seventy miles from the coast, is a fairly continuous line of coral, with a number of passages through it, only a few of which are well known and surveyed. Inside the outer reef are a mass of coral patches, islands, and islets. The navigable channel for steamers is inside these. As far north as Cooktown the navigation is fairly easy, as the reefs lie some way off the coast; but north of Cooktown the passage is often very narrow, and navigation impossible, or at least extremely hazardous, at night. There is much beautiful scenery on the coast between Rockhampton and Cooktown; and as a yachting ground it is unsurpassed. The water is always smooth, and there is always a nice breeze. It is perhaps interesting to note that all the capes and bays on this coast bear the names which Captain Cook gave them more than a century ago. The coast of Queensland on the Gulf of Carpentaria is low, and fringed with mangroves. It is very hot, as there is not the cool S.E. trade wind blowing which tempers the heat of the other coast. There is no place on the gulf which can be called a port. Normanton deludes itself with that idea, but it is fifty or sixty miles up a shallow river, and the water runs off so shoal that steamers have to lay seven or eight miles even from the mouth. Bad port as it is, Normanton is the outlet for a rich district, which is rising rapidly in importance through the opening up of the Croydon fields.

Of late years the territory of Queensland has been increased by the annexation of all the islands lying between it and the coast of New Guinea. The most important of these, and the best known, are the Thursday Island group lying in the centre of Torres Straits. These straits, since the better lighting and beaconing of the passage inside the Great Barrier Reef,

have become a great highway for traffic, not only to Queensland but to New South Wales and the southern colonies. As the trade between India and Australia and China and Australia increases, as it is rapidly doing, Torres Straits are destined to become one of the most important passes in the East. The straits are, for the most part, blocked up by reefs; the only channel that is much used is just to the north of Thursday Island. A fort commanding this passage would be a great protection to the Australian colonies generally, besides securing this important coaling-station. Nothing in the way of defence has been undertaken as yet, and nothing will be undertaken unless the Imperial Government do their share in the matter. The Queensland Government would bear a proportion of the expense, but a young colony, which has so many calls on its revenue to develop the material resources of the country, cannot be expected to burden itself with the entire cost of the fortifications.

Queensland is the great cattle-raising colony. She has over four million cattle, compared with one and a quarter million in Victoria and New South Wales; while she has only eight million sheep, as compared with ten million and thirty-four and a half million in Victoria and New South Wales respectively. But though she may be pre-eminent for her cattle, though she may be famous for her wool and her sugar, Queensland is destined to become even more famous still for her unparalleled mineral resources, which include gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, and coal. Gold was first discovered in 1858, or seven years later than the discovery of the famous gold-field at Ballaarat in Victoria, and it was not till 1867 that a really payable gold-field was opened up at Gympie. Since then numerous gold-fields have been opened up, the most important of which are the Charters Towers, near Townsville, and the Palmer, near Cooktown. In 1885 the amount of gold raised in Queensland was 300,000 oz., less than half the quantity raised in the same year in Victoria, and only a tenth of the quantity raised when the Ballaarat diggings were

at their best. In the last two years two extremely rich deposits of gold have been discovered, the one at Mount Morgan near Rockhampton, the other at Croydon on the Gulf of Carpentaria side of York's Peninsula. Whereas the yield of gold for the whole colony was in 1885 worth only a little over 1,000,000*l.*, the output of Mount Morgan is estimated at one million pounds worth of gold, so that its importance cannot well be over-estimated. Coal of an inferior quality is found near Brisbane. Tin, mainly alluvial, is found in many places; but the chief place of export is Port Douglas. There are opal-mines in the far west on Listowel Downs. The great difficulty which miners have to contend with, especially in Northern Queensland, is the heat.

As I was only a day in Brisbane, I did not have the opportunity of learning much of Queensland politics. Sir Samuel Griffith, the premier, had just returned from England, where he had been ably representing Queensland at the Colonial Conference. He came into office two years ago on the downfall of the McIlwraith Government, through the failure of their transcontinental railway scheme. Sir Samuel Griffith is supposed to represent the more advanced part of the community, i.e. the working-man of Brisbane; Sir Thomas McIlwraith is more identified with the interests of the squatters; but parties are very much mixed. The former's tenure of office has not been altogether a success. There seems to be a general feeling, which increases in intensity as one goes north from Brisbane, that the country is not so prosperous as it was under the government of Sir Thomas McIlwraith. Production and trade, it is thought, have alike fallen off. This feeling exists even at Rockhampton; it is strong both at Cooktown and Townsville, and has its heart amongst the sugar-planters of Mackay. There is little doubt that the demand for separation would not have arisen but for the policy pressed on Sir Samuel Griffith by his supporters, who are very jealous of coloured labour. The facts of the case are these: you must

either allow coloured labour on the sugar plantations, where white men cannot work, or the country must remain a desert. The Brisbane working-man does not like the former, the planters and North Queenslanders are determined not to allow the latter. The demand for separation, though it has been refused by the Home Government, seems to be growing. Herberton, situated on a high tableland between Cooktown and Townsville, is already talked of as the capital of the future colony, on account of the jealousy between the two latter. The feeling may die out, should timely concessions be made to the demands of the north; but in any case the present condition of North Queensland, and of the Northern Territory (of S. A.), shows how difficult it is for a democratic community to govern a country whose conditions differ from those in which they live.

The labour question is the bugbear of the Queensland Government, as it is of the governments of the other colonies; but they have not yet ceased to assist emigration. Unfortunately here, as elsewhere, the emigrant prefers to remain in the towns and join the ranks of the unemployed to going into the country, where there is plenty of work to be had, though perhaps not at quite so high a rate of wages as prevailed in the good times before the present depression.

Of the feeling of Queensland towards the mother country one could only form a hasty judgment from the articles in the newspapers and from one or two conversations. The 'Brisbane Courier'—the leading paper—had an article while we were there on the proposal adopted at the Conference that the colonies should bear a proportion of the cost of increasing the Imperial Navy in Australasian waters. It was argued that if Queensland agreed to the proposals she was paying merely for an increase to the Imperial Navy. Let her either pay no contribution or buy the ships right out for the colonial navy, the difficulty of manning in Australia being entirely left out of consideration. What I heard and read made me

leave Brisbane with the feeling that next time one visited Queensland she might no longer form a part of the British Empire.

It is not difficult to see why Queensland should be less loyal than the southern colonies. The two causes of dissatisfaction with the Home Government rankle more in Queensland than elsewhere. The annexation of the S.E. part of New Guinea was the bold act of the Queensland Government. Lord Derby disallowed it, and immediately Germany took possession of the N.E. portion of the territory which Queensland had annexed. The indignation of all Australians at the action of the Home Government knew no bounds, and of course it was felt most by Queenslanders, as it was their government which had been especially slighted.

In the same way the *récidiviste* question (or the transportation of French convicts to New Caledonia), closely bound up as it is with the occupation of the New Hebrides by France in defiance of all treaty obligations, comes home more especially to Queensland, for it is on her coasts that the convicts land after their 1,500 miles voyage across the ocean from New Caledonia. I had thought that the Australians were inclined to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, that hardly a boatload a year reached the coast, and that certainly not a convict a year succeeded in escaping to contaminate the morals of the people—of which they are always talking so much. But on our voyage up the Queensland coast we learnt that there was good reason for the outcry. As we passed through the Whitsunday Passage in the 'Maranoa' the lighthouse keeper signalled to us that a boat's crew of escapees had just landed on the island. At Thursday Island there were convicts in gaol when we arrived; another party were brought in while we were there, who had been taken on the coast near Cape York; and the 'Albatros' was away down the coast after a third party. That convicts escape so frequently and are able to water and provision a boat for a long voyage like this shows that the French authorities must be extremely lax. The

French violate no treaty obligations by retaining New Caledonia as a penal settlement, but Australians are irritated none the less ; and if we do not bestir ourselves both with reference to this and the New Hebrides questions, we cannot expect Queenslanders to believe there is much to be gained by connection with an empire which does not consider their interests.

CHAPTER VII.

THURSDAY ISLAND TO PORT ELIZABETH.

Friday, September 2nd, and Saturday, September 3rd.—We had a nice breeze on the quarter and sea perfectly smooth. We had every stitch of canvas set, including studding-sails, jib-topsail, and balloon topmast-staysails, and averaged between 8 and 9.

Sunday, September 4th.—We gradually lost the wind and it became very hot. In the afternoon we began to steam.

Monday, September 5th.—We made the land at daybreak. For most of the day we were steaming through Dundas Strait between Cape Don and Melville Island, which is inhabited by swamp buffalo, by dangerous blacks who attack visitors with stones, and by wildfowl of all sorts. We had rather looked forward to having a day's sport there, but mother being so ill now, we can but push on. We made our way through the Vernon Isles after dark, a rather difficult bit of navigation, and lay off the port for the night.

Tuesday, September 6th.—We made out the broad entrance to Port Darwin at daybreak, and brought up at 7 off Palmerston. Port Darwin is an enormous harbour with arms running in all directions, but it is not pretty, as the shores are low with the exception of Table Hill on which Palmerston stands. They have had some cases of small-pox at Palmerston, so for fear of being quarantined at Mauritius we determined to hold no direct communication with the shore. Mr. Parsons, whom we had met in Adelaide, Mr. Millar, the contractor, Mr. Reid, whose brother I stayed with at Murraybridge, and others came off to see us, but we con-

versed with them from a distance. Mr. Millar, who looks as nice a man as his brother, has just lost his yacht (the 'Red Gauntlet') on a reef near Port Essington. The railway is already finished for some twenty-five miles from here, and the section as far as the gold-fields (i.e. about ninety miles) should be completed within the year. Mr. Millar said that the South Australian Government would probably continue it right across the continent on the land-grant system within very few years. The doctor who came on board to see mother did not speak very hopefully of the prospects of the Northern Territory. There are a good many stations on the Victoria and Herbert Rivers; but there are no European planters. A few Chinese grow sugar-cane. During the afternoon we took in quantities of stores, vegetables and meat. In the evening we took in coal, which had to be worked by our own men for fear of getting infected. They set to with a will, and with three hours' hard work we took in about thirty tons. Mother, who was lying on deck, had her long chair turned round that she might see them. She has been so terribly weak to-day that the doctor almost despairs of her pulling through; but in spite of this she insisted upon sorting all the letters and papers this morning. Two tons of ice, a most important necessary, did not come on board till after midnight, and we did not clear the harbour till 2 A.M.

Wednesday, September 7th.—We have begun our four thousand mile voyage to Mauritius. It was very hot, 83° in the coolest part of the ship, and as the little breeze there was came from the S.E., there was not much draught on board. Mother seemed a good deal better than yesterday, but she was evidently much oppressed by the heat.

Thursday, September 8th.—Mother about the same as yesterday. At noon we had made 200 miles with the engines working at half speed, but we had twenty miles of current. At noon we ceased steaming, as there was a nice little breeze from the S.E., but it fell light in the afternoon, and we made slow progress during the night.

Friday, September 9th.—At 4 A.M. we began to steam again. Run 120; 50 sail and 70 steam. Mother seemed a bit better. She has been lying on the floor of the deck-house the last few days with punkah going continually. In the evening she is generally carried out on deck, but the dew is so heavy that we have to spread the awning, and the heat seems to oppress her terribly.

Saturday, September 10th.—There was a little air from S.E. which drew her along nicely with all balloon canvas set, and only 30 lbs. of steam were wanted to keep her going over 8. Run at noon 208. For the last few days we have been rehearsing 'Ici on parle français,' to help to pass the monotony of the long voyage, and the crew are to give us a nigger entertainment in return. Mother seemed better this evening. We all hope that she will pick up her strength rapidly when we get into the cool south-east trade. We have been expecting to pick it up every day, as we are now several hundred miles from the Australian coast.

Sunday, September 11th.—We were under sail through the night, and there was a nice breeze in the early morning. We had service as usual both morning and evening. Mother seemed about the same. The last few days I have been reading Lindsay Gordon's poems to her, which she likes very much. The vein of bitterness and sadness which runs through them, the love for the horse and the chase which they display, are all to her taste.

Monday, September 12th.—Last night we all thought mother better, but this morning I was fanning her as she lay asleep, and I felt by the expression of her face that the end was not far off. The conviction came on me like a sudden blow. She has been so often very ill before that I always thought she would pull through now. In the morning she called Pratt up and asked for some novels which had come on board at Sydney, and in the afternoon I read to her the first few pages of one of them, 'Colonel Dacre,' but her mind

was not strong enough to take in the story. We talked for some time of her father, and of her early lessons in riding, about George Sand, and about Pemberton, who, I told her, had written to me at Port Darwin to say how grateful he was to have been with us. In the evening she took a good deal of nourishment, and seemed to gather a little strength, but she soon fell back again. Mabelle and I watched by turns through the night, thinking the end might come at any time.

Tuesday, September 13th.—This morning Mother was much weaker; she was generally asleep, and when she was awake her mind was wandering. In the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, when Father, Mabelle, and I were in the room, she suddenly opened her eyes, and we saw that she was conscious. We called the children in at once. When she saw us all crying she said: 'Is it quite hopeless then?' and Father replied: 'We can only put our trust in God.' We asked her if there were any wishes she wanted carried out. She gasped out something about photographs which were in the cupboard at her side, but we could not make out what it was. She then asked for Mr. Wright, but we told her that we would write down what she said. She spoke with great difficulty, but we made out that she wanted the journal on which she had spent so much pains to be published, and she must have meant it to be illustrated by the photographs. The children asked her to give them each a ring out of a case which they held before her; but she said they were all divided amongst them, and 'the big cross for T. A. B.' We all kissed her in turn. Father read a prayer, she had just strength to put her arm round his neck, and then exhausted with the effort she lost consciousness. The children kissed her and left her. Between six and seven she took a good deal of nourishment, which we poured down her throat with a spoon, and she slept quietly for a few hours. About 11 o'clock a decided change came, just after I had relieved Mabelle, and she began to sink fast. I called the doctor, and

he remained with her through the night, while Mabelle and I watched by turns. She was often restless, and I asked her several times if she felt any pain. 'No pain, no pain,' she always murmured. I called Father at three, thinking that the end was near, but it was not till nearly eleven that she passed peacefully and painlessly away.

We buried her the same evening at sunset. The body was borne aft to the lee gangway by the four oldest hands, Mr. Kindred, John Fale, Muston, and Mr. Jones. The doctor read the service, Father read a few words on her life instead of the lesson, and her body was committed to the deep. Nothing can be more solemn or more impressive than a funeral at sea, and it was a fitting end for her who loved the sea so well. Our great consolation is that we were all with her at the last, and that these last days have been so peaceful and so quiet.

On the afternoon of September 14th we at last got into the strong trades, which we held until September 27th, the day after passing Rodriguez. During the fortnight we covered 3,076 knots, an average of 220 knots per day, and rather over 9 knots an hour. The best day's run was 276, and the greatest speed shown by the hand-log $13\frac{1}{2}$. For the greater part of the time we had a favourable current of 10 to 20 miles a day. We carried studding-sails always, and generally had our balloon topmast-staysails and jib-topsail set; but the trades was never of the same strength for many hours together, and we were constantly shifting balloon canvas for working sails and *vice versa*. From Rodriguez to Mauritius the wind was very light, and when we began to steam the tubes kept bursting, and we only just managed to crawl in.

We anchored off Port Louis at midnight on September 28th.

Thursday, September 29th.—We stayed on board all the morning reading our letters. The town of Port Louis stands

at the head of a deep narrow inlet. Behind it rises an amphitheatre of mountains over 2,000 feet high, with the most curiously shaped peaks. Pieter Botte, 2,600 feet, looks as if it had a huge obelisk on the top. We went ashore in the launch and steamed through a long line of fine vessels. There were five or six full-rigged ships, a number of barques, and a British Indian steamer the 'Lawada' (the first that has been here). Every ship in the harbour had her flag at half-mast, and we all felt deeply touched at the compliment to her who has been taken from us. We found it very pleasant on shore, and not nearly so hot as we anticipated. We lunched at the restaurant La Flore, where there is excellent French cooking, and drove out afterwards to the botanical gardens at Pamplemousse. Captain Hodder, of the Engineers, the Governor's A.D.C., who went with us, turned out to be a very nice fellow. The botanical gardens are large, and are remarkable for the splendid collection of palms from all parts of the world. There are some prettily laid out bits, but the trees want thinning, and the gardens are not nearly so beautiful as the gardens at Peridenya in Ceylon. The north of the island is flat and covered with sugar plantations, while between Pamplemousse and Port Louis there are only a few scattered patches of cultivation. The country we drove through was very like parts of India, dry and burnt up, and the Indian natives standing about in front of their mud huts helped to complete the illusion. Almost every Oriental race is represented in Mauritius; there are Bengalis, Madrassesees, Parsees, Arabs, Chinese. The Chinese are chiefly shopkeepers, while the vegetable-gardening, which we had been accustomed to see them do in Australia, is done by Indian natives who have saved enough from their wages to buy a patch of ground. We dined at the hotel.

Friday, September 30th.—We left the yacht at seven, and drove out to 'Réduit,' about seven miles to the south of Port Louis. Mr. Fleming, who is acting as Governor in the absence of Sir John Pope Hennessy, entertained us at break-

fast. Dr. Lowell, Hodder, and Mr. Fleming's secretary, a young man who had never been out of Mauritius, were the only other people. Réduit is 900 feet above the sea, situated in the fork between two rivers down which we had a fine view. All the rivers in Mauritius flow in deep cañons. There was a beautiful garden. Mignonette and all kinds of English flowers grew in profusion, as well as palms, mangoes, bougainvillea, and tropical plants, but the great feature was a mass of arum-lilies growing on either side of a little rivulet. After breakfast we drove on four miles to the foot of the Pouce mountain, and very hot and muggy work it was. Only Father, Mabelle, and Captain Hodder reached the very top (2,600 feet); the rest of us stayed on the shoulder below. The view was splendid, and as the island is only thirty miles long we got a fairly comprehensive idea of its configuration. The north of the island is quite flat and low. Port Louis is on the north-west coast, and is surrounded by a mass of mountains of which the Pouce is one. The bulk of the island to the south of the Pouce is a table-land from 1,000 to 1,800 feet above the sea, covered with fields of sugar-cane. From the top of the Pouce they looked like fields of waving corn, and the trees on the banks of the streams like hedgerows. In the south-west corner of the island is another mass of mountains running up to 2,700 feet, on one of which a party of maroons long defied the authorities. It is in these mountains that they hunt the elk, but it is not the season now, and people did not seem to take much interest in the sport. We lunched on the shoulder of the Pouce, but we were rather disturbed by the rain and a cold wind. After lunch we drove on to Vacoas. Mr. Robinson is a cousin of Maude's, and his sons had been at Eton with me, but they were away now, and only Mrs. Robinson and her two daughters were at home. Vacoas is a nice house with a beautiful garden, situated in the middle of the sugar plantation. Before dinner we walked up to see a curious crater not far from the barracks at Curepipe. Curepipe is 1,800 feet above the sea, and most of the European

troops have been moved up here from Port Louis, with the most beneficial result to their health. The climate is good, and Mr. Robinson said that they very seldom have it above 65° at night. At Port Louis just now there is not much to complain of, as the thermometer only stands at 74° on board the yacht. We found it quite cold driving back to the yacht after dinner. The sugar-mill at Vacoas seemed in very fine order. All the labourers are Indian coolies, who, Mr. Robinson said, work very well. They each have their house, rations, and a small plot of ground. Many of them save money, and settle here after their term of engagement has expired. In fact Mauritius may be said to be independent of imported coolie labour. The population is nearly 400,000, the bulk of which is of Indian origin. The white population is a little over 5,000, the larger part of which is French. There are besides 9,000 Chinese, and a good many Arabs, Mozambiques, and descendants of the slave population. Races have become so intermingled in Mauritius that it is often impossible to say what the people are.

Saturday, October 1st.—Father and I went ashore early to see the docks, the submarine mining department, and the fort. There are three docks, which are capable of taking an ordinary corvette, but which are not large enough for the 'Bacchante,' the present flag-ship on the Indian station. It is proposed to enlarge one of them if a subvention can be obtained from the Admiralty. The mining department was very busy. Hodder has only fifteen Europeans under him, but he is going to enlist some forty or fifty natives. The Home Government bears all the expenses of submarine mines here as well as at Singapore and Ceylon. The construction of the forts is thrown largely on the colonial government, while the colony pays 40*l.* for every infantry soldier, and 45*l.* for every artilleryman or engineer. Colonel Stewart and several of the officers came on board the yacht, and the Robinsons, Mr. Fleming, and Hodder stayed to breakfast. We were to have started at eleven, but did not get off till

past one. Just as we were starting I had two letters, one from Gilmer, who had been at Eton, and one from Roberts, who coached me my first term at Oxford, and is now professor in the college of Port Louis.

Mauritius has for motto on her blue ensign, 'Stella clavisque maris Indici.' In the days of the Cape route she certainly proved herself to be the latter; in the great war at the beginning of the century the French always had a large fleet here, which did great harm to our commerce. Even now Mauritius must be looked on as a valuable strategic base, and in the hands of an enemy would be a great danger. Sailing-ships from India and China pass close at hand; and expeditions against Australia, Ceylon, and other colonies might be fitted out at Port Louis. Port Louis is the only good harbour in this part of the Indian Ocean, as at Bourbon there are only open roadsteads. Any one visiting Mauritius cannot but be struck by the large population which such a small island supports, by the large revenue which is raised, and by the general appearance of wealth and commercial activity. The manufacture and production of sugar must be better understood than in most sugar countries; and, moreover, Mauritius has a ready market in India and Australia. We heard but little of the Pope Hennessy affair, but Mr. Robinson said that he had succeeded in stirring up a bitter feeling between the English and French inhabitants which would never die out. They were good friends before Pope Hennessy arrived on the scene, but now when they were travelling on the railway all the Englishmen got into one carriage and all the Frenchmen into another, and so on. I had thought before we came here that it was the Indian natives he was trying to rouse.

Sunday, October 2nd.—A lovely day. All day we could see the mountains of Bourbon, which are 10,000 feet high, towering above the clouds. Run 155. During the afternoon the wind fell very light.

Monday, October 3rd.—At 6 A.M. a squall from the south-

ward struck us, and one of our balloon staysails flapped itself to ribands. Run 83. The mountains of Bourbon still visible. In the afternoon we got a breeze from the S.E., which freshened into a strong wind by night and gave us a splendid shove. In the next three days we did 266, 282, 247 knots respectively, passing on October 5th about sixty miles to the south of Madagascar. On October 6th we lost the wind and had to begin steaming.

Friday, October 7th.—We got a nice breeze from the N.E., which by the next morning had freshened into a whole gale. We had been steering for Natal when we were under steam, but now we had a breeze we kept away for Port Elizabeth. It was the finest sail of the whole voyage, and had the breeze held we should have done well over 300 for the twenty-four hours. From midnight to midnight the runs for the six watches by log were 34, 44, 53, 50, 46, 42. At 10 P.M. we were going fourteen by the hand-log, but before eleven the wind had dropped light and began to head us. Run 227.

Sunday, October 9th.—The wind shifted suddenly round to south-west, and by 4 A.M. was blowing a gale from the south-west. It blew very hard from 10.30 A.M. to 3 P.M. We were, of course, hove-to and battened down. The sea was very steep, and in the lurches to leeward a good deal of loose stuff came over the lee-rail. Run 183 for little more than twelve hours' sailing. Towards evening the wind moderated, and we were able to let her forge ahead.

Monday, October 10th.—We made the land at Gordon Bay at 4 A.M. There was no wind, and a very steep swell from the S.W. We are now in the full strength of the Agulhas current, which sometimes runs down the coast at the rate of four miles an hour. From 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. we were under steam, but through the afternoon we had a strong breeze right aft. At 8 P.M. we made out the lights of East London.

Tuesday, October 11th.—We had hoped to reach Port

Elizabeth early; but we had instead to contend against a strong head wind from the W.N.W. It took us all day to beat along the coast. Close to the shore were sandy hills, and behind them were mountains covered with scrub, with here and there a grassy plain.

Wednesday, October 12th.—Anchored off Port Elizabeth at 2 A.M.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPE COLONY.

Wednesday, October 12th.—Algoa Bay is well sheltered from all winds except the south-easters, which blow with great violence; but the holding ground is good, and vessels with a good scope of cable ride them out in safety. Still two or three wrecks on the shore, and one or two lame ducks brought up not very far from us, looked rather ominous. Amongst them there was a little brigantine which had lost her fore-topmast and sustained other severe damages in Sunday's gale. We landed at one o'clock, and were agreeably surprised to find such a nice town. The houses are built of stone or brick, and roofed with slate; the town-hall is a good building; and in the main street there are some very good shops. We lunched at a fair hotel, and afterwards went out to the botanical garden. Water has had to be brought a distance of twenty-seven miles. There are a good many trees, chiefly Norfolk pines and Australian blue gums, which are a great relief to the sandy desert in which Port Elizabeth stands. The style of the houses in the residential part of the town reminded one of an English seaside place. The most noticeable thing about Port Elizabeth is the number of German shops and German merchants; in many parts of the world the Germans are beginning to cut us out now. In the afternoon Father and I went to call on Captain Robinson of the 'Roslin Castle,' which had just come out from England. Mr. Ford, Donald Currie's agent, had kindly arranged about our going up to Kimberley, and

at 9 P.M. we left for Grahamstown—Mabelle, Mûnie B., Des Graz, and I. The doctor was prevented from going at the last moment by the news of his mother's death.

Thursday, October 12th.—Arrived at Grahamstown at 6 A.M. after a comfortable journey, and took up our quarters for the day at Wood's Hotel, where we were very well looked after. Grahamstown is rather like an English country town; it is, in fact, the most English town and the capital of the most English district (Albany) in the colony, but the numerous wagons with teams of sixteen to twenty oxen stamped definitely the part of the globe in which we were. After breakfast we drove up to the botanical gardens, which, as it is now the end of spring here, were very gay with all kinds of flowers, English and sub-tropical. The roses, and a lovely walk shaded with good old English oaks in full leaf, pleased us most. The mayor and one of the magistrates met us on our return to the hotel, and took us to the town-hall, where there is to be an exhibition shortly. Both were thorough Englishmen. The latter had seen a good deal of service on the border, and was most bitter against the Dutch and their manner of treating the Kafirs. He said that he knew of cases of Dutchmen not only burning the Kafirs out of their farmhouses when they wanted to use them, but even of their reaping the Kafirs' crops. There was a feather market going on in the town-hall, and a dozen long tables were covered from end to end with piles of ostrich feathers of every colour and quality. The feathers were sold by auction, and we availed ourselves of the chance of getting some. After lunch we drove out to Mr. White's farm, which is seven miles from Grahamstown. We found the wind bitterly cold as we drove along the bleak, bare hills. Mr. White's house was like many Australian stations, one-storeyed, with a verandah. Across the stream which flowed in front of the house there was a lovely fruit and vegetable garden, with a good grove of oaks and a row of willows. One appreciates the bright green of the oaks after

the dull foliage of the Australian gums. Mr. White's stock consists of cattle, sheep, and ostriches. The latter are the most paying now, in spite of the low price of feathers. Sheep farms are very small compared with Australia; a man who owns 5,000 sheep is considered a big man. On the way back to town we saw one or two ostriches and a good deal of game—duck, snipe, partridge, pheasant, which looks much like a grouse, and 'corrhan,' a black bird with some white on the wing, which is said to be good eating. Before dinner Mabelle and I went to the St. Peter's Home, where three sisters (English ladies) are bringing up a number of colonial children for service. They rescue the children from the streets, and they do a great deal of good in a small way. Two of the sisters were known to us indirectly; the third, Miss West, was a sister of my old schoolmaster at Bourne-mouth, and we had a long chat over old boys and old times. At 9 P.M. our train left Grahamstown.

Friday, October 14th.—We had breakfast, as good a breakfast as we could wish for, at Craddock, a pretty little town on the banks of the Great Fish River. The houses stand in their own gardens, and the fresh green of the fruit trees and the dark green of the gums was a pleasant contrast to the desolate country around. All day we were passing through a bare, rocky, and hilly country, and almost the only vegetation was the karoo bush, which resembles the salt bush of Australia, and is excellent food for sheep and cattle. Occasionally in the valleys we passed a farm surrounded by a few trees and a patch of cultivation which formed a regular oasis in the desert. Trees seemed to do well wherever there was water, and every farm had its dam. In the morning we saw hardly anything but ostriches, but in the afternoon we saw several flocks of sheep and angora goats. The latter are white, and their hair forms a considerable article of export under the name of 'mohair.' In the middle of the day the sun was very hot, but in the evening it was cooled by some thunderstorms. We crossed the mountains (5,000 feet) in

the afternoon, and reached De Aar, the junction for Cape Town, at 7 o'clock.

Saturday, October 15th.—We arrived at Kimberley at 8 o'clock and put up at the Queen's Hotel, where we had very good rooms. Des Graz and I went before breakfast to look up Mr. Cole, one of the three Kimberley judges, whose daughter we had met in Brisbane. He was a nice old fellow, but very deaf. At twelve we went to the town-hall to see the Zulu police. They were big men with good-humoured faces, but their attempts at drill were very ludicrous. The mayor, Mr. Grewer, a pleasant English gentleman, took us on to the public library, an excellent set of rooms, built by public subscription. After lunch Mr. Rhodes, who turned out to be a brother of the Major Rhodes we had met in Melbourne, and Mr. Currey took us for a drive to see the four mines. Maguire, a Fellow of All Souls, whom I was much surprised to meet at the club, went with us. The Kimberley mine and De Beers are almost in the town of Kimberley; they are both enormous holes some 600 feet deep, the latter being rather the larger of the two. The diamondiferous 'blue' looks like a hard clay; it is supposed to have been thrown up by the action of geysers or volcanoes, as it is totally different from the strata which surround it. One of the great difficulties with which the miners have to contend is the falling-in of the reef as the 'blue' is removed. The blue was originally worked in small claims like the gold-fields of Australia, but the reef soon got beyond the control of individual miners, and needed large companies to deal with it. Enormous quantities of the reef have already been taken out to make the mining safer, or, rather, less dangerous. At De Beers and Kimberley they are obviating the difficulty by carrying on the workings underground, but at Du Toits and Bulfontein there are only open-air workings. Du Toits is an enormous hole, much larger and more irregular in shape than the others. Du Toits and Bulfontein are about three miles from Kimberley; Jagersfontein, where diamonds of better quality though in less quan-

tity are found, is some miles farther away. Diamonds were originally found at the river diggings in '67, and they are now the best of all. At Kimberley diamonds were not discovered till '69, and the mines were not properly worked till '71.

The output from the Kimberley mines is, and has been for some years, upwards of 3,000,000*l.* a year; Kimberley and De Beers now produce rather over a million a piece, while Du Toits and Bultfontein produce rather over 700,000*l.* The chief companies are the Central Company in the Kimberley, and De Beers in De Beers mine. Mr. Rhodes is the manager of the latter. He is a most remarkable man. He came out here with some of his brothers before he was twenty, made some money, and then went back from '76 to '78 to complete his time at Oxford. After taking his degree he came back to South Africa. He has gradually bought out the smaller holders in De Beers till the whole mine is held by the company of which he is manager. His object is now to get the whole of the mines into the hands of one company and so to regulate the supply of diamonds; he has just been home to try and arrange the financial part of the business with the Rothschilds. Mr. Rhodes has been in Parliament for some time. He was treasurer in the late Government, of which Sir Thomas Scandling was premier, and now represents Barkly West. He is a Home Ruler, and sympathises with the Boers.

Mr. Currey, Mr. Rhodes, and Maguire dined with us at the hotel, and we afterwards went round to the club, a most superior place.

Sunday, October 16th.—Kimberley is situated in Bechuanaland, only a mile or two from the borders of the Orange Free State. It is 4,000 feet above sea level, and though the thermometer often stands at over 100° the heat is not so oppressive as this would indicate. The most disagreeable things at Kimberley are the dust storms, which occur frequently, but we were lucky enough to escape a bad one. Kimberley is a much finer town than we expected. Many of

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the houses are built of brick, there are first-class shops, and we were all much struck by the trees and pretty gardens.

Judge Cole called for us a little before 11 o'clock and took us to church. The service was good, but it was terribly hot. After church he took us to see several shows of diamonds. Some were of enormous size, nearly as big as pigeon's eggs, but all of course were in the rough. The best diamonds are pure white and diamond-shaped. Some are quite flat, some are round, some are black (these are known as 'bort,' and only ground up to cut the better sorts), some are pink, some are yellow. The latter generally go to India. After lunch, Des Graz and I went with Rhodes to the compound at De Beers. There are some 1,500 men in the compound—Basutos, Zulus, Kafirs, and even men from tribes on the Zambesi. They engage to work in the mines for three months at a time, and during the period of their engagement they are confined within the compound and are only allowed to see their friends at a distance. The compound system has been introduced lately by the mine-owners to try and protect themselves against diamond-stealing. The Kafirs are confined separately for two or three days before their engagement is up; the searching process has been reduced to a perfect art, but it is estimated that even now ten per cent. of the diamonds are stolen. The compound system, however, does much good in other ways. No liquor is sold, and the natives are thus protected from some of the worst evils which they incur from a contact with civilisation. Des Graz got some excellent photographs of the natives. The South Africans have most good-humoured faces, and are splendid men. Mabelle and I had tea at the hospital with Sister Henrietta and Dr. Hillier. There were 100 Europeans and over 200 natives in the hospital. Accidents in the mine are very numerous, and many of the men had lost both their legs. We dined quietly at the hotel, and Des Graz and I went round to the club in the evening. I had a long talk with Dr. Smith (of Stornoway) about starting

a branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and he promised to take the matter up. I also met Mr. Fry, a nice old gentleman, who has been up to the north of the Transvaal prospecting for gold. He says it is a fine country, with both timber and water, and is anxious to get a charter like the British North Borneo Company and form a new State. The Matabele king who rules the territory between the Zambesi and the Transvaal is friendly.

Kimberley, and what I have learnt here, have surprised me more than anything in my travels. One meets an able lot of men, many of them English gentlemen without the colonial cut about them, which most men have in Australia. South African politics are discussed in the most cosmopolitan way. The people in the Cape Colony, Natal, the Free State, and the Transvaal have much in common. Barristers and men of business move about from one State to another. At the time of the Transvaal war, I am told that most of the Boers were in favour of the English, and, had not the question been forced on, the Transvaal would of itself have come under British dominion.

The great question of the day in South Africa is the question of railway extension. Two years ago President Krüger asked the Cape Government to continue the railway to Pretoria, but the state of the colonial finances at that time did not admit of it, and there was little prospect of the line paying. Within the last year goldfields have been discovered at Johannesburg in the south, at Barberton in the east, and at other places in the Transvaal; the colony's finances are improving, but now that she is willing to undertake the railway President Krüger will not allow it to be constructed, but prefers to connect the Transvaal with the Portuguese port of Delagoa Bay. The Orange Free State will not allow a railway to be constructed through its territory (the shortest route to the Transvaal) unless it passes through the capital, Bloemfontein, which is eighty miles E.S.E. of Kimberley, and entirely out of the direct line. The Free State is too

poor to bear any part of the burden of construction, while at the same time there is no prospect of a line to Bloemfontein paying. It is about 300 miles from Kimberley to Johannesburg, and 120 miles to the Transvaal border. The probable outcome of the railway extension struggle will be : first, the construction of a line due north from Kimberley, within the borders of British Bechuanaland, which would tap the gold-bearing country in the western district of the Transvaal, which has not yet been opened up ; secondly, the construction of a line from Colesburg, which is in the eastern system of the Cape Colony, to Bloemfontein.

The discovery of gold in the Transvaal will have a very important influence on South African politics, and will prove a serious embarrassment to President Krüger. The Boers do not number more than 60,000 ; the goldfields will soon attract a population (mainly English or English-speaking) far more numerous. Krüger up to now has refused the goldfield population the franchise, and I suppose will continue to refuse it till the pressure becomes too great. His aim is to isolate the Transvaal as much as possible, but by force of circumstances she will drift into a loose federation with the other South African States.

The Orange Free State is not nearly so powerful as its northern neighbour. The country is not so good for pastoral purposes, and no gold has been discovered. The population are mainly Boers ; but the Free State will not submit to the dictation of the Transvaal. At the time of the war she would not enter into an alliance with the Transvaal, though she did not prevent her subjects from joining their fellows at Lang's Nek. While we have been here there has been a conference at Bloemfontein, at which Krüger proposed an offensive and defensive alliance to the Free State, a proposal which was at once declined. The Free State intends to maintain entire liberty of action, and to co-operate with either the Cape Colony, Natal, or the Transvaal, as may seem best for her own interests.

Before coming to Kimberley I had no idea of the position or importance of the annexations of 1885. The Germans in that year annexed Angra Pequena, with Great Namaqua Land and Damara Land, a strip of country some 250 miles broad, extending several hundred miles along the coast north of the Orange River. Much of this is good pastoral country, especially in Damara Land, which is mountainous, has a good climate, and appears to be thickly populated. These annexations gave the Germans a trade route into Central Africa, and to judge from reports in the Cape Town papers they are doing well. In answer to this advance of the Germans, the British protectorate was extended as far north as the twenty-second parallel of latitude, and thus British territory now bounds the Transvaal on the north as well as on the west. The bulk of this country is the Kalahari Desert, but British Bechuanaland—about the settlement of which Mr. Rhodes and Sir Charles Warren had a correspondence in the *Times*—is indifferent pastoral country. It is at present mainly inhabited by Boers, and, if young Englishmen took the advice given by Mr. Baden Powell in a letter to the *Field*, they would not be able to make a living in the country. Most people at Kimberley look forward to the British protectorate being shortly extended to the Zambesi.

Monday, October 17th.—Des Graz and I went down De Beers before breakfast in charge of the engineer. The bottom of the hole is 600 feet deep; and they are working on three levels below this, the lowest of which is 700 feet deep. The De Beers mine is 600 feet long by 200 to 300 feet in breadth. Long drives run the whole length of the 'blue.' From these short drives, 18 feet wide and 18 feet high, are driven back to the reef, which is allowed to fall in and fill up the drives, so that the 'blue' can be taken out in between. As yet they do not know the limit to which the 'blue' may extend. There was not very much to see in the mine; it was very hot, and the odour from the naked Kafirs was awful, so we were glad to get once more into

open air. After breakfast we went with Mr. Baring Gould to look at more diamonds. We lunched with Mr. Currey, and afterwards went with Mr. Gould to the Central company's works, and to one of the places where they wash up. The whole of the country for miles round Kimberley is covered with 'blue,' which has to be exposed to the air from two to eighteen months and well watered before it is sufficiently decomposed to be treated. The washing is a simple process. The loads of 'blue' are shot into revolving drums filled with water. The diamonds and heavy stones sink to the bottom on the outer side of the drum; the liquid mud flows to waste over the inner edge. The drums are emptied once a day, and the stones passed through sieves, which sort them into sizes. The stones are sorted on tables and the diamonds picked out, which is very trying work for the eyes, especially with the smaller stones. Dined at the hotel. Des Graz and I went to the club afterwards, and had a long chat with Mr. Gould and Mr. Currey. It had been hot all day, but a heavy thunderstorm cooled the air in the evening. We slept most comfortably in the train; the carriages are extraordinarily wide for a narrow gauge (3 ft. 6 in.) line.

Tuesday, October 18th.—At 5 o'clock we left Kimberley and at 8 o'clock crossed the Orange River—a shallow, muddy stream, flowing between sandy banks. We were passing all day over a flat, bare plain, with stony hills or 'kopjes' here and there. It was much colder than yesterday.

Wednesday, October 19th.—At 5.30 Mabelle, Mr. Currey, and Des Graz went on the engine to see the scenery as we descended the Hex River Mountains. As far as I could see from the windows the scenery was not very grand, the most remarkable thing being some patches of snow. Once down off the uplands and in the Hex River Valley the country becomes more inviting. Farms, trees, and cultivated flats become more numerous, though there are still rugged mountains on either hand. Many of the towns and villages were pretty, but the Paarl surpassed them all. It is a long

straggling village with oaks and pine-trees round each homestead, and with vineyards, which looked very pretty with their fresh green leaves, in between. Before reaching Cape Town the line crosses a low sandy isthmus; the Cape peninsula is supposed to have been at one time an island. We arrived soon after 12—i.e. we had taken over thirty hours to do about 700 miles. We lunched on board the Union liner 'Spartan' with Mr. Fuller, M.L.A., Sir Thomas Scandling, and Mr. Hofmeyr. The latter talked very pleasantly about the doings of the conference at which he made his celebrated proposal of a 'Zollverein' for the empire. It seems to me a grand idea if it can be worked. We spent the rest of the afternoon quietly on board.

Thursday, October 20th.—Father and I went by the 10.30 train to Kalk Bay, and drove on with Admiral Sir Hunt Grubbe and Lieutenant McCrea to Simon's Town, some five miles. There are two forts on either side of Simon's Town. The works are finished and the emplacements for the guns are ready, but of course there are no guns. They have had to arm them with old 7-inch M.L.R. and two 9-inch M.L.R. guns. Four 9.2-inch B.L.R. guns are required besides smaller guns, but at the present rate at which they are making the guns at Woolwich they will not be mounted at the Cape for the next two years. It is very disgusting to see the same state of things in every colony except the great self-governing colonies of Australia, who order their own guns. The money spent by the colony on the construction of fortifications is more than half thrown away if the armament is composed of obsolete guns. The fortifications of Cape Town, which it is more important to protect even than Simon's Town, are not commenced. We lunched at Admiralty House—a nice house with a pretty garden. After lunch we inspected the dockyard, which is a fairly complete establishment, though there is no dock. It is a pity it is not in Table Bay, where the same fortifications would protect both town and dockyard; but on the other hand Simon's Bay is a snug anchorage, and

if fortified prevents an enemy from landing and taking Cape Town in reverse. In the dockyard they have the fittings and guns for arming six merchant cruisers. Two vessels were taken up at the time of the Russian scare, when there were four Russian cruisers and only the 'Raleigh' (the flagship) at the Cape. We heard a great account of the sailing qualities of the 'Raleigh' from Captain Watson. She does eleven to twelve knots pretty easily, and on one occasion she beat out of Algoa Bay against a south-easter. We travelled back to Cape Town with Colonel Moorsom, commanding the artillery. I dined at the Civil Service Club with Williams, Sir Gordon Sprigg's private secretary.

Friday, October 21st.—We left Cape Town at 10.30 with Sir Gordon Sprigg (the Premier), Lady Sprigg, Mr. Tudhope, and Mr. Hofmeyr. The latter is the head of the *Africander Bond*, but a thorough imperialist in his ideas. He is an able man, and exercises a great influence in Parliament here, though he will not take office. We had a long talk to-day, and I took a great liking to him. The great subject of conversation in the train was the news that the Registration Act had been allowed by the Home Government. The Registration Act is a conservative measure; it imposes certain restrictions on native electors, and compels them to be properly registered. After an hour in the train we reached Stellenbosch, which is at the foot of the mountains to the north of False Bay. It is a lovely old-fashioned Dutch place, with white neatly thatched houses, and avenues of oaks in every street. We went first to inspect the Stellenbosch College (for boys from thirteen to twenty). The boys are nearly all Dutch, but the masters are mostly English. In front of the college the volunteers were drawn up; they were a splendid-looking lot of young fellows. After father had made them a short speech, we drove up a lovely valley with the most picturesque peaks on either side to an old Dutch farm. All the buildings were very neat and trim, and surrounded by some splendid oaks; these are the two characteristics which

distinguish a farmhouse at the Cape. We drove back to Stellenbosch for lunch, the road running all the way through vineyards. It was a bright day, and not too hot. We met some nice people at lunch, amongst others the son of one of the old Dutch settlers, by name Myburgh, a very nice fellow, who was to all intents and purposes an Englishman. We are told that the Dutch in Cape Town are becoming more and more English every day, and that English influence is gradually spreading into the country districts. The English race has a great power of assimilation; whether it is Germans in Australia or Dutchmen at the Cape, they are gradually becoming Englishmen. We may have lost confidence in ourselves, but, as the *Novoe Vremya* said the other day, the English race to the outside world is as strong as ever. We were back in Cape Town at 5. Major and Mrs. Dugdale and Mr. Williams dined on board the yacht.

Saturday, October 22nd.—We went by the 9.30 train with Sir Gordon and Lady Sprigg to Wynberg, and then drove on to the Government vineyards at Constantia. The scenery on this eastern side of Table Mountain is very pretty and thoroughly English; we drove across commons covered with heath, and through groves of pine-trees and oaks. The eastern slopes of Table Mountain are quite green, a great contrast to the brown hillside one sees from Cape Town. Constantia is a beautiful old Dutch place. There is a nice garden, and some forty acres of vineyard, but the great feature is some splendid oaks, the biggest which we have yet seen. Oaks grow more quickly and are more straggling than at home, but the timber is not so valuable. We drove back to lunch with the Spriggs, who have a small house at Rondebosch. Very few people live in Cape Town itself, and especially in the summer months they inhabit the many pretty places along the back of Table Mountain. In the afternoon the Spriggs, Lady Uppington, the wife of the late Premier, Mr. and Mrs. Currey, Lady Robinson, Captain and Mrs. Dawkins, and Lady Torrens came on board the yacht.

We all went to stay at Government House for the night. Both Lady Robinson and Sir Hercules seem to have had enough of the Cape, and do not seem to care for the conservative Cape colonists so much as for the go-ahead Australians.

Sunday, October 23rd.—A chilly wet day. We went to the cathedral at 11, where there was a good choral service. In the afternoon I walked with Dawkins up to the Reservoir, from which we had a fine view over the town, and called at the City Club. The clubs at Cape Town do not compare with the Australian clubs. At 5 we went on board the yacht, hoping to start to-night, but the wind was N.W.

Monday, October 24th.—We got under weigh at 10 with a fresh breeze from west by south. We could not weather Robben Island, and instead of tacking out ran back to Table Bay. After lunch we went ashore and looked round the Parliament House, the Museum, and Free Library. The interior arrangements of the Parliament House compare well with those at Melbourne; the Free Library is good, and the Museum fair. We got under weigh at 6 with a light air, and remained rolling about outside the harbour till 12 o'clock, when we began to steam.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAPE TO ENGLAND.

Tuesday, October 25th.—There was a heavy westerly swell, which made us all feel rather sea-sick. The dilapidated state of the boiler only admitted of our steaming five to six knots. In the afternoon a breeze sprang up from the southward; we ceased steaming at 6, and for the next four days bowled along merrily before it. Our runs were 233, 243, 223, and 209. On Saturday, October 29th, the wind began to get lighter and to draw right aft, so that we could not run our course. We thought we were going to make a good passage of it, but the last five days were not exciting. Our runs were 152, 183, 146, 140, and 140 up to 9 A.M. On Saturday the 'Roslin Castle' passed us homeward bound, and on Sunday the 'Norham Castle,' with Sir Donald Currie on board, passed us outward bound and gave us three hearty cheers.

Thursday, November 3rd.—At 4 A.M. we made St. Helena, and by 7 o'clock were close under the eastern end. A huge volcanic mass rose straight out of the sea to the height of 1,500 or 2,000 feet. The rock was of such an extraordinary grey colour as to make it appear a picture and not a reality at which we were looking. We anchored at 9 A.M. off Jamestown, which is situated at the mouth of a deep valley not more than a few hundred yards wide. At the top of the cliff on the western side stand the barracks, the officers' mess, and one of the forts, which communicate with the town by the famous 'Jacob's ladder.' We went ashore after break-

fast, and found two capital saddle-horses and two good traps. It was a stiff pull up the road to the fort. The garrison of the fort and of the whole island consists of a company of the Royal Scots and a few artillerymen. The armament consists of two 6-inch B.L.R. guns and of muzzle-loaders. From the fort we drove on past Plantation House and along the Sandy Bay Ridge road to a small inn near Napoleon's tomb. The island is a succession of deep valleys and high ridges, which double the acreage and make the distance from place to place three times greater than it would be if the country was flat. All round the sea-coast there is nothing but volcanic rock ; at 1,000 to 1,500 feet the vegetation begins, first cactus and then pines, which are very much blown about by the trade wind. Once on the ridges (which are about 3,000 feet) in the centre of the island the contrast is extraordinary ; the hillsides are covered with short green grass, patches of gorse all in blossom, and masses of bramble and bushes, while arum lilies grow in profusion near the streams. The windward side of the ridge has more timber on it, probably because it catches more rain, and is if possible prettier than the other. We saw many cattle and sheep. There was little cultivation except in vegetable gardens, though near Longwood there are a few fields of barley and oats. At the top of the Sandy Bay Ridge we heard several cock pheasants crowing, a sound which has not delighted our ears for many a long day, and we saw one fine ring-necked bird. After lunch we drove on to Longwood, Napoleon's residence. It is kept in very good order by the 'gardien,' a Frenchman, who has been in the island for more than thirty years. We drove back to the tomb, which is in a pretty little dell shaded by willows and Norfolk pines. The gardien's daughters who were in charge of the tomb presented us with the most lovely bouquets. Father, Mabelle, and the Doctor went back by Plantation House to call on Mr. Gray Wilson, the Governor. They said that the grounds were beautifully laid out, and that there were some

splendid trees. In the days of the old East India Company much attention was paid to horticulture, and a great deal of money was spent in the island; the Governor had a salary of 12,000*l.* a year. The island has gone back a good deal since then, and very few ships except whalers call there now. The opening of the Suez Canal diverted an immense number of ships from the route round the Cape, and the sailing ships that still use the Cape route are deterred from calling at St. Helena by the avarice of the inhabitants. Many shipowners give their captains strict orders not to call at St. Helena. Here, as at Mauritius, the inhabitants seem to consider a distressed ship as their natural prey, and most exorbitant prices are charged, whether for repairs, water, or fresh provisions. The population at present numbers nearly 6,000, of mixed races, the negro blood predominating, and this number is said to be twice too many for the size of the island. There are not more than 500 pure whites. The climate of St. Helena is delightful, considering its latitude, 17° south. To-day, notwithstanding an almost vertical sun, it was never hot; on board the yacht it was only 69°. The Union line and Donald Currie's boats call there each once a month on the homeward voyage, for which the island has to pay 2,000*l.* a year—a very great grievance there. We were lucky enough to get papers of October 13th, owing to the 'Norham Castle' having specially called on the outward voyage. Major Torkington came on board in the evening. We started to get under weigh at 8, but the anchor did not come up as usual, and it was evident that something was wrong. Most of the men had been ashore on leave, and it turned out that they had fallen in with an old man who had been to one of the colonial parties at Normanhurst, and who in return thought it his duty to treat them royally. The ship would certainly have been got under weigh with a little management, but the order was given to raise steam, and we were off by 10.30. It was an unpleasant episode, and shows that even the best of crews are liable to temptation.

We had a fine breeze when we got clear of the island, but after a few hours it dropped lighter, and we did not average more than seven knots to Ascension, which we made at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of November 7th. Our runs were 112, 186, 171, and 169. We hove to for the night off the Garrison—the port of the island.

Tuesday, November 8th.—We anchored at 7 A.M. Ascension looks from the sea a regular heap of cinders. The coast is not precipitous as at St. Helena, but it is in most places rocky. In the bays there are sandy beaches, on which the sea was breaking fiercely. When the 'rollers' are on we are told that it is magnificent. The 'rollers,' which occur occasionally both here and at St. Helena, are a very violent swell, and sometimes drive ships ashore though there is no wind. They are supposed to be caused by hurricanes in the North Atlantic. We landed after breakfast without difficulty, though when the 'rollers' are on it is often impossible for days together. Father went round the naval yard with Captain Napier, while we walked out to the Wideawakes—a great place for sea-birds at nesting time. A sergeant and corporal of marines were sent in charge of us; both, and especially the former, were fine fellows. The more one sees of marines, the more one is convinced that they are a splendid body of men, infinitely superior to our line regiments, physically and morally. It was a very hot and rough walk over the 'clinker.' There was hardly any vegetation, but we saw some sheep that appeared in fairly good condition. There are now some 1,200 sheep in the island, though it would carry 3,000; a few years ago it would not carry 300. Both Captain Napier and Mr. Spearing, the farm-bailiff, say that the vegetation has spread immensely even in their time, and in a few years Ascension may become almost a green spot. At present only the top of the Green Mountain is covered with grass. It is 2,800 feet high, and gets so much rain that sheep do better on the clinker. All the other hills are craters, and have no vegetation on them. We were back on

board for lunch. The naval establishment was much larger than father expected. They have a very considerable stock of coals, and more than 60,000*l.* worth of stores. The naval store is a most substantial building, and the barracks and Kroomen's quarters are good. The population numbers between 200 and 300 people. The garrison consists entirely of marines, and all the work on the island is done by them. They are the plumbers, bricklayers, shepherds, farm-labourers, &c., and a man has to pass an examination in one of these trades before he is sent here. The island is practically undefended. There is only a battery with two small guns on Cross Hill, close to Captain Napier's house, and there is an old battery close to the landing. If the Admiralty keep stores here there should be some defence. In the afternoon all the ladies of the place, some six in number, came on board to tea. It was very pleasant on board the yacht, not more than 77°.

Wednesday, November 9th.—H.M.S. 'Wye,' which had brought out the reliefs viâ Rio Janeiro, was homeward bound to-day with time-expired men. Men are stationed here for two years, and most of them complain that they are kept for several months over time. We went ashore to breakfast with Captain and Mrs. Napier, and started immediately afterwards for the Green Mountain. We drove for four miles over the clinker, and then had a stiff pull of two miles up 'The Ramps' to the hospital and marine barracks, which are some 400 feet higher. Close to the barracks is a cottage with a charming garden, to which the officers of the garrison go once or twice a year for a change. We walked up to the farm, which consists chiefly of a most substantial cowshed. They have ten cows, and have just got a fine bull out from England, for which they paid 80*l.* At present they import all their beef from the Cape, but they hope in time to supply the garrison with both beef and mutton. We walked right round the Green Mountain on a level path, and had a fine view all over the island. The grass near the top of the mountain is very coarse, and the feed, though scantier, is much better in the

'clinker.' There are a few pheasants, a good many partridges, and plenty of rabbits. For the rifle there are wild donkeys and wild goats, but it is difficult to get a shot at them, as they are very wary, and are generally in the most inaccessible places. We had an excellent lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Dobell (the paymaster and his wife), Mr. Spearing, and Captain Napier, and started back again. We felt it much hotter on the clinker; on the Green Mountain it is ten or twelve degrees cooler than at the garrison, but the constant rain and mist are rather a drawback. The marines who were with us to-day were very fine fellows again. One of them had been at Abu Klea, the other at El Teb, Tamai, and McNeill's zareeba. The latter told me that he hoped not to be sent home for four years; I suppose the extra pay must be the attraction. We got under weigh at 5. I never saw the sails go up more smartly; yachtsmen are always smarter if they have naval eyes on them. There was a fine breeze when we got clear of the island, and we were soon bowling along at eleven knots, with the wind three points abaft the beam.

Thursday, November 10th.—We passed the 'Wye' at 12.30 A.M. She had left five hours before us, so she cannot have done more than seven knots. Run at noon 200 (208 by log) for eighteen hours. At 5 P.M. we had run 260 knots for the twenty-four hours.

Friday, November 11th.—We still held the same fine breeze. Run 227, by log 243. In the evening we crossed the line, and are once more in the northern hemisphere. We held the trade into 6° north, though in diminishing force, and did not begin to steam till the afternoon of November 13th.

Monday, November 14th.—It was very much hotter to-day. For the last three days we have had a strong favourable current setting to the north-west. We have not experienced the Guinea current at all, though it is marked strongly on all the charts. At 3 P.M. we made the high land near Sierra Leone, and at 9 P.M. anchored off Free Town, on the south

side of the Sierra Leone River. There was a delicious scent of tropical vegetation, and a feel about the air which reminded us of Ceylon. Our pilot, a negro, informed us that a native war was on, and that the expedition was starting to-morrow.

Tuesday, November 15th.—We went ashore at 6 o'clock. About the steps of the landing-place there was a most curious crowd of negroes and negresses, the latter with head-dresses and garments of the brightest of blue cotton. We were lucky enough to meet Captain Mackay, the engineer officer in charge of the forts, and he took father and me to King Tom's Point, just below the town, where three batteries of two guns each are being constructed. Unfortunately they are only to be armed with four 7-inch and two 10-inch muzzle-loaders. The vegetation is so luxuriant that, though we were only a quarter of a mile from King Tom, on board the yacht we could see no sign of the batteries. These may be fairly said to command the river, which, though it is four miles broad, is blocked up, especially on the northern side, by shoals. At the landing-place father met Sir Francis de Winton, and I went on with Captain Mackay to see the other two batteries, one on a low point just above the town for two 10-inch muzzle-loaders, and one on a hill in the centre of the town for a 9·2-inch 22-ton breechloader. The emplacement and magazine for the latter is being excavated out of the solid rock, so it will be a costly affair. We went into the mess-room at the barracks of the West India Regiment, from which there was a lovely view over the town and river. The town is prettily situated on the slopes of the hills. Horses will not live so far down the coast as this; the only conveyances are hammocks carried by four bearers, so the streets are pleasant grass roads. The houses are many of them old and rather tumble-down. At 11 o'clock we went to breakfast with the Deputy-Governor, Captain Hay; the Governor was away at Bathurst, on the Gambia River. We met Sir Francis de Winton and his A.D.C., Captain Browne, the Governor of Accra, and his daughter, who were on their

way to the Gold Coast, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Griffith, and Colonel Hill, commanding the West India Regiment. The conversation chiefly related to the expedition. It is sent to chastise a tribe on the Bibi River, who have for the past two years been very troublesome, plundering and attacking friendly natives, and also natives in British territory. They number about 3,000 fighting men. Their chief town or village is surrounded by a double or triple line of mud walls and stockades, and will, of course, be the object of the attacking force. Our friend Captain Mackay and another engineer officer are to blow in the stockade with dynamite—rather a ticklish business, though the natives are only armed with old trade muskets. The danger our officers seem to fear most is a panic amongst the train of coolies as they are marching along the narrow paths through the jungle. Our forces consist of 300 black troops of the 1st West India Regiment, of which the officers and a fair sprinkling of non-commissioned officers are whites. They are fairly trustworthy, and about as good as the Madras regiments in India. The only white troops who accompany the expedition are fifteen seamen, with a Gatling gun, from the 'Acorn.' The Governor applied for fifty men; but though the 'Acorn' with a crew of 130 men, and the 'Rifleman' with a crew of 75 men, are lying here, and have been lying here for some time, doing nothing, the Admiralty refused to accede to the request. It is difficult to understand the reasons of a refusal which is certainly detrimental to the public service. If gunboats are kept on this unhealthy coast at all, the crews should be employed on occasions of this sort. Moreover, fifty men would have a better chance in an action with the enemy than fifteen. The men themselves were so keen to go that the permission had to be made a kind of reward for the petty officers, and none but petty officers are going. This instance of red tape is only equalled by one we heard of later in the day. Captain Browne asked Captain H—— of the 'Acorn' for the loan of half a dozen revolvers for himself and some other officers.

Captain H—— referred him to the master gunner, by whom they were refused. Anything more petty or disgusting than this cannot well be conceived. In the afternoon father and I went on board the 'Acorn' and 'Rifleman.' The former is a new vessel of 850 tons, with a powerful armament of 5-inch breech-loading guns, and machine guns of different types. She is barque-rigged, but though her sister ship, the 'Icarus,' sails well, they do not get much out of the 'Acorn.' Captain H—— did not seem keen about his vessel, and the way in which he talked about the bother he had had with the officers at Government House showed that he, at any rate, did not mean to do anything to assist the expedition. Colonel Hills, Bentinck, a nice young fellow in the West India Regiment, Mackay, and the American Consul and his wife, real homely Americans with a good Yankee twang, came on board to tea. We steamed out of the river at sunset, well satisfied with our day. Sierra Leone is a very pretty place, and, though the climate is bad in the rainy season, to-day it was not unpleasantly hot. There appears to be but little trade, but as it is about halfway between the Cape and England it is important as a coaling station. It is rather exposed to attack, as the French have 4,000 troops at Goree, about 400 miles north of this. We hear that they are constantly making themselves objectionable in the Gambia, and trying to encroach on territory which is more or less under our protection. There is only one thing I regret about our visit to Sierra Leone, and that is that we did not meet any distinguished natives. One barrister is said to be making between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* a year.

Wednesday, November 16th, and Thursday, November 17th.— We were steering up the coast for Cape de Verde, steaming about six knots. It was terribly hot and muggy. At noon on Thursday we got the wind from N.N.E., run 162. At 1 P.M. we ceased steaming and put the vessel off under sail for the Cape de Verde Islands. By 8 P.M. it was blowing a moderate gale, and we were under single-reefed lower canvas.

Friday, November 18th.—The wind had moderated to a fresh breeze; we shook out our reefs, and were going along all day ten or eleven knots, with the wind a point before the beam. We all felt a little sea-sick, as we have had fair winds for so long.

Saturday, November 19th.—At 7 A.M. we made St. Jago and Maya Islands. We tried to pass between them, but as the wind headed us we put the ship round and ran into Porto Praya, at the south end of St. Jago. There was a French training-ship, the 'Iphigénie,' lying in the bay, with very taunt masts. After lunch we went ashore and escaped difficulty with the authorities by presenting our bill of health from Ascension. The town of Porto Praya stands on a rock between two valleys filled with cocoa-nuts. From the sea it looks a nice little place, but the streets are like those of a deserted city. Many of the houses are in ruins. In the streets there were very few people, and those of the sleepest description. The English consul, an Italian, was very pleasant, and talked English perfectly. Mr. McEwen and two assistants of the West African Telegraph Company, the only Englishmen in the island, also made themselves very agreeable. The cable from Sierra Leone passes through St. Jago to join the cable at St. Vincent. It must be terrible work here for McEwen, who has a wife and family, and infinitely worse for the two young fellows, as there is absolutely nothing to do. They are kept here for three years at a stretch, and then only get three months' leave. We walked up to the waterworks, the only sight in the town, and had a good view over the island. The tops of the mountains, which rise to over 7,000 feet, were in the clouds. The country looked very green, and every valley is cultivated. Many of the Cape de Verde Islands are very fertile. Brava grows some of the best coffee in the world, but not in sufficient quantity to establish a name in the market. In the hands of most other nations the Cape de Verdes would be a valuable possession, but the Portuguese can do nothing with them. At St. Jago

they cannot raise sufficient revenue to pay the cost of administration, which has to be partly defrayed from the revenues of the customs at St. Vincent. The population is 60,000—too many for the island; and the people, who are mostly of African origin, are very lazy. We saw a large number of 'unemployed' grubbing up weeds in the principal square—a most productive employment. At 6 P.M. we got under weigh, but we lost the wind under St. Jago, and had to raise steam.

Sunday, November 20th.—A lovely sail, with a fine breeze and smooth water, under the lee of the north-western islands of the Cape de Verde group. At 4 P.M. we sailed into a calm under the lee of San Antonio, and for two hours we were knocking about off Tarafal Bay, where we called on the voyage round the world. We had to get up steam to get clear of the island, and soon picked up the trade again, which allowed us to lie nearly north. We saw three large sailing-ships outward bound this afternoon, and eight more on Monday and Tuesday, more than we have seen the whole voyage since leaving Rangoon.

For two days after leaving the Cape de Verdes all went well; we bowled along at the rate of nine knots, and we most of us hoped to get home in the first days of December, but on Wednesday the wind dropped. We got up steam, but as the boiler tubes kept giving out we only made very slow progress. On Thursday we picked up the trade again, but this time we had it from the north and north-north-east, and could not lay better than north-west. On Sunday, November 27, we lost the trade at last in 31° north latitude. In the evening we picked up a nice breeze from the west, and we thought at last that we had got the westerly which we had been hoping for so long. But on Monday it came on to blow from the east, and blew hard for four days. On the second and third days it blew so hard that we gradually split all our lower canvas, and were reduced to trysails. The sea was at times confused and steep, but we were able to keep continu-

ally forging ahead at the rate of a hundred miles a day. During the gale we passed two large barques hove to. When we first saw them they were away on our weather bow, and in about three hours they were right astern.

Friday, December 2nd.—We made Fayal at daybreak. At 8 A.M. we hove to under the lee of the island. We spent the day beating to windward along the north shore of Fayal under steam and sail. It blew so hard that we took all day to make 10 miles, and it was not till evening that we got under the lee of Pico. The cloud effects at sunrise and all through the day were lovely.

Saturday, December 3rd.—The sunrise over Pico was most beautiful. Pico (7,600 feet high) in shape resembles Teneriffe, and the top was covered with a sprinkling of snow. There was less wind but a considerable swell, and it was with some hesitation that we steamed across the channel to Fayal and anchored in Horta Bay. There were eight or ten sailing vessels lying in the bay, most of them lame ducks. The smartest vessel was the Boston packet, a nice little barque. A good many Americans come to the Azores for the winter. The town of Horta is well situated, and the country behind it looked pretty; but when we went ashore and took a drive into the country we were rather disappointed. The Azores are very fertile, thickly populated, and nearly the whole of the land is cultivated. The fields are small and divided by high stone walls or bamboo grass hedges, which are somewhat monotonous. We had an excellent lunch at the Fayal Hotel, kept by a Portuguese and his Irish wife, both charming old people. Behind the hotel there was a nice garden full of bananas, camellias, and orange-trees, but it was not in good order. The town is clean, and there seems to be a fair amount of industry, in the way of bootmaking especially. There were several shipwrights' yards, in one of which they were building some large lighters. Fayal was a great place for repairs in the old days, but since Plimsoll's Bill was passed the trade has fallen off immensely, and there is a great animosity

against him in consequence. Mr. Dart, the consul, was very pleasant, and gave us a good deal of information. The population of Fayal numbers 20,000, and is increasing rapidly; the imports amount to 40,000*l.* and the exports to 10,000*l.* annually. A large part of the revenue is spent on the construction of a breakwater, which will be some years before it is completed. We got under weigh in the evening with a fair wind, but at midnight it flew round to the old quarter.

Sunday, December 4th.—It was blowing hard from the N.E. at 8 A.M., and we determined to run down under the lee of Terceira for shelter. It blew harder as the day wore on, and the squalls came down off the island with terrific violence. But once under the lee we were in smooth water, and kept gilling about all day in comfort. Terceira is the seat of government for the Azores, although St. Michael's and Fayal are more important islands and more generally visited. It is a lovely island from the sea, and few pictures could have been prettier than the light and shade on the hills this afternoon.

Monday, December 5th.—A flat calm. We got up steam by ten o'clock, and were soon clear of the island. Two or three tubes gave out during the day; at midnight the last stopper was used, and we had to draw fires for the last time. Fortunately there was a little breeze, though we were not able to lay our course.

Tuesday, December 6th.—Wind light and right ahead. In the morning we had a serious consultation. We had no salt meat on board. Pratt had made provision for 42 days from the Cape, and had not been able to get any at Fayal. We found that he had nine days' meat on board for all hands, and that with tinned things and mixed biscuits, principally the latter, we might exist for three weeks. We hesitated whether we should run back to St. Michael's or try to get home. Ultimately we decided to do the latter, thinking that we would be certain to make some European port before our provisions were exhausted. It was lucky we did so, as that night

the wind became fair, and for the next three days we were running before a moderate gale which took us more than half way home. For the last three days before entering the Channel there was less wind, the weather was thick, and we were unable to take observations.

Monday, December 12th.—The weather was still thick, but we were sure by the appearance of the water that we were in soundings. We sounded with the deep-sea lead at noon, at three, and at dusk, and the soundings gave us our supposed position in the middle of the Channel. While we were at dinner in the evening Kindred came down and reported two lights, which appeared to be lighthouses on the starboard bow. The news caused great excitement, and we all rushed on deck. The fog had closed in again, and we could see nothing; it was coming on to blow, and as we had not expected to make the Lizard before to-morrow morning our position was by no means pleasant. We hove to and began reefing down. By-and-by the fog lifted, and we made out two revolving lights, but were uncertain what they were. Father, after long consideration, made up his mind that they could not be lights on the coast of France; Des Graz and the doctor carefully took the time of the revolutions; but it was Mabelle who ultimately found out where we were. In the almanack of '86 she found that the light on the Bishops rock was to be temporarily changed during '87 while a new lighthouse was being built. We were then certain that we were off the Scillys, and at 9 P.M. kept away on our course up Channel. The wind had increased to a gale, and soon after midnight we tore past the Lizard, going something over twelve knots.

Tuesday, December 13th.—We had a grand sail for the last day of the voyage. It was still blowing hard, with the wind three points abaft the beam. It was not the most favourable point for taking the sea, and we had more water on board to-day than all the rest of the voyage. While we were at breakfast a considerable body of water forced open the

weather saloon skylights and descended into the saloon. B. and one of the stewards were drenched to the skin, and every one had more or less salt water in his plate. We passed any number of vessels beating down Channel and several steamers going up Channel, but it was too thick to see the land. Just as it was getting dusk we steered straight in for the Wight, and were fortunate enough to pick up the land. We ran in past St. Catherine's and Ventnor, and brought up close to the Nab for the night.

Wednesday, December 14th.—We got under weigh under sail, and, picking up a tug off the Noman, were towed slowly into Portsmouth Harbour.

We are home at last. But though we had been all looking forward so much to our arrival, our feelings are sadly mingled now.

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

